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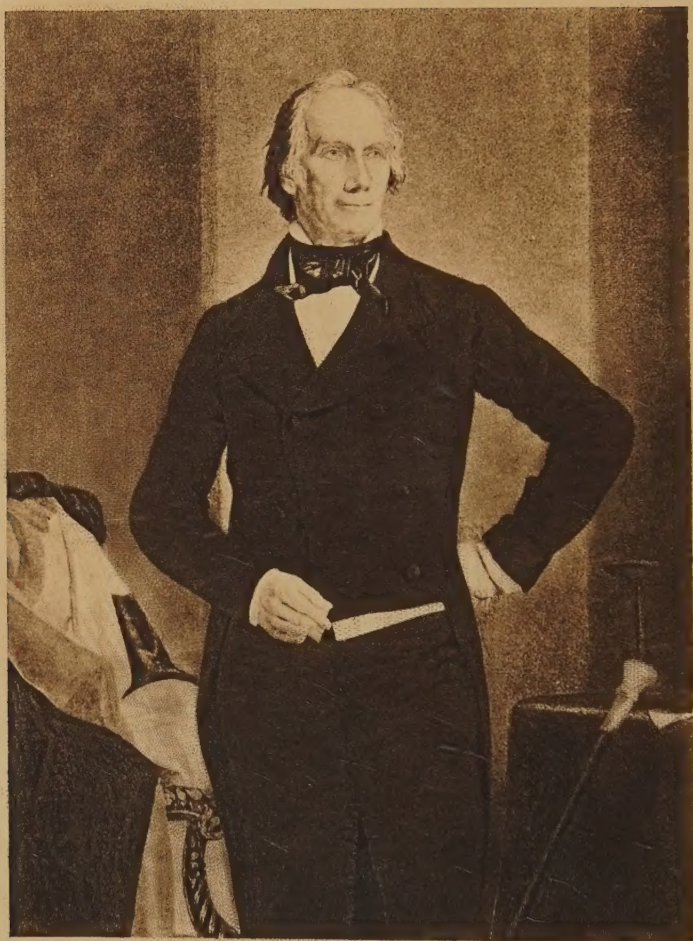
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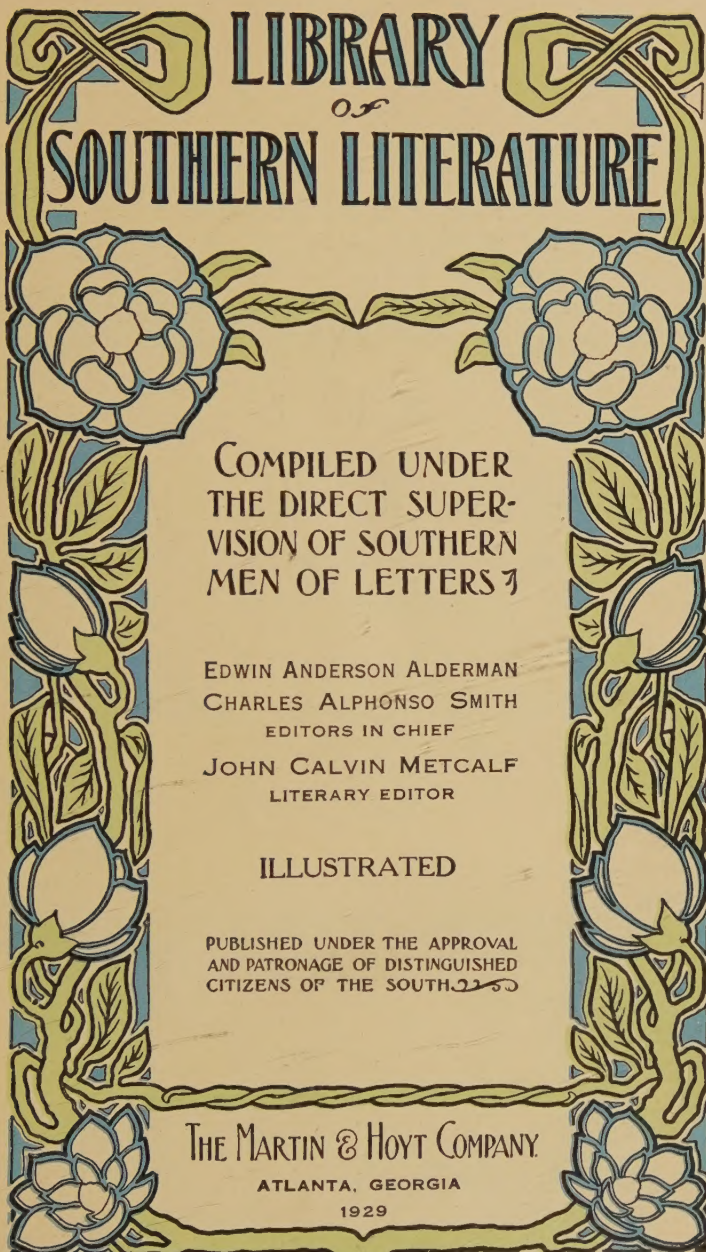
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HENRY CLAY

[1777—1852]

ZACHARIAH FREDERICK SMITH

THE life of Henry Clay possesses an interest more individual, suggestive, and unique than that of any other American statesman. His biography, in detail might be read and studied as a *résumé* of the political history of our Government, for his era. During the half century of his public career, he was the recognized leader of forces, the exponent and director of policies, and the master of debate in advocacy and defence of measures—the man at the helm, steering the Ship of State through the rocks and reefs of experimental transition, to constitutional order and stability. He moved from Virginia and located at Lexington, Kentucky, in 1797, at the age of twenty years. He had barely passed his majority when he acquired local fame for those forensic powers for which he became universally distinguished. The stormy protest against the Alien and Sedition Acts of the Federal party in power, and the angry cry for States Rights, as set forth in the Kentucky Resolutions of 1798, gave occasion for a display, before great audiences of the people, of eloquence such as they had not before heard. The next year, in the election of delegates to frame a new constitution for Kentucky, he as boldly and eloquently advocated a provision in the new instrument for the extirpation of slavery in the State, in the face of an overpowering opposition. At the bar, and in the Legislature to which he was elected in 1803, he added laurels to his reputation as an orator, and as a leader of men and of measures.

In 1806 Mr. Clay, though he lacked at the time over three months of the eligible age, was elected to the United States Senate, to fill out an unexpired term; yet no objection made to his taking his seat is of record. For almost half a century he shared the responsibilities of government with the eminent survivors of the Revolution and with later distinguished contemporaries. It was the pride and boast of the ancient Greeks that, within the third and fourth centuries of the Christian era, the golden age of their intellectual development, their country produced seventeen men who were the world's masters in philosophy, in oratory, in science, and in fine art. Our own country can claim that, in Washington, Lee, Adams, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Henry, Marshall, Mason,

Pendleton, Wythe, Webster, Calhoun, Jackson, Benton, and Henry Clay, in the golden age of intellectual development in America, she, in a single generation, produced seventeen men, not so academic, but as great as were the Greek masters in oratory; and as much greater in statesmanship, and in political and judicial science, as were the latter in scholastic philosophy and fine art. Among these men of genius preëminently great in history, Henry Clay was conspicuous for his part in adjusting, without a precedent for guidance, the constitutional functions of government.

Some of the national events of his public career, in which his name appears most prominent as leader and promoter, are engraved on a gold medal presented him by the citizens of New York:

Senator, 1806; Speaker of the House, 1811; War with England, 1812; Treaty with Ghent, 1814; Spanish America, 1821; Missouri Compromise, 1821; American System, 1824; Greek Independence, 1824; Secretary of State, 1825; Panama Instructions, 1826; Tariff Compromise, 1833; Public Domain and Internal Improvements, 1833-1841; Peace with France Preserved, 1835; Compromise Measure, 1850.

On these and other questions of national policy he performed no inferior or obscure part. "From the day he entered the public service to the close of his career, he was never a follower, but always the most conspicuous leader," said Senator Seward.

Henry Clay was born April 12, 1777, in Hanover County, Virginia. His parents were Reverend John and Elizabeth Hudson Clay, the latter the younger of two daughters of George and Elizabeth Jennings Hudson, of English descent, and also of Hanover County. Elizabeth Hudson married Reverend John Clay in 1765, at the age of fifteen years, and bore him nine children to the time of his death in 1781; only three of whom, John, Henry and Porter Clay, lived to manhood age. In 1784 she married Henry Watkins, to whom she bore seven other children, sixteen in all. The impression made upon the public mind by historians and biographers that Henry Clay was born of lowly and obscure parentage, and that his youthful life was cast in an environment of poverty and toil, is most erroneous and unjust. The true story corrects this, as told in the recent "Filson Club Publication, No. 14," of Louisville, Kentucky, entitled 'The Clay Family; Part First, The Mother of Henry Clay; Part Second, The Genealogy of the Clays, 1899.' The information of this book is derived from authentic records in the possession of the grandchildren of Henry Clay, from genealogical records of the Clay families, and from personal records of intimate friends of the century past. The numerous branches of the Clays of Virginia, Kentucky, Alabama, and other states, South and West, trace back three hun-

dred years, to a common ancestor, Sir John Clay of Wales. His son, John Clay, immigrated to Virginia, and located at Charles City, in 1613, with a credit of ten thousand pounds advanced by his father. He was a captain in the King's service, and known as "The English Grenadier."

In the line of descent were Charles Clay, the son of Captain John; Henry Clay, the son of Charles; John Clay, the son of Henry; Reverend John Clay, the son of John; and Henry the Great, the son of Reverend John. From the divergent families for three centuries, there has been no generation in which the Clay family was not represented in high public positions, such as senators and representatives in Congress, ambassadors abroad, diplomatic commissioners, cabinet officers, chief justices, and others of honor and trust. No family of America has been more prolific of eminent public men. "A goodly number of them have filled positions of honor, who would shine more brightly in reputation but for the eclipsing rays of the Great Commoner." The Reverend John Clay, the father of Henry, is known to history as a minister of the Baptist Church and a citizen of estimable character and much dignity of deportment, but of only local reputation. It is said of him that he was "remarkable for his fine voice and delivery." He lived in the years of Revolutionary disorders, not a favorable environment for the civilian to achieve fame. He died in 1781, one year before the close of hostilities. Of the brothers of Henry Clay, Porter was Auditor of Kentucky in 1822. He became also an able minister of the Baptist Church, and evangelized throughout the then frontier settlements of Missouri, Illinois, and Arkansas. At Camden, Arkansas, he died, lamented, in 1850. He is said to have preached the first Protestant sermon west of the Mississippi River. Of his brother John we know little, except that he was a business man of New Orleans, where he married and died.

Of heredity on the maternal side little or nothing was known, until the recent Filson Club Publication, mentioned. Of the many biographies and histories of the life of Henry Clay, the large majority make no record of even the name of the woman who gave him birth and early rearing; while a few but mention her name and the names of her parents. Thus the study of this source of the origin and outgrowth of a great character of history has been neglected by omission. In this instance it is interesting and important: the father died when the child, Henry, was but four years of age, and to the noble mother was left the beginning and fashioning of the son to become illustrious. Left an orphan and widow herself, with three infant children, and two large plantations and some thirty slaves to manage, she met the task bravely amid the disasters and wreckage of war, not unlike that experienced by the Southern peo-

ple in the late Civil War. In her extremity, a detachment of Tarleton's Troopers raided her dwelling premises, broke in pieces her furniture, ransacked her bureaus and closets for valuables, and cut open her feather-ticks and threw them out of the windows. They did their devilish work under a torrent of indignant scorn and invective from the spirited woman who knew no fear in defence of outraged rights. She only wept as she beheld an officer, on the departure of the troopers, throw across his saddle and mount upon her wedding-gown of rare make, and ride away with the priceless memento, a bridal souvenir she had treasured with the pride and pleasure of a loving wife. Soon after Tarleton rode up, dismounted, and came in. He attempted apology under the merciless fire of the angry woman's tongue; and against her protest, offered indemnity for the damages done. Finding her obstinate, he finally poured out a pile of money upon a table, and departed. When he was out of sight, she raked the money in her apron and threw it into the fire, exclaiming that "No British gold in her hands should ever atone for British outrage and insult."

The widow Clay afterward married Henry Watkins, ten years her junior. They moved to Kentucky in 1792, and settled in Versailles, where they conducted a hostelry, famous as a typical tavern-stand of that day. She led a busy, energetic life within the domestic sphere of pioneer days, and with unfailing cheerfulness and courage, met all emergencies. Her removal to Kentucky no doubt decided her devoted son, Henry, to follow five years later, and to locate at Lexington, but thirteen miles away. The ardent mutual affection displayed through life between mother and son was beautiful in the characters of both. Some years after her death, he had her remains removed from a country burying-ground and reinterred in his own lot in the cemetery of Lexington, erecting at his own expense an imposing monument, on which he ordered the following inscription to her memory:

ELIZABETH WATKINS

FORMERLY

ELIZABETH CLAY.

BORN, 1750; DIED, 1829.

THIS MONUMENT, A TRIBUTE TO HER MANY DOMESTIC
VIRTUES, HAS BEEN PROMPTED BY THE FILIAL AFFECTION
AND VENERATION OF HER GRATEFUL SON.

H. CLAY.

As represented in the recorded reminiscences of aged persons who were neighbors and intimate friends, the mother of Henry Clay

was a woman of rare personal attractions. Her comely head and luminous countenance indicated great vigor of mind, which expressed itself in an ardent and sympathetic temperament. Her well-rounded and shapely person, of medium stature, betrayed unusual energy and endurance. She unconsciously asserted much of that imperiousness of will which was a distinguishing trait of her illustrious son. Her individuality was striking. She spoke with authority, yet always with respect and kindness to others. Her ministries of benevolence which were unceasing, made her almost venerated by neighbors and friends. In her home life she was hospitable and kind. She was born of gentle blood, of the old Virginia colonial stock. Her parents, George and Elizabeth Jennings Hudson; and her grandparents, John and Elizabeth Harris Hudson, back into the Seventeenth Century, were of what was called under the King's rule, the "Gentry"; and were possessed of lands and slaves, ample to enable them to live in the pretentious style indulged in by our forefathers, of powdered wigs, silk stockings, and knee-buckles of silver and gold. On both the paternal and maternal sides, the heredity of Henry Clay was as good as the best; yes, Nature was in a lavish mood when the child of Genius was born into the world.

As to the environment of poverty and toil, and sore want, in the days of his childhood and youth, the stories told are mainly apocryphal. We have before us the will of George Hudson, the father of Mrs. John Clay, probated in 1773, bequeathing to his widow and two children his homestead plantation and thirty slaves, besides other lands and personalty. One half of all went to Mrs. John Clay at the death of her mother, in 1781. We have also the will of Reverend John Clay, probated in 1782, which bequeathed to his widow and children two well stocked plantations, twenty negroes named and allotted, and other negroes unnamed to be equally allotted; besides other personal property. With other evidences, these documents attest that, in the childhood years of Henry, the Clay family was possessed of sufficient estate to enable the members to live in comfort; this was later reduced by the disorders of the times. It is a curious incident unexplained, that in all formal proceedings, and in the court records connected with these wills, the father of Henry Clay is always addressed or mentioned as "Sir John Clay," the title of the old ancestor, "Sir John," of Wales.

To the age of fourteen, Henry Clay received such instruction in elementary studies as the typical country school then afforded. His worthy stepfather, Captain Watkins, obtained for him a position in the store of Richard Denny, in Richmond. His exceptional fidelity and diligence led a year later to his appointment as a subordinate in the office of the High Court of Chancery, of which Peter

Tinsley was Chief Clerk. Those eminent jurists, of historic note, Edmund Pendleton and George Wythe, were then Chancellors of the Court. The neat, legible and accurate penmanship of the youth, together with his engaging and courteous address, won the attention of Judge Wythe, the preceptor in law of John Marshall, Jefferson, and other eminent men. Henry Clay became amanuensis for him. A mutual intimacy grew into mutual interest. The fatherly and friendly counsel and favors of Judge Wythe decided the young man to study law under Judge Brooke, attorney-general of Virginia. At the age of twenty years he received his license to practice, and soon after followed his mother to Kentucky. Henry Clay had little or none of academic culture; but he was a diligent and apt student in the school of experience and of character-lessons, where he learned much that was serviceable. The most learned men in legal science in Virginia were his tutors and daily monitors, while illustrious statesmen, such as Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Mason, Patrick Henry of his own county, Hanover, and others as great, were his most constant and familiar ideals. The youthful genius of Henry Clay blossomed in the Garden of the Gods.

That Henry Clay was preëminently a great man, is not questioned. But what were the qualities and measure of that greatness which places him a conspicuous figure in the front rank of the few preëminently great characters of history? No man has been endowed, or can be endowed, with a wealth of attributes to make him greatest in all things above his fellows. The genius of Henry Clay had its limitations. But, in the gifts of true oratory that moved the souls of men, in comprehensive and prophetic vision of statesmanship, in diplomacy to adjust foreign relations, in advocacy of national measures of importance, and in the mastery and control of men and political parties to accomplish ends, he contests with peers in America, and no less with peers of the Ancient and Modern world, for the honors of the title *Primus inter Pares*. For a just and impartial view of the great man of history, we would inquire and know in what estimation his name and fame were held, when death, on June 29, 1852, at Washington, closed his long and brilliant career. The enthusiasm of friends was then chastened, and the animosities of enemies were subdued, in the pervading grief of the nation.

On the first of July his remains were borne to the Senate Chamber, where were assembled Congressmen, the President and Cabinet, ambassadors from foreign countries, Officers of the Army and Navy, and of the civic authorities, to pay fitting tribute to the memory of the deceased. In the many addresses at the Capitol, and throughout the States, upon the mournful occasion, we have a

chapter of monumental eloquence unsurpassed in the elegiac literature of the English language. Tributes were paid by orators and statesmen of more than national repute. The deep grief of our own countrymen, reflected in the sympathetic grief of the friends of liberty and democracy throughout the world, bears witness to the veneration in which Henry Clay was held by his contemporaries. As said by one orator: "The tidings of his death, borne with electric speed, have opened up the fountains of sorrow. Every city, town, village and hamlet will be clothed in mourning. Along the extended coast, the commercial and naval marines, with flags drooping at half-mast, own the bereavement. State-houses draped in black, amid the sound of minute-guns and tolling bells, proclaim the extinguishment of one of the great lights of the Senate; for amid the greatest of our race, he was always an equal. The Nation's lament is a fitting requiem for the illustrious dead." And another, in a distant State capital: "The whole people rose up to pay such honors to his memory, as had never been accorded to any other statesman of this country." The remains were borne in state to Kentucky. As the funeral cortège passed through Baltimore, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Cincinnati and other cities and towns, the people assembled in thousands to give expression to their veneration in words of lament, and often in tears.

The name of Henry Clay was treasured in the gratitude and affections of oppressed foreign people, whom he had befriended in the days of their struggle for freedom. His speeches of glowing eloquence, in plea for recognition of independence for the Greeks in revolt against Turkish tyranny, and for Mexico and the South American provinces in revolt against Spanish misrule, had been read to the insurgent soldiers in their camps, and cheered to the echo. Addresses of thanks had been voted and ordered sent to him, by the authorities of these young governments, recognizing him as the champion of liberty and self-rule for all peoples throughout the world. When tidings of the death of their friend and benefactor were borne to them on the shores of the Hellespont, in Mexico, and on the slopes of the Andes, flags were again at half-mast, and minute-guns and tolling bells gave token that the grief of our own Nation found response in world-wide sorrows. No higher evidence of distinctive greatness was ever bestowed on any character of history.

Again, we are interested to know in what light, and in what measure of preëminence, the great Tribune of the people was viewed by his colleagues in the councils of the Nation. In the words of Senator Underwood, of Kentucky: "By his death our country has lost one of its most eminent citizens; and as I believe, its greatest

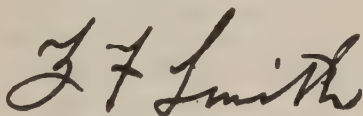
statesman. No man was ever blessed by his Creator with faculties of a higher order of excellence than those given to Henry Clay." By Senator Cass, of the Opposition party: "He belonged to his country, and has taken prominent part both in peace and war, in all the questions affecting its interests and its honor. I believe he was as pure a statesman as ever participated in the councils of a nation. That he exercised a powerful influence throughout the whole country, we all feel and know, as we know the eminent endowments to which he owed this high distinction." By Senator Hunter: "He had beyond any man known to me the true mesmeric touch of the orator—the rare art of transferring his impulses to others. Thoughts, feelings, emotions, radiant and glowing, came from the ready mould of his genius, and communicated their own warmth to every heart that received them. His was the gift of wielding the higher and intenser powers of passion, with a majesty and ease which none but the great masters of the human heart can employ."

By Senator Seward: "His personal endowments were the elements of the success of that extraordinary man. He was indeed eloquent; all the world knows that. He held the keys to the hearts of his countrymen, and he turned the wards with a skill attained by no other man. But eloquence was only an instrument, and one of many that he used. His conversation, his gestures, his very look, were persuasive, irresistible. Defeat only inspired him with new resolution. He divided opposition by the assiduity of address; while he rallied and strengthened his own ranks of supporters by the confidence of success which, feeling himself, he inspired among his followers. His affections were pure and generous; and chiefest was his love of native country, which rendered him more impartial between conflicting interests and sections than any other statesman who has lived since the Revolution. With versatile talents, and the most catholic equality of favor, he identified every question, whether of domestic administration or foreign policy, with his own great name, and so became a perpetual Tribune of the people. He converted this branch of the Legislature from a negative position, or one of equilibrium between the Executive and the House of Representatives, into the active ruling power of the Republic."

By John C. Breckinridge, of the Opposition, representing the Ashland District of Kentucky, and, like Mr. Clay, an eminent orator, statesman, and leader of his party: "As leader in a deliberative body, Henry Clay had no equal in America. In him intellect, person, eloquence and courage united to form a character fit to command. He fired with enthusiasm, and controlled by his amazing will, individuals and masses. No reverse could subdue his spirit, nor defeat reduce him to despair. In his long and eventful life, he came in

contact with men of all ranks and professions; but he never felt that he was in the presence of a superior. In the assemblies of the people, at the bar, in the Senate, everywhere within the circle of his personal presence, he maintained a position of preëminence."

These are only a few impressions of the many notable contemporaries of Henry Clay, who paid tribute to him on the occasion of his death; but all are of the same tenor, and many in terms far more eulogistic. A common sentiment was that, in the endowment of intuitive genius, which, though but human, is nearest akin to inspiration, as orator and statesman, and as leader of men and forces in the advocacy of public measures, Henry Clay was the peer of the greatest in American history, and as well in the world's history, ancient and modern.



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ON THE EMANCIPATION OF SOUTH AMERICA

In the House of Representatives, March 24, 1818.

[The following is considered one of the most important speeches made by Mr. Clay during his Congressional career. It is here that he appears as an advocate for the cause of the human liberty—"when, striving to usher the Southern republics for the great family of nations, he stood up before his countrymen like an apostle, commissioned by Freedom, to welcome her new votaries to the reward of their labors and their sacrifices. The glory which he won by the discharge of that commission is as imperishable as liberty itself. It will rise freshly above his grave, and grow greener with the lapse of centuries." At the session of Congress in 1816 and 1817, he had made allusions to the situation of the South American patriots, and expressed his warm sympathies in their behalf, and he now proposes to recognize the independence of the United Provinces of La Plata or Buenos Ayres, as the first established republic of South America.*]

I RISE under feelings of deeper regret than I have ever experienced on any former occasion, inspired, principally, by the painful consideration, that I find myself, on the proposition which I meant to submit, differing from many highly esteemed friends, in and out of this house, for whose judgment I entertained the greatest respect. A knowledge of this circumstance has induced me to pause; to subject my own convictions to the severest scrutiny, and to resolve the question over and over again. But all my reflections have conducted me to the same clear result; and, much as I value those friends, great as my deference is for their opinions, I cannot hesitate, when reduced to the distressing alternative of conforming my judgment to theirs, or pursuing the deliberate and mature dictates of my own mind. I enjoy some consolation, for the want of their coöperation, from the persuasion that, if I err on this occasion, I err on the side of the liberty and happiness of a large portion of the human family. Another, and, if possible, indeed a greater source of regret to which I refer is the utter incompetency, which I unfeignedly feel, to do anything like adequate justice to the great cause of American independence and freedom, whose interests I wish to promote by my humble

*Note from Mallory's 'Life of Henry Clay.'

exertions in this instance. Exhausted and worn down as I am, by the fatigue, confinement, and incessant application incident to the arduous duties of the honorable station I hold, during a four months' session, I shall need all that kind indulgence which has been so often extended to me by the house.

I beg, in the first place, to correct misconceptions, if any exist, in regard to my opinions. I am averse to war with Spain, or with any power. I would give no just cause of war to any power—not to Spain herself. I have seen enough of war, and of its calamities, even when successful. No country upon earth has more interest than this in cultivating peace and avoiding war, as long as it is possible honorably to avoid it. Gaining additional strength every day; our numbers doubling in periods of twenty-five years; with an income outstripping all our estimates, and so great, as, after a war in some respects disastrous, to furnish results which carry astonishment, if not dismay, into the bosom of states jealous of our rising importance; we have every motive for the love of peace. I cannot, however, approve, in all respects, of the manner in which our negotiations with Spain have been conducted. If ever a favorable time existed for the demand, on the part of an injured nation, of indemnity for past wrongs from the aggressor, such is the present time. Impoverished and exhausted at home, by the wars which have desolated the peninsula; with a foreign war, calling for infinitely more resources, in men and money, than she can possibly command, this is the auspicious period for insisting upon justice at her hands, in a firm and decided tone. Time is precisely what Spain now most wants. Yet what are we told by the President, in his message at the commencement of Congress? That Spain had procrastinated, and we acquiesced in her procrastination. And the Secretary of State, in a late communication with Mr. Onís, after ably vindicating all our rights tells the Spanish Minister, with a good deal of *sang froid*, that we have patiently waited thirteen years for a redress of our injuries, and that it required no great effort to wait longer! I would have abstained from thus exposing our intentions. Avoiding the use of the language of menace, I would have required, in temperate and decided terms, indemnity for all our wrongs; for the spoliation of our commerce; for the interruption of the

right of depot at New Orleans, guaranteed by treaty; for the insults repeatedly offered to our flag; for the Indian hostilities, which she was bound to prevent; for belligerent use made of her ports and territories, by our enemy, during the late war; and the instantaneous liberation of the free citizens of the United States, now imprisoned in her jails. Contemporaneous with that demand without waiting for her final answer, and with a view to the favorable operation on her councils in regard to our own peculiar interests, as well as in justice to the cause itself, I would recognize any established government in Spanish America. I would have left Spain to draw her own inferences from these proceedings, as to the ultimate step which this country might adopt, if she longer withheld justice from us. And if she persevered in her iniquity, after we had conducted the negotiation in the manner I have endeavored to describe, I would then take up and decide the solemn question of peace or war, with the advantage of all the light shed upon it, by subsequent events, and the probable conduct of Europe.

Spain has undoubtedly given us abundant and just cause of war. But it is not every cause of war that should lead to war. War is one of those dreadful scourges, that so shakes the foundation of society, overturns or changes the character of governments, interrupts or destroys the pursuits of private happiness, brings, in short, misery and wretchedness in so many forms, and at last is, in its issue, so doubtful and hazardous, that nothing but dire necessity can justify an appeal to arms. If we are to have war with Spain, I have, however, no hesitation in saying, that no mode of bringing it about could be less fortunate than that of seizing at this time upon her adjoining province. There was a time, under certain circumstances, when we might have occupied East Florida with safety; had we then taken it, our posture in the negotiations with Spain would have been totally different from what it is. But we have permitted that time, not with my consent, to pass by unimproved. If we were now to seize upon Florida, after a great change in those circumstances, and after declaring our intention to acquiesce in the procrastination desired by Spain, in what light should we be viewed by foreign powers, particularly Great Britain? We have already been

accused of inordinate ambition, and of seeking to aggrandize ourselves by an extension, on all sides, of our limits. Should we not, by such an act of violence, give color to the accusation? No, Mr. Chairman; if we are to be involved in a war with Spain, let us have the credit of disinterestedness. Let us put her yet more in the wrong. Let us command the respect which is never withheld from those who act a noble and a generous part. I hope to communicate to the committee the conviction which I so strongly feel, that the adoption of the amendment which I intend to propose, would not hazard in the slightest degree, the peace of the country. But if that peace is to be endangered, I would infinitely rather it should be for our exerting the right appertaining to every state, of acknowledging the independence of another state, than for the seizure of a province, which, sooner or later, we must certainly acquire.

* * * * *

Three hundred years ago, upon the ruins of the thrones of Montezuma and the incas of Peru, Spain erected the most stupendous system of colonial despotism that the world has ever seen—the vigorous, and most exclusive. The great principle and object of this system, has been to render one of the largest portions of the world exclusively subservient, in all its faculties, to the interests of an inconsiderable spot in Europe. To effectuate this aim of her policy, she locked up Spanish America from all the rest of the world, and prohibited, under the severest penalties, any foreigner from entering any part of it. To keep the natives themselves ignorant of each other, and of the strength and resources of the several parts of her American possessions, she next prohibited the inhabitants of one vice-royalty or government from visiting those of another; so that the inhabitants of Mexico, for example, were not allowed to enter the vice-royalty of New Granada. The agriculture of those vast regions was so regulated and restrained, as to prevent all collision with the agriculture of the peninsula. Where Nature, by the character and composition of the soil had commanded, the abominable system of Spain has forbidden, the growth of certain articles. Thus the olive and the vine, to which Spanish America is so well adapted, are prohibited, wherever their culture can interfere with the

olive and the vine of the peninsula. The commerce of the country, in the direction and objects of the exports and imports, is also subjected to the narrow and selfish views of Spain, and fettered by the odious spirit of monopoly, existing in Cadiz. She has sought by scattering discord among the several castes of American population, and by a debasing course of education, to perpetrate her oppression. Whatever concerns public law, or the science of government, all writers upon political economy, or that tend to give vigor, and freedom, and expansion, to the intellect, are prohibited. Gentlemen would be astonished by the long list of distinguished authors, whom she proscribes, to be found in Depon's and other works. A main feature in her policy, is that which constantly elevates the European and depresses the American character. Out of upwards of seven hundred and fifty viceroys and captains general, whom she has appointed since the conquest of America, about eighteen only have been from the body of the American population. On all occasions, she seeks to raise and promote her European subjects, and to degrade and humiliate the Creoles. Wherever in America her sway extends, everything seems to pine and wither beneath its baneful influence. The richest regions of the earth: man, his happiness and education, all the fine faculties of his soul, are regulated, and modified, and moulded, to suit the execrable purposes of an inexorable despotism.

Such is a brief and imperfect picture of the state of things in Spanish America, in 1808, when the famous transactions of Bayonne occurred. The King of Spain and the Indies (for Spanish America has always constituted an integral part of the Spanish Empire) abdicated his throne and became a voluntary captive. Even at this day, one does not know whether he should most condemn the baseness and perfidy of the one party, or despise the meanness and imbecility of the other. If the obligation of obedience and allegiance existed on the part of the colonies to the King of Spain, it was founded on the duty of protection which he owed them. By disqualifying himself for the performance of this duty, they became released from that obligation. The monarchy was dissolved; and each integral part had a right to seek its own happiness, by the institution of any new government adapted to its wants.

Joseph Bonaparte, the successor *de facto* of Ferdinand, recognized this right on the part of the colonies, and recommended them to establish their independence. Thus, upon the ground of strict right; upon the footing of a mere legal question, governed by forensic rules, the colonies, being absolved by the acts of the parent country from the duty of subjection to it, had an indisputable right to set up for themselves. But I take a broader and a bolder position. I maintain, that an oppressed people are authorized, whenever they can, to rise and break their fetters. This was the great principle of the English Revolution. It was the great principle of our own. Vattel, if authority were wanting, expressly supports this right. We must pass sentence of condemnation upon the founders of our liberty, say that they were rebels, traitors, and that we are at this moment legislating without competent powers, before we can condemn the cause of Spanish America. Our revolution was mainly directed against the mere theory of tyranny. We had suffered comparatively but little; we had in some respects, been kindly treated, but our intrepid and intelligent fathers saw, in the usurpation of the power to levy an inconsiderable tax, the long train of oppressive acts that were to follow. They rose, they breasted the storm; they achieved our freedom. Spanish America for centuries has been doomed to the practical effects of an odious tyranny. If we were justified, she is more than justified. I am no propagandist. I would not seek to force upon other nations our principles and our liberty, if they do not want them. I would not disturb the repose even of a detestable despotism. But, if an abused and oppressed people wish their freedom; if they seek to establish it; if, in truth, they have established it; we have a right, as a sovereign power, to notice the fact, and to act as circumstances and our interest require. I will say, in the language of the venerated father of my country, "born in a land of liberty, my anxious recollections, my sympathetic feelings, and my best wishes, are irresistibly excited, whenever, in any country, I see an oppressed nation unfurl the banners of freedom." Whenever I think of Spanish America, the image irresistibly forces itself upon my mind, of an elder brother, whose education has been neglected, whose person has been abused and maltreated, and who has been disin-

herited by the unkindness of an unnatural parent. And, when I contemplate the glorious struggle which that country is now making, I think I behold that brother rising, by the power and energy of his fine native genius, to the manly rank which Nature, and Nature's God, intended for him.

If Spanish America be entitled to success from the justice of her cause, we have no less reason to wish that success, from the horrible character which the royal arms have given to the war. More atrocities than those which have been perpetrated during its existence, are not to be found, even in the annals of Spain herself. And history, reserving some of her blackest pages for the name of Morillo, is prepared to place him by the side of his great prototype, the infamous desolater of the Netherlands. He who has looked into the history of the conduct of this war, is constantly shocked at the revolting scenes which it portrays; at the refusal on the part of the commanders of the royal forces, to treat, on any terms, with the other side; at the denial of quarter; at the butchery, in cold blood, of prisoners; at the violation of flags in some cases, after being received with religious ceremonies; at the instigation of slaves to rise against their owners; and at acts of wanton and useless barbarity.

Neither the weakness of the other sex, or the imbecility of old age, nor the innocence of infants, nor the reverence due to the sacerdotal character, can stay the arm of royal vengeance.

* * * * *

In the establishment of the independence of Spanish America, the United States have the deepest interest. I have no hesitation in asserting my firm belief, that there is no question in the foreign policy of this country, which has ever arisen, or which I can conceive as ever occurring, in the decision of which we have had or can have so much at stake. This interest concerns our politics, our commerce, our navigation. There cannot be a doubt that Spanish America, once independent, whatever may be the form of the government established in its several parts, these governments will be animated by an American feeling, and guided by an American policy. They will obey the laws of the system of the new world, of which they will compose a part, in contradistinction to that of

Europe. Without the influence of that vortex in Europe, the balance of power between its several parts, the preservation of which has so often drenched Europe in blood, America is sufficiently remote to contemplate the new wars which are to afflict that quarter of the globe, as a calm if not a cold and indifferent spectator. In relation to those wars, the several parts of America will generally stand neutral. And as, during the period when they rage, it will be important that a liberal system of neutrality should be adopted and observed, all America will be interested in maintaining and enforcing such a system. The independence of Spanish America, then, is an interest of primary consideration. Next to that, and highly important in itself, is the consideration of the nature of their governments. That is a question, however, for themselves. They will, no doubt, adopt those kinds of governments which are best suited to their condition, best calculated for their happiness. Anxious as I am that they should be free governments we have no right to prescribe for them. They are, and ought to be, the sole judges for themselves. I am strongly inclined to believe that they will in most, if not all parts of their country, establish free governments. We are their great example. Of us they constantly speak as of brothers, having a similar origin. They adopt our principles, copy our institutions, and, in many instances, employ the very language and sentiments of our revolutionary papers.

But it is sometimes said, that they are too ignorant and too superstitious to admit of the existence of free government. This charge of ignorance is often urged by persons themselves actually ignorant of the real condition of that people. I deny the alleged fact of ignorance; I deny the inference from that fact, if it were true, that they want capacity for free government; and I refuse assent to the further conclusion, if the fact were true, and the inference just, that we are to be indifferent to their fate. All the writers of the most established authority, Depons, Humboldt, and others, concur in assigning to the people of Spanish America great quickness, genius, and particular aptitude for the acquisition of the exact sciences, and others which they have been allowed to cultivate. In astronomy, geology, mineralogy, chemistry, botany, and so forth, they are allowed to make distinguished pro-

iciency. They justly boast of their Abzate, Velasques, and Gama, and other illustrious contributors to science. They have nine universities, and in the City of Mexico, it is affirmed by Humboldt, that there are more solid scientific establishments than in any city even of North America. I would refer to the message of the supreme dictator of La Plata, which I shall hereafter have occasion to use for another purpose, as a model of fine composition of a state paper, challenging a comparison with any, the most celebrated, that ever issued from the pens of Jefferson or Madison. Gentlemen will egregiously err, if they form their opinions of the present moral condition of Spanish America, from what it was under the debasing system of Spain. The eight years' revolution in which it has been engaged, has already produced a powerful effect. Education has been attended to, and genius developed.

The fact is not therefore true, that the imputed ignorance exists; but, if it do, I repeat, I dispute the inference. It is the doctrine of thrones, that man is too ignorant to govern himself. Their partisans assert his incapacity, in reference to all nations; if they cannot command universal assent to the proposition, it is then demanded as to particular nations; and our pride and our presumption too often make converts of us. I contend, that it is to arraign the dispositions of Providence Himself, to suppose that He has created beings incapable of governing themselves, and to be trampled on by kings. Self-government is the natural government of man, and for proof, I refer to the aborigines of our own land. Were I to speculate in hypotheses unfavorable to human liberty, my speculations should be founded rather upon the vices, refinements, or density of population. Crowded together in compact masses, even if they were philosophers, the contagion of the passion is communicated and caught, and the effect too often, I admit, is the overthrow of liberty. Dispersed over such an immense space as that on which the people of Spanish America are spread, their physical, and I believe also their moral condition, both favor their liberty.

With regard to their superstition, they worship the same God with us. Their prayers are offered up in their temples to the same Redeemer, whose intercession we expect to save us. Nor is there anything in the Catholic religion unfavorable to

freedom. All religions united with government, are more or less inimical to liberty. All separated from government, are compatible with liberty.

If the people of Spanish America have not already gone as far in religious toleration as we have, the difference in their condition from ours should not be forgotten. Everything is progressive; and, in time, I hope to see them imitating, in this respect, our example. But grant that the people of Spanish America are ignorant, and incompetent for free government, to whom is that ignorance to be ascribed? Is it not to the execrable system of Spain, which she seeks again to establish and to perpetuate? So far from chilling our hearts, it ought to increase our solicitude for our unfortunate brethren. It ought to animate us to desire the redemption of the minds and the bodies of unborn millions, from the beautifying effect of a system, whose tendency is to stifle the faculties of the soul, and to degrade men to the level of beasts. I would invoke the spirits of our departed fathers. Was it for yourselves only that you nobly fought? No, no! It was the chains that were forging for your prosperity, that made you fly to arms, and, scattering the elements of these chains to the winds, you transmitted to us the rich inheritance of liberty.

Having shown that the cause of the patriots is just, and that we have a great interest in its successful issue, I will next inquire what course of policy it becomes us to adopt. I have already declared it to be one of strict and impartial neutrality. It is not necessary for their interests, it is not expedient for our own, that we should take part in the war. All they demand of us is a just neutrality. It is compatible with this pacific policy, it is required by it that we should recognize any established government, if there be any established government in Spanish America. Recognition alone, without aid, is no just cause of war. With aid, it is; not because of the recognition, but because of the aid; as aid, without recognition, is the cause of war. The truth of these propositions I will maintain upon principle, by the practice of other states, and by the usage of our own. There is no common tribunal among nations, to pronounce upon the fact of the sovereignty of a new state. Each power does and must judge for itself. It is an attribute of sovereignty so to judge.

A nation, in exerting this incontestable right, in pronouncing upon the independence, in fact, of a new state, takes no part in the war. It gives neither men, nor ships, nor money. It merely pronounces that, in so far as it may be necessary to institute any relations, or to support any intercourse, with the new power, that power is capable of maintaining those relations, and authorizing that intercourse. Martens and other publicists lay down these principles.

When the United Provinces formally severed themselves from Spain, it was about eighty years before their independence was finally recognized by Spain. Before that recognition, the United Provinces had been received by all the rest of Europe, into the family of nations. It is true, that a war broke out between Philip and Elizabeth, but it proceeded from the aid which she determined to give, and did give to Holland. In no instance, I believe, can it be shown, from authentic history, that Spain made war upon any power, on the sole ground that such power had acknowledged the independence of the United Provinces.

In the case of our own revolution, it was not until after France had given us aid, and had determined to enter into a treaty of alliance with us—a treaty by which she guaranteed our independence—that England declared war. Holland also was charged by England with favoring our cause and deviating from the line of strict neutrality. And, when it was perceived that she was, moreover, about to enter into a treaty with us, England declared war. Even if it were shown that a proud, haughty, and powerful nation like England, had made war upon other provinces, on the ground of a mere recognition, the single example could not alter the public law, or shake the strength of a clear principle.

But what has been our uniform practice? We have constantly proceeded on the principle, that the government *de facto* is that we can alone notice. Whatever form of government any society of people adopt, whoever they acknowledge as their sovereign, we consider that government or that sovereign as the one to be acknowledged by us. We have invariably abstained from assuming a right to decide in favor of the sovereign *de jure*, and against the sovereign *de facto*. That is a question for the nation in which it arises

to determine. And, so far as we are concerned, the sovereign *de facto* is the sovereign *de jure*. Our own revolution stands on the basis of the right of the people to change their rulers. I do not maintain that every immature revolution, every usurper, before his power is consolidated, is to be acknowledged by us; but that as soon as stability and order are maintained, no matter by whom, we always have considered, and ought to consider, the actual as the true government. General Washington, Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Madison, all, while they were respectively Presidents, acted on these principles.

In the case of the French Republic, General Washington did not wait until some of the crowned heads of Europe should set him the example of acknowledging it, but accredited a minister at once. And it is remarkable, that he was received before the government of the republic was considered established. It will be found in Marshall's life of Washington, that, when it was understood that a minister from the French Republic was about to present himself, President Washington submitted a number of questions to his Cabinet for their consideration and advice, one of which was, whether, upon the reception of the minister, he should be notified that America would suspend the execution of the treaties between the two countries, until France had an established government. General Washington did not stop to inquire whether the descendants of St. Louis were to be considered as the legitimate sovereigns of France, and if the revolution was to be regarded as unauthorized resistance to their sway. He saw France, in fact, under the government of those who had subverted the throne of the Bourbons, and he acknowledged the actual government. During Mr. Jefferson's and Mr. Madison's Administrations, when the cortes of Spain and Joseph Bonaparte, respectively, contended for the crown, those enlightened statesmen said, we will receive a minister from neither party; settle the question between yourselves, and we will acknowledge the party that prevails. We have nothing to do with your feud; whoever all Spain acknowledges as her sovereign, is the only sovereign with whom we can maintain any relations. Mr. Jefferson, it is understood, considered whether he should not receive a minister from both parties, and finally decided against it, because of the inconveniences

to this country, which might result from the double representation of another power. As soon as the French armies were expelled from the peninsula, Mr. Madison, still acting on the principle of the government *de facto*, received the present minister from Spain. During all the phases of the French Government, republic, directory, consuls, consul for life, emperor, king, emperor again, king, our government has uniformly received the minister.

Are we not bound, then, upon our own principles, to acknowledge this new republic? If we do not, who will? Are we to expect that kings will set us example of acknowledging the only republic on earth, except our own? We receive, promptly receive, a minister from whatever king sends us one. From the great powers and from the little powers, we accredit ministers. We do more: we hasten to reciprocate the compliment; and anxious to manifest our gratitude for royal civility, we send for a minister (as in the case of Sweden and the Netherlands) of the lowest grade, one of the highest ranks recognized by our laws. We are the natural head of the American family. I would not intermeddle in the affairs of Europe. We wisely keep aloof from their broils. I would not even intermeddle in those of other parts of America, further than to exert the incontestable rights appertaining to us as a free, sovereign, and independent power; and I contend, that the accrediting of a minister from the new republic is such a right. We are bound to receive their minister, if we mean to be really neutral. If the royal belligerent is represented and heard at our government, the republican belligerent ought also to be heard. Otherwise, one party will be in the condition of the poor patriots, who were tried *ex-parte* the other day, in the Supreme Court, without counsel, without friends. Give Mr. Onís his *congé*, or receive the republican minister. Unless you do so, your neutrality is nominal.

Will the allies interfere? If, by the exertion of an unquestionable attribute of a sovereign power, we should give no just cause of war to Spain herself, how can it be pretended that we should furnish even a specious pretext to the allies for making war upon us? On what ground could they attempt to justify a rupture with us, for the exercise of a right which we hold in common with them, and with every

other independent state? But we have a surer guarantee, against their hostility, in their interests. That all the allies, who have any foreign commerce, have an interest in the independence of Spanish America, is perfectly evident. On what ground, I ask, is it likely, then, that they would support Spain, in opposition to their own decided interests? To crush the spirit of revolt, and prevent the progress of free principles? Nations, like individuals, do not sensibly feel, and seldom act upon dangers which are either remote in time or place. Of Spanish America, but little is known by the great body of the population of Europe. Even in this country, the most astonishing ignorance prevails respecting it. Those European statesmen who are acquainted with the country, will reflect, that, tossed by a great revolution, it will most probably constitute four or five several nations, and that the ultimate modification of all their various governments is by no means absolutely certain.

But I entertain no doubt that the principle of cohesion among the allies is gone. It was annihilated in the memorable battle of Waterloo. When the question was, whether one should engross all, a common danger united all. How long was it, even with a clear perception of that danger, before an effective coalition could be formed? How often did one power stand by, unmoved and indifferent to the fate of its neighbor, although the destruction of that neighbor removed the only barrier to an attack upon itself? No; the consummation of the cause of the allies was, and all the history and all experience will prove it, the destruction of the alliance. The principle is totally changed. It is no longer a common struggle against the colossal power of Bonaparte, but it has become a common scramble for the spoils of his empire. There may, indeed, be one or two points on which a common interest still exists, such as the convenience of subsisting their armies on the vitals of poor suffering France. But as for action, for new enterprises, there is no principle of unity, there can be no accordance of interests, or of views, among them.

There is great reason, from the peculiar character of the American government, for a perfect understanding between the legislative and executive branches, in relation to the acknowl-

edgment of a new power. Everywhere else the power of declaring war resides with the executive. Here it is deposited with the Legislature. If, contrary to my opinion, there be even a risk that the acknowledgment of a new state may lead to war, it is advisable that the step should not be taken without a previous knowledge of the will of the war-making branch. I am disposed to give to the President all the confidence which we must derive from the unequivocal expression of our will. This expression I know may be given in the form of an abstract resolution, declaratory of that will; but I prefer at this time proposing an act of practical legislation. And if I have been so fortunate as to communicate to the committee, in anything like that degree of strength in which I entertain them, the convictions that the cause of the patriots is just; that the character of the war, as waged by Spain, should induce us to wish them success; that we have a great interest in that success; that this interest as well as our neutral attitude, requires us to acknowledge any established government in Spanish America; that the United Provinces of the river Plate is such a government; that we may safely acknowledge its independence, without danger of war from Spain, from the allies, or from England; and that, without unconstitutional interference with the executive power, with peculiar fitness, we may express in an act of appropriation, our sentiments, leaving him to the exercise of a just and responsible discretion; I hope the committee will adopt the proposition which I have now the honor of presenting to them, after a respectful tender of my acknowledgments for their attention and kindness, during, I fear, the tedious period I have been so unprofitably trespassing upon their patience.

ON RETIRING FROM OFFICE

At Washington, March 7, 1829.

At the close of Mr. Adam's administration, Mr. Clay, having resigned his office as Secretary of State before the inauguration of General Jackson as President of the United States, was invited to meet his friends at Washington City, at a public dinner, which he accepted, while preparing to return to the place of his residence. On this occasion the toast was: "Health, prosperity and happiness, to our valued and esteemed guest and fellow-citizen, HENRY CLAY. Whatever the future destination of his life, he has done enough for honor, and need desire no higher reward than the deep-seated affection and respect of his friends and his country."

This having been received with much feeling and applause, Mr. Clay arose and addressed the company as follows.*

IN rising, Mr. President, to offer my respectful acknowledgments for the honors of which I am here the object, I must ask the indulgence of yourself and the other gentlemen now assembled, for an unaffected embarrassment, which is more sensibly felt than it can be distinctly expressed. This city has been the theatre of the greater portion of my public life. You, and others whom I now see, have been spectators of my public course and conduct. You and they are, if I may borrow a technical expression from an honorable profession of which you and I are both members, jurors of the vicinage. To a judgment rendered by those who have thus long known me, and by others though not of the panel, who have possessed equal opportunities of forming correct opinions, I most cheerfully submit. If the weight of human testimony should be estimated by the intelligence and respectability of the witness, and the extent of his knowledge of the matter on which he testifies, the highest consideration is due to that which has been this day spontaneously given. I shall ever cherish it with the most grateful recollection, and look back upon it with proud satisfaction.

I should be glad to feel that I could with any propriety abstain from any allusion at this time and at this place, to public affairs. But considering the occasion which has

*From Mallory's 'Life of Henry Clay.'

brought us together, the events which have preceded it, and the influence which they may exert upon the destinies of our country, my silence might be misinterpreted, and I think it therefore proper that I should embrace this first public opportunity which I have had of saying a few words, since the termination of the late memorable and embittered contest. It is far from my wish to continue or to revive the agitation with which that contest was attended. It is ended, for good or for evil. The Nation wants repose. A majority of the people has decided, and from their decision there can and ought to be no appeal. Bowing, as I do, with profound respect to them, and to this exercise of their sovereign authority, I may nevertheless be allowed to retain and to express my own unchanged sentiments, even if they should not be in perfect coincidence with theirs. It is a source of high gratification to me to believe that I share these sentiments in common with more than half a million of freemen, possessing a degree of virtue, of intelligence, of religion, and of genuine patriotism, which without disparagement to others, is unsurpassed, in the same number of men in this or any other country, in this or any other age.

I deprecated the election of the present President of the United States, because I believe he had neither the temper, the experience, nor the attainments requisite to discharge the complicated and arduous duties of chief magistrate. I deprecated it still more, because this elevation, I believed, would be the result exclusively of admiration and gratitude for military service, without regard to indispensable civil qualifications. I can neither retract, nor alter, nor modify, any opinion which, on these subjects, I have at any time heretofore expressed. I thought I beheld in his election an awful foreboding of the fate which, at some future (I pray to God that, if it ever arrive, it may be some far distant) day, was to befall this infant republic. All past history has impressed on my mind this solemn apprehension. Nor is it effaced or weakened by contemporaneous events passing upon our own favored continent. It is remarkable that, at this epoch, at the head of eight of the nine independent governments established in both Americas, military officers have been placed, or have placed themselves. General Lavalle has, by military force, sub-

verted the republic of La Plata. General Santa Cruz is the chief magistrate of Bolivia; Colonel Pinto of Chili; General Lamar of Peru; and General Bolivar of Colombia. Central America, rent in pieces, and bleeding at every pore, from wounds inflicted by contending military factions, is under the alternate sway of their chiefs. In the government of our nearest neighbor, an election, conducted according to all the requirements of their constitution, has terminated with a majority of the states in favor of Pedrazza, the civil candidat . An insurrection was raised in behalf of his military rival; the cry, not exactly of a bargain, but of corruption, was sounded; the election was annulled, and a form effected by proclaiming General Guerrero, having only a minority of the states, duly elected President. The thunders from the surrounding forts, and the acclamations of the assembled multitude, on the fourth, told us what general was at the head of affairs. It is true, and in this respect we are happier than some of the Amercian states, that his election has not been brought about by military violence. The forms of the Constitution have yet remained inviolate.

In reasserting the opinions which I hold, nothing is further from my purpose than to treat with the slightest disrespect those of my fellow-citizens, here or elsewhere, who may entertain opposite sentiments. The fact of claiming and exercising the free and independent expression of the dictates of my own deliberate judgment, affords the strongest guarantee of my full recognition of their corresponding privilege.

A majority of my fellow-citizens, it would seem, do not perceive the dangers which I apprehended from the example. Believing that they were not real, or that we have some security against their effect, which ancient and modern republics have not found, that majority, in the exercise of their incontestable right of suffrage, have chosen for chief magistrate a citizen who brings into that high trust no qualification other than military triumphs.

That citizen has done much injustice—wanton, unprovoked, and unatoned injustice. It was inflicted, as I must ever believe, for the double purpose of gratifying private resentment and promoting personal ambition. When, during the late canvass, he came forward in the public prints under

his proper name, with his charge against me, and summoned before the public tribunal his friends and his only witness to establish it, the anxious attention of the whole American people was directed to the testimony which that witness might render. He promptly obeyed the call and testified to what he knew. He could say nothing, and he said nothing, which cast the slightest shade upon my honor or integrity. What he did say was the reverse of any implication of me. Then all just and impartial men, and all who had faith in the magnanimity of my accuser, believed that he would voluntarily make a public acknowledgment of his error. How far this reasonable expectation has been fulfilled, let his persevering and stubborn silence attest. But my relations to that citizen by a recent event are now changed. He is the chief magistrate of my country, invested with large and extensive powers, the administration of which may conduce to its prosperity or occasion its adversity. Patriotism enjoins as a duty that whilst he is in that exalted station, he should be treated with decorum, and his official acts be judged of in a spirit of candor. Suppressing, as far as I can, a sense of my personal wrong; willing even to forgive him, if his own conscience and our common God can acquit him; and entertaining for the majority which has elected him, and for the office which he fills, all the deference which is due from a private citizen; I most anxiously hope, that under his guidance the great interest of our country, foreign and domestic, may be upheld, our free institutions be unimpaired, and the happiness of the Nation be continued and increased.

While I am prompted by an ardent devotion to the welfare of my country, sincerely to express this hope, I make no pledges, no promises, no threats, and I must add, I have no confidence. My public life, I trust, furnishes the best guarantee for my faithful adherence to those great principles of external and internal policy, to which it has been hitherto zealously dedicated. Whether I shall ever hereafter take any part in the public councils or not, depends upon circumstances beyond my control. Holding the principle that a citizen, as long as a single pulsation remains, is under an obligation to exert his utmost energies in the service of his country, if necessary, whether in private or public station, my friends,

here and everywhere, may rest assured that, in either condition, I shall stand erect, with a spirit unconquered, whilst life endures, ready to second their exertions in the cause of liberty, the Union and the national prosperity.

Before I sit down, I avail myself with pleasure of this opportunity to make my grateful acknowledgments, for the courtesies and friendly attention which I have uniformly experienced from the inhabitants of this city. A free and social intercourse with them, during a period of more than twenty years, is about to terminate, without any recollection on my part of a single painful collision, and without leaving behind me, as far as I know, a solitary personal enemy. If, in the sentiment with which I am about to conclude, I do not give a particular expression to the feelings inspired by the interchange of civilities and friendly offices, I hope the citizens of Washington will be assured that their individual happiness and the prosperity of this city will ever be the object of my fervent wishes. In the sentiment which I shall presently offer, they are indeed comprehended. For the welfare of this city is indissolubly associated with that of our Union, and the preservation of our liberty. I request permission to propose: "LET US NEVER DESPAIR OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC!"

THE COMPROMISE OF 1850

On a former occasion, when Missouri knocked at the door of Congress for admission, she stirred up the strongest passion for and against slavery.

Mr. Clay stepped in with his Compromise, in 1821, and stilled the waves which rolled in fearful volumes over the wide surface of the Republic.

When nullification raged in the South, in 1833, again Mr. Clay came forward with his Compromise, restoring tranquillity and contentment.

The last great effort of Mr. Clay's public life was made when he brought forward, in the United States Senate, January 29, 1850, his famed resolutions for Compromise.

It being desirable for the peace, concord, and harmony of the union of these states to settle and adjust amicably all existing questions of controversy between them arising out of

the institution of slavery, upon a fair, equitable, and just basis; therefore:

1st. *Resolved*, That California, with suitable boundaries, ought, upon her application, to be admitted as one of the states of this Union, without the imposition by Congress of any restriction in respect to the exclusion or introduction of slavery within those boundaries.

2nd. *Resolved*, That as slavery does not exist by law, and is not likely to be introduced into any of the territory acquired by the United States from the Republic of Mexico, it is inexpedient for Congress to provide, by law, either for its introduction into, or exclusion from, any part of the said territory; and that appropriate territorial governments ought to be established by Congress in all of the said territory, not assigned as the boundaries of the proposed State of California, without the addition of any restriction or condition on the subject of slavery.

3rd. *Resolved*, That the western boundary of the State of Texas ought to be fixed on the Rio del Norte, commencing one marine league from its mouth, and running up that river to the southern line of New Mexico, then with that line eastwardly, and continuing in the same direction, to the line as established between the United States and Spain, excluding any portion of New Mexico, whether lying on the east or west of that river.

4th. *Resolved*, That it be proposed to the State of Texas that the United States will provide for the payment of all that portion of all the legitimate and bona fide public debt of that State, contracted prior to its annexation to the United States, and for which the duties on foreign imports were pledged by the said State to its creditors, not exceeding the sum of — dollars, in consideration of the duties, as pledged, having been no longer applicable to that object after the said annexation, but having thenceforward become payable to the United States, and upon the condition also that the said State shall, by some solemn and authentic act of her Legislature, or of a convention, relinquish to the United States any claim which it has to any part of New Mexico.

5th. *Resolved*, That it is inexpedient to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, while that institution continues

to exist in the State of Maryland, without the consent of that State, without the consent of the people of the District, and without just compensation to the owners of slaves within the district.

6th. *Resolved*, That it is expedient to prohibit within the District the trade in slaves brought into it from states or places beyond the limits of the District, either to be sold therein, as merchandise, or to be transported to other markets, without the District of Columbia.

7th. *Resolved*, That more effectual provision ought to be made by the law, according to the requirements of the Constitution, for the restitution and delivery of persons bound to service or labor in any state who may escape into any other state or territory of the Union.

8th. *Resolved*, That Congress has no power to prohibit or obstruct the trade in slaves between the slaveholding states, and that the admission or exclusion of slaves brought from one into another of them, depends exclusively upon their own particular law.

Mr. President, you have before you the whole series of resolutions, the whole scheme of arrangement and accommodation of these distracting questions, which I have to offer after having bestowed on these subjects the most anxious, intensely anxious, consideration ever since I have been in this body. How far it may prove acceptable to both or either of the parties on these great questions, it is not for me to say. I think it ought to be acceptable to both. There is no sacrifice of any principle, proposed in any of them, by either party. The plan is founded upon mutual forbearance, originating in a spirit of reconciliation and concession; not of principles, but of matters of feeling. At the North, sir, I know that from feeling, by many at least cherished as being dictated by consideration of humanity and philanthropy, there exists a sentiment adverse to the institutions of slavery.

Sir, I might, I think—although I believe this project contains about an equal amount of concession and forbearance on both sides—have asked from the free states of the North a more liberal and extensive concession than should be asked from the slave states. And why, sir? With you, gentlemen senators of the free states, what is it? An abstraction,

a sentiment—a sentiment, if you please, of humanity and philanthropy—a noble sentiment, when directed rightly, with no sinister or party purposes; an atrocious sentiment—a detestable sentiment—or rather the abuse of it—when directed to the accomplishment of unworthy purposes. I said that I might ask from you larger and more expansive concessions than from the slave states. And why? You are numerically more powerful than the slave states. Not that there is any difference—for upon that subject I can not go along with the ardent expression of feeling by some of my friends coming from the same class of states from which I come—not that there is any difference in valor, in prowess, in noble and patriotic daring, whenever it is required for the safety and salvation of the country, between the people of one class of states and those of the other. You are, in point of numbers, however, greater; and greatness and magnanimity should ever be allied.

But there are other reasons why concessions upon such a subject as this should be more liberal, more expansive coming from the free than from the slave states. It is, as I remarked, a sentiment, a sentiment of humanity and philanthropy on your side. Aye sir, and when a sentiment of that kind is honestly and earnestly cherished, with a disposition to make sacrifices to enforce it, it is a noble and beautiful sentiment; but, sir, when the sacrifice is not to be made by those who cherish that sentiment and inculcate it, but by another people, in whose situation it is impossible, from their position; to sympathize and to share all and everything that belongs to them, I must say to you, senators from the free states, it is a totally different question. On your side it is a sentiment without sacrifice, a sentiment without danger, a sentiment without hazard, without peril, without loss. But how is it on the other side, to which, as I have said, a greater amount of concession ought to be made in any scheme of compromise?

* * * * *

And, in conclusion, I now ask every senator, I entreat you, gentlemen, in fairness and candor, to examine the plan of accommodation which this series of resolutions proposes, and not to pronounce against them until convinced after a thorough

examination. I move that the resolutions be read and received.

* * * * *

(These resolutions were the subject of many great debates which continued, at intervals, for several months. The following extract is from Mr. Clay's speech delivered February 5, 1850.)

Mr. President, never on any former occasion have I risen under feelings of such painful solicitude. I have seen many periods of great anxiety, of peril, and of danger in this country, and I have never before risen to address any assemblage so oppressed, so appalled, and so anxious; and sir, I hope it will not be out of place to do here, what again and again I have done in my private chamber, to implore of Him who holds the destinies of nations and individuals in His hands, to bestow upon our country His blessing, to calm the violence and rage of party, to still passion, to allow reason once more to resume its empire. And may I not ask of Him too, sir, to bestow on His humble servant, now before Him, the blessing of His smiles, and of strength and ability to perform the work which now lies before him? Sir, I have said that I have seen other anxious periods in history of our country, and if I were to venture, Mr. President, to trace to their original source the cause of all our present dangers, difficulties, and distraction, I should ascribe it to the violence and intemperance of party spirit. To party spirit! Sir, in the progress of this session we have had the testimony of two senators here, who, however they may differ on other matters, concur in the existence of that cause in originating the unhappy differences which prevail throughout the country, on the subject of the institution of slavery.

Sir, what vicissitudes do we not pass through in this short mortal career of ours? Eight years, nor nearly eight years ago, I took my leave finally, and, as I supposed, forever from this body. At that time I did not conceive of the possibility of ever again returning to it. And if my private wishes and particular inclinations, and the desire during the short remnant of my days to remain in repose and quiet, could have prevailed, you would never have seen me occupying the seat which I now occupy upon this floor. The Legislature of the state to which I belong, unsolicited by me, chose to designate

me for this station, and I have come here, sir, in obedience to a sense of stern duty, with no personal objects, no private views, now or hereafter, to gratify. I know, sir, the jealousies, the fears, the apprehensions which are engendered by the existence of that party spirit to which I have referred; but if there be in my hearing now, in or out of this capitol, any one who hopes, in his race for honors and elevation, for higher honors and higher elevation than that which he now occupies, I beg him to believe that I, at least, will never jostle him in the pursuit of those honors or that elevation. I beg him to be perfectly persuaded that, if my wishes prevail, my name shall never be used in competition with his. I beg to assure him that when my service is terminated in this body, my mission, so far as respects the public affairs of this world and upon this earth, is closed, and closed, if my wishes prevail, forever.

But, sir, it is impossible for us to be blind to the facts which are daily transpiring before us. It is impossible for us not to perceive that party spirit and future elevation mix more or less in all our affairs, in all our deliberations. At a moment when the White House itself is in danger of conflagration, instead of all hands uniting to extinguish the flames, we are contending about who shall be next occupant. When a dreadful *crevasse* has occurred which threatens inundation and destruction to all around it, we are contending and disputing about the profits of an estate which is threatened with total submersion.

Mr. President, it is passion, passion—party, party intemperance—that is all I dread in the adjustment of the great questions which unhappily at this time divide our distracted country. Sir, at this moment we have in the legislative bodies of this Capitol and in the states, twenty odd furnaces in full blast, emitting heat, and passion, and intemperance, and diffusing them throughout the whole extent of this broad land. Two months ago all was calm in comparison to the present moment. All now is uproar, confusion, and menace to the existence of the Union, and to the happiness and safety of this people. Sir, I implore senators, I entreat them, by all that they expect hereafter, and by all that is dear to them here below, to repress the ardor of these passions, to look to their

country, to its interests, to listen to the voice of reason—not as it shall be attempted to be uttered by me, for I am not so presumptuous as to indulge the hope that anything I may say will avert the effects which I have described, but to listen to their own reason, their own judgment, their own good sense, in determining upon what is best to be done for our country in the actual posture in which we find her. Sir, to this great object have my efforts been directed during the whole session.

I have cut myself off from all the usual enjoyments of social life, I have confined myself almost entirely, with very few exceptions, to my own chamber, and from the beginning of the session to the present time my thoughts have been anxiously directed to the object of finding some plan, of proposing some mode of accommodation, which would once more restore the blessings of concord, harmony and peace to this great country. I am not vain enough to suppose that I have been successful in the accomplishment of this object, but I have presented a scheme, and allow me to say to the honorable senators that, if they find in that plan anything that is defective, if they find anything that is worthy of acceptance, but is susceptible of improvement by amendment, it seems to me that the true and patriotic course is not to denounce it, but to improve it—not to reject without examination any project of accommodation having for its object the restoration of harmony in this country, but to look at it to see if it be susceptible of elaboration or improvement, so as to accomplish the object which I indulge the hope is common to all and every one of us, to restore peace and quiet, and harmony and happiness to this country.

Sir, when I came to consider this subject, there were two or three general purposes which it seemed to me to be most desirable, if possible, to accomplish. The one was, to settle all the controverted questions arising out of the subject of slavery. It seems to me to be doing very little, if we stopped one leak only in the ship of state, and left other leaks capable of producing danger, if not destruction, to the vessel. I therefore turned my attention to every subject connected with the institution of slavery, and out of which controverted questions had sprung to see if it were possible or practicable to accommodate and adjust the whole of them. Another principal object which attracted my attention was, to endeavor to form

such a scheme of accommodation that neither of the two classes of states into which our country is so unhappily divided should make any sacrifice of any great principle. I believe, sir, the series of resolutions which I have had the honor to present to the Senate accomplishes that object.

Sir, another purpose which I had in view was this: I was aware of the difference of opinion prevailing between these two classes of state. I was aware that, while one portion of the Union was pushing matters, as it seemed to me, to the greatest extremity, another portion of the Union was pushing them to an opposite, perhaps not less dangerous extremity. It appeared to me, then, that if any arrangement, any satisfactory adjustment could be made of the controverted questions between the two classes of states, that adjustment, that arrangement, could only be successful and effectual by extracting from both parties some concessions—not of principle, not of principle at all, but of feeling, of opinion, in relation to matters in controversy between them. Sir, I believe the resolutions which I have prepared fulfill that object. I believe, sir, that you will find, upon that careful, rational, and attentive examination of them which I think they deserve, that neither party in some of them make any concession at all; in others the concessions of forbearance are mutual; and in the third place, in reference to the slaveholding states, there are some resolutions making concessions to them by opposite class of states, without any compensation whatever being rendered by them to the non-slaveholding states. I think every one of these characteristics which I have assigned, and the measures which I proposed, is susceptible of clear and satisfactory demonstration by an attentive perusal and critical examination of the resolutions themselves.

(On the thirteenth of May, 1850, Mr. Clay went at large into an exposition of the report of the Committee of Thirteen. The following are extracts from his speech on that occasion.)

Mr. President, I am not discouraged by anything that has transpired in the Committee or in the Senate, or in the country, upon the subject of this measure. I have believed from the first, and yet I have firmly believed, that, if these unhappy subjects which have divided the country are to be accommo-

dated by an amicable adjustment, it must be upon some such basis as that which the Committee (of Thirteen) have reported; and can there be a doubt on the mind of any honorable senator on this subject? Sir, I believe that the crisis of the crisis has arrived; and the fate of the measures which have been reported by the Committee will, in my humble judgment, determine the question of the harmony or continued distraction of the country. Entertaining this belief, I cannot but indulge the hope that honorable senators, who, upon the first hearing of the report, might have seen some matters in it objectionable, according to their wishes and judgment, and that the entire Senate, after a full consideration of the plan, and after a fair contrast between it and all the other proposed plans, and all the other practicable plans for the adjustment of these questions—whatever expectations and hopes may have been announced elsewhere out of this body—will ultimately give it a general concurrence.

The minds of men have moderated; passion has given place to reason everywhere. Everywhere, in all parts of the Union, there is a demand—a demand, I trust, the force and effect of which will be felt in both Houses of Congress—for an amicable adjustment of these questions, for the relinquishment of those extreme opinions, whether entertained on the one side or the other, and coming together once more as friends, as brethren, living in a common country, and enjoying the benefits of freedom and happiness flowing from a common government.

Sir, I think, if the President had this time to make a recommendation to Congress, with all the lights that have been shed upon the subject since the commencement of this session of Congress, nearly five months ago, he would not limit himself to a recommendation merely for the admission of California, leaving the territories to shift for themselves as they could or might. He tells us in one of those messages, that he had reason to believe that one of the territories, at least New Mexico, might possibly form a state government for herself, and might come here with an application for admission during the progress of this session. But we have no evidence that such an event is about to happen; and if it did, could New Mexico be admitted as a state? At all events, there has been such a change of circumstances since the message was sent in,

that I cannot but believe that the gentleman who now presides at the head of our public affairs, if he had had the benefit of all these lights, would have made the recommendation much more comprehensive, and much more general and healing in its character, than a simple recommendation for the admission of California, leaving all the other questions unsettled and open, to exasperate the feelings of parties.

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On all subjects of this kind, we must deal fairly and honestly by all. We must recollect that there are prejudices, and feelings, and interests, and sympathies, on both sides of the question; and no man who ever brought his mind seriously to the consideration of a suitable measure for the recapture of runaway slaves, can fail to admit that the question is surrounded with great difficulties. . . . In the slaveholding states the rule is, that color implies slavery, and the *onus pro-bandi* of freedom is thrown on the person claiming it. On the contrary, in the free states, the *onus* is shifted, and the fact of slavery must be proved. Every man of color in the free states is regarded as free; and when he is claimed as a slave, the feelings of the people are naturally excited in his favor. We all respect these feelings. There is one opinion prevailing which nothing that we can do will conciliate. I allude to that opinion which asserts that there is a higher law—a Divine law—a natural law—which entitles a man, under whose roof a runaway slave has come, to give him assistance, and succor, and hospitality. Where is the difference between receiving and harboring a known fugitive slave, and going to the plantation of his master and stealing him away? And who are they that venture to tell us what is Divine and what is natural law? Where are their credentials? Why, sir, we are told, that the other day, at a meeting of some of those people at New York, Moses and all the prophets were rejected, and Christ blasphemed! If Moses and the prophets, and our Saviour are to be rejected, will they condescend to show us their authority for this new Divine law? The law of Nature, sir? Look at it, as it is promulgated, and attempted to be enforced, in some parts of the world. There is a large class who say, that if a man has acquired a large estate by his own exertions, or by inheritance, they are entitled by law of Nature to have a por-

tion of it. Another modern law of Nature is, that the possession of more land than you can cultivate, is a forbidden monopoly. Heaven supersedes the parchment from Government! Wild, reckless, and abominable theories, which strike at the foundation of all property and threaten to crush in ruins the fabric of civilization!

The Committee, in considering this delicate subject, and looking at the feelings and interests of both sides of the question, thought it best to offer these two provisions—that which requires the production of a record in the non-slaveholding states, and that which requires a bond to grant to the real claimant of his freedom a trial by jury in the place where that trial ought to take place, according to a just interpretation of the Constitution of the United States. Therefore, in order to obviate the difficulties which have been presented, and to satisfy the prejudices of the non-slaveholding states, we propose to give the fugitive the right of trial by jury in the state from which he fled.

I believe the first man in my life that I ever heard denounce that trade, was a Southern man—John Randolph of Roanoke. I believe there has been no time within the last forty years, when, if earnestly pressed upon Congress, there would not have been found a majority—perhaps a majority from the slaveholding states themselves—in favor of the abolition of slave-trade in this District. The bill which the Committee has reported is founded upon the law of Maryland, as it existed when this District was set apart and ceded to the United States.

Sir, some years ago it would have been thought a great concession to the feelings and wishes of the North, to abolish this slave-trade. Now, I have seen some of the rabid Abolition presses denouncing it as amounting to nothing. It is nothing that slavery is interdicted in California. They do not care for all that. . . . At the beginning of this session, as you know, that offensive proposal, called the Wilmot Proviso, was what was most apprehended, and what all the slaveholding states were most desirous of getting rid of. Well, sir, by the operation of causes upon the Northern mind friendly to the Union, hopes were inspired which I trust will not be frustrated in the progress of this measure, that the North, or at least

a sufficient portion of the North, are now willing to dispense with the Proviso.

* * * * *

Mr. President, after we have got rid, as I had hoped, of all these troubles—after this Wilmot Proviso has disappeared, as I trust it may, both in this and in the other end of the Capitol—what are the new difficulties that spring up around us? Matters of form. The purest question of form that was ever presented to the mind of man—whether we shall combine in one united bill three measures, all of which are necessary and homogeneous; or separate them into three distinct bills, passing each in its turn, if it can be done.

Mr. President, I trust that the feelings of attachment to the Union, of love for its past glory, of anticipation of its future benefits and happiness; a fraternal feeling which ought to be common throughout all parts of the country; the desire to live together in peace and harmony; to prosper as we have prospered heretofore; to hold up to the civilized world the example of our great and glorious Republic fulfilling the high destiny that belongs to it, demonstrating beyond all doubt, man's capacity for self-government—these motives and these considerations will, I confidently hope, and fervently pray, animate us all, bringing us together, to dismiss alike all questions of abstraction and mere form, and consummating the act of concord, harmony, and peace, in such a manner as to heal not one only, but all the wounds of the country.

VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD

[18 —]

ELLEN DUVAL

VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD, the daughter of Daniel Cloud, president of the Maryland Savings Bank of Baltimore, and of Maria Louisa Woodward, was born in Baltimore, Maryland, and has always lived there. Her father's family is from Virginia, her mother's from Maryland, and both are of the Colonial and Revolutionary stock that carries with it a certain social atmosphere and those literary traditions which are bound to color and form somewhat a writer's work. Of a life sketch in the ordinary sense, however, Miss Cloud herself half humorously says, "Concerning a biographical sketch, I am in despair. What is there to say? Nothing. I have simply lived. And of the daily invisible life-processes we are seldom ourselves aware." She was educated at private schools in Baltimore.

From a branch of her mother's family, Miss Cloud probably inherits her great talent for music, part and parcel of her poetic faculty; and from her father's that gift of the pen which is equally skilful in prose and verse. Poetry is the poet's vital air, and rhymes may and do come naturally; but no really good poetry ever comes easily, and while a spontaneous writer, Miss Cloud is also a very careful worker. She is her own most exacting critic, both of her stories and her verse, and is ever ready to use the mental file and polisher. Perfection, not "faultily faultless, splendidly null," but the rich, suggestive perfection of Nature, the spiral, not the completed round, has been her unconscious aim.

Miss Cloud's first volume of verse, a collection of unique ballads, 'Down Durley Lane,' was published by the Century Company in 1898. The fine illustrations for these ballads are by Mr. Reginald B. Birch. The next volume, a short collection, called 'A Reed by the River,' was published by the Gorham Press, Boston, 1902. Yet these two interesting books comprise comparatively little of what Miss Cloud has done. Her work began first to appear in 1893-1894, and may be found in the leading periodicals since that time.

To estimate the essential value of poetry is somewhat like estimating the value of sunlight and fresh air—things impalpable, yet necessary to human life and happiness. And in our day, which sees so

much good literary work, it is particularly difficult to assign to a given poet his proper niche. This may not be an age of literary genius, true, for the main strength of the human mind has been poured into other channels. Science and the mechanic arts have to-day absorbed much of that fulness of mental vigor which, in the age of the schoolmen, was expressed in speculative philosophy; and in the "spacious times of great Elizabeth," flowered out into heroic enterprise on the one hand, and into dramatic literature on the other. But no age has had more sympathy for life in general and in particular than has ours, none has tried more faithfully and fully to embody in its literature its life. For we can scarcely take up any of the better current magazines without being impressed by the literary merit of both prose and verse. The short story, as a literary art form, has been well-nigh perfected, and the many examples of lyric verses are not far behind. There are poets and poets, of course, for the poets differ among themselves as do the stars in glory. Each has his particular gift of vision and expression, each his peculiar quality; and if much of the prose and verse of this age is tentative, if the plaintive and minor key is over-emphasized, still there is exquisite pleasure in the same gradations of one color, say, in the gray day, the gray sky, the gray sea.

There is an immense difference, however, between enduring life patiently, and enjoying life rapturously; between making the best of what we have, and believing that we do or may possess the best in all things. Not until there comes another great age of faith will there be another sunburst of true poetic energy, when men shall again sing mighty songs. But signs are not wanting that there will come again such an age of noble faith in God and man; and meanwhile, let us be glad of what is, and let us do justice to the high merit of to-day. Browning, at all events, has expressed the ecstasy of living, and in this respect some of the lesser poets are not far behind.

Miss Cloud is among them. Her prose and verse are full of this deep joy in life, this instinctive rapture in the presence of Nature and of man.

"Love shall live for its own sweet sake,

Song shall sing but for song alone;

All do they yield, and nothing take,

Nor claim a part for their own."

Sainte-Beuve's significant saying, "*Où il n'y a point de délicatesse, il n'y a point de littérature*," is well exemplified by Miss Cloud's verse. Delicacy and endurance, fineness and strength, sureness of touch and swiftness of execution, grace, and a quivering sensitiveness to the

aspects of external nature—these are her most marked qualities. She has that deep, unconscious love of earth, sea and sky which is so different from the modern cult of Nature as an antidote to or an antithesis of man. For the true poet feels that "Man's and Nature's heart is one." The old eternal truths, which are the ever-new truths, are her inspiration and her theme. She conceives of God, of Man, of the Soul, as being the perennial sources of life's interest, the alpha and omega of the poetic vision. If she is a minor poet, she at least loves and values life as only the great poets do—as an ineffable gift, implying

"A rapture that never in words shall rise,
And never in tears shall fall."

None may look upon the human heart direct and unveiled: such a sight would be too much for mortal eyes, and would have the effect of the Medusa. But poetry is that living stream upon which the human heart is mirrored, and upon this reflection we may always safely gaze. So of course, like all the poets, Miss Cloud sings of love and lovers, and some of her finest and subtlest poems are upon the world-old theme.

And yet of all earth's millions the poets are the most solitary. For the gift of poesy means the gift of solitude. In a sense, the true poets have no contemporaries, and whatever the value of their particular song to their particular generation, it wells out of a sequestered heart. All of them feel this, all have more or less expressed it. They are affined to the universal heart, to the universal spirit, and therefore do they forever focus life anew and give it forth in fresh forms of creative energy. This solitude which is the still-brooding life of the imagination, is part of the basic feeling and thought of much of Miss Cloud's verse.

In turning over the small book, 'A Reed by the River,' one is not at first impressed by its range; but a close consideration shows how many phases of feeling are embodied, how many aspects of nature are revealed. That windblown quality of all true verse, a rhythm that recurs yet eludes, that haunts yet escapes, is noticeable throughout Miss Cloud's poetry. It all sings and dances as leaves in the wind, and suggests far more than is ever expressed. Indeed, few poets of to-day convey a greater sense of reserve, and at the same time give a finer feeling of throbbing life.

Miss Cloud has so obviously the lyric gift, her work seems so easy, inevitable, and spontaneous, that one does not immediately realize another side of her genius as seen in the firm texture and fine form of the all too few sonnets. For while the outward form of the sonnet

is invariable, its inward grace of structure is susceptible of great variety. And the sonnet is one of the ultimate tests of the poetic faculty. It may be the poet's poem, but is also the poet's crown; and to achieve distinction both in the lyric and in the sonnet is no small honor. The one beginning, "From the sweet hazard of my deep desire," in its grace, directness and simplicity of expression, may take rank with the best of modern sonnets.

Of the longer poems in this book, 'A Reed by the River,' perhaps "The Witch" is the best, though for color and movement, swinging rhyme and dramatic effect, "The Low-Shore Lass" is very striking. "Leisurely Lane," perhaps the best known and most popular of Miss Cloud's poems, has had the good fortune to appeal to all hearts, and to win a wide and varied hearing. Almost everything that can befall a poem has happened to this one. It has been found in lonely mountain cabins and in prairie homes, in hospitals, and in prisons—sure sign that the general heart has been touched. "Leisurely Lane" has been set to music, as have also, "Love Looked Back," "Let Me Believe," "The Gate," and "Balm." The "Ballad of Sweet P.," almost a little one-act play full of color and action, lends itself so irresistibly to reading and impersonation, that it has proved very popular, and has been, by the author's special permission, incorporated in many dramatic collections.

'The Reed by the River,' however, unlike Miss Cloud's prose tales, and 'Down Durley Lane,' shows nothing of one of her most delightful qualities—humor, a perpetually fresh and sparkling spring. 'Down Durley Lane' is unique in that, intended originally for children, it pleased the immortal child in us all. It holds the humor of common things, of everyday life and character, all centered in a little Eighteenth Century English village that we seem to have known and loved in a dream. True ballads—something that takes life upon its face value—are rare; and since John Gilpin there have been no ballads better than the first, "Down Durley Lane," and "The Envious Errand of Master Merrivein." "Down Durley Lane" is distinctly original; it holds the universal in the particular, which, to have accomplished, is to have waved the magic wand of genius.

And this brings us naturally to her prose stories which contain so much of her work, and which are the other side of her shield. No one knows better than Miss Cloud the technical requirements of the short story, nor its manifold possibilities. That she has not done more along this line is due perhaps, to the preponderance of the poetic gift. Her keen eye for all sorts and conditions of men gives an unusual scope to her stories, and from Romance to Realism she easily runs the gamut. Among the best of the realistic tales are the

Marrow Stories, in which the homespun of life is sun-touched with a humor that warms and cheers us all, the blessed humor that makes the whole world kin. And no one has used more effectively than Miss Cloud the Revolutionary period as a background for some of her stories. Their divination of the past makes them remarkable, and the characterization and incidents show that the dramatic sense is quite as accurate and strong as the historic.

Many of the shorter poems, all the longer, and all the stories, show this strong dramatic sense, this sense of the value of contrast. "Revelation," "A Lost Song," "On A Judean Housetop," reveal that interpenetrative imagination which becomes one with its subject, and thereby lets that subject speak for itself.

To present life as a continuous whole full of motion and color, full of infinite wonder and surprise, full of pathos too, seeing our limitations; and to express it all on the ascending scale, be it ever so little, in song or story, the song wind-blown and musical, the story—given its controlling character—always dramatic, this is what Miss Cloud so successfully achieves.

Ellen Durrall.

OF THE SEA

From 'A Reed by the River.' Copyright by Richard G. Badger, Publisher, Boston.
By kind permission of the publisher and the author.

Let us go down to the sea, ere the noisy day be over,

Let us go down to the sea, and strip us of care and of toil;
There are graves in the heart of man that only the sea can
cover,

There are deeds in the life of man to be sown as the deep
sea spoil.

Flee from the surging of sound that urges us on to the morrow,
Wrest from the merciless round that returns with the birth
of the sun,

Free us of harassing thought, and the wind's wild pinion bor-
row—

Yet there is room for the heart where the wind and the wave
are born.

And the grief which lieth behind let us give to the grace of
forgetting,

And the faith that is dimmed let us shrive with the clean,
keen salt of the sea,

And the fruitless doubt let us fling beyond the bound of re-
gretting,

Where only the wave and the sky and the soul of man may
be.

Earth, the mother, hath balm for her world-stained sons and
daughters,

Earth, the mother, hath balm for her toil-spent hearts and
sad,

Time cannot curb nor deny God's bountiful boon of waters—

Let us down to the sea, my soul, let us down to the sea and
be glad.

THE ENVIABLE ERRAND OF MASTER MERRIVEIN

From 'Down Durley Lane.' Copyright by The Century Company. By kind permission
of the publishers and the author.

Quoth Mistress Merrivein, one morn, "Go! Get ye forth right
early,

And fetch a pound o' tea from out of the market-place o'
Durley;

Of green alpaca buy a yard, red ribbon for my muff;

An earthen crock, a skein of yarn, ha'penny worth o' snuff,

A wooden pail, a pair of mitts, and flour from the mill, sir;

And that you may return full soon, go round by Hyburn Hill,
sir!"

So kindly Master Merrivein, he hied him forth right early;

And this is what he told himself upon the road to Durley:

"Of red alpaca buy a pound, a pail of tea, a muff,

Green mitts, a skein of flour, and a half a yard of snuff!"

And as he went down Hyburn Hill, a-whistling blithe and
cheery,

He met the market-woman who came out from County Kerry,

With basket balanced on her head, and panniers at her side,

She bobbed to Master Merrivein; and this was what she cried:

"Arrah, now, pretty gintleman! Coom, shtop awhile an' buy!
I've spectacles to match the rogue a-twinklin' in yer eye!
Wid neckerchiefs an' finger-rings—most beauchiful they're
shinin'!

To suit ye dacintly an' grand, I'll sthaightway be divinin'."

But Master Merrivein, the wise, he sagely shook his head,
And to the market-woman these mysterious words he said:
"Of red alpaca buy a pound; a yard of mitts and muff;
Green flour in a wooden crock, and half a skein of snuff—"

"Begone!" that market-woman cried; "the likes of ye should
know

A dacint market-woman'll not be tr'ated so!"

Down Hyburn Hill she followed him, with hard and furious
pace,

Till nigh the hurrying throng outside the Durley market-place.

And there, with her black cat, was Meg, the Witch o' Durley
Green.

"Hold, now, and hearken, sir," cried she, "your fortune I have
seen!

Strange stores indeed of gold and gear this day are waiting
you;

But he who'd find aright must buy my magic snake-tooth
brew!"

But Master Merrivein, the wise, he sagely shook his head,
And to the Witch o' Durley Green these mystic words he said:
"Of red alpaca buy a skein—a crock of muffs and things;
Green spectacles, a pail of snuff, a pound of finger-rings—"

"Hoots! Toots!" the Witch o' Durley cried, 'mid shouts and
gibes and laughter,

As with her stick upraised in air she angrily sped after.

While Jake, the Pieman, ran before, a-calling "Cake or tart,
sir?"

And Moll, the gypsy, ran beside, a-crying, "Make you smart,
sir,

With laces, ribbons, yellow beads, and little looking-glasses!
 An' you'll be finer than the lads, an' fairer than the lasses!"
 But with his hands upon his ears, good Merrivein he sped,
 While they followed in amazement at the queer words that he
 said.

"Of red alpaca buy a crock, a pail of rings, a muff;
 A half a pound of spectacles, a yard of snake-tooth snuff—
 Oh, then he fled beyond their shouts, that nobody might find
 him;
 But buxom Bess, the squire's maid, went running on behind
 him.

And Polly from the Ferrier's, and Peggy from the hillside,
 And little Norah of Dunblea, and Nelly of the millside;
 And so they ran, and oh, they ran! a-joining hands together
 'Twixt Durley Hill and Durley Green, all in the windy weather.

And there, good Master Merrivein!—upon a stone they found
 him;
 And oh, they glanced, and oh, they pranced, and oh, they
 danced around him!
 And Polly showed a crimson shoe,
 And Norah's saucy eyes were blue,
 And Bess she wore a kerchief red, and Peggy had a yellow
 head,
 And Nelly like a lark did sing, as round they whirled them in
 a ring.

But through the song and laughter, and the tripping dance
 so gay,
 They heard good Master Merrivein's disjointed utterance say:
 "'Twas red alpaca in a pail—a pound of looking-glasses—
 Blue muffs and things—red finger rings for little dancing-
 lasses—
 A skein of yellow beads and lace—a yard of snake-tooth tea—"
 Alack, poor Master Merrivein, in sorry plight was he!

But what good Master Merrivein fetched home that morning
 early—
Go ask of Mistress Merrivein, on t' other side of Durley!

DOWN DURLEY LANE

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Down Durley Lane a-singing as I chanced for to go,
The briar was a-blossom, and the hedges were a-blow—
There I spied a piper, a-piping to the sky,
So down the lane and after him away went I.

"Oh, tell me, piper, tell me, why go you piping here?"

"For honey-stalks and ox-lips and all the sweet o' year!"

Where the crooked turnstile at the meadow stands
A brown and lithesome farmer lad was whistling o'er his
lands;

Only larks above the wheat could whistle clear as he,
So through the meadow, after him, away went we!

"Oh, tell us, farmer, tell us, why go you whistling gay?"

"For barley-break and yellow moon and tossing of the hay!"

Out upon the highway from the nodding grass,
A-trilling of a silver song, we met a lovely lass;
She only smiled—I know not yet how it did befall,
But up the highway, after her, away went we all!

"Oh, tell us, lovely, lovely lass, why go you singing there?"

"Why, but for love-in-idleness, and dancing at the fair!"

There, about a milestone, where the hill began,
A-leaping and a-skipping we found the queerest man;
He hopped and he laughed—'twas very strange to see—
So up the hill, and after him, away went we!

"Now, prythee, merry gentleman, why go you laughing, too?"

"Forsooth, fair mates, because I fared this way, and met
with you!"

And lo, upon the hill-top, a mighty mistress gay,
Her satin petticoat was grand, her feathers fine were they!
Her buckles and her ribbons they flouted foot and head,
So, o'er the hill-top, after her, away we all sped!

"Oh, mistress, mighty mistress, what brings you o'er the lea?"
But she tossed her head right haughtily, and proudly past
minced she.

So then, with pipe and singing, with laugh and whistle shrill,
 The maddest music there was made a dashing down the hill!
 Until upon the green ways, nigh to Durlay Fair,
 We smiled at one another—and wondered we were there.
 "Now, why go we a-faring about the green ways here?"
 "For such a blithesome company, and all the sweet o' year!"

But why the Piper piped a tune so keenly strange and sweet,
 And why the Farmer whistled so joyous through his wheat,
 And what the magic meaning of the lovely lassie's song,
 And why the queer man should leap so merrily along,
 (And of that mighty mistress, who was so wondrous fine—
 With buckles peering through the dusk like fireflies a-shine),

We never grew the wiser, nor learned what 'twas about,
 Although we danced upon the green until the stars shone
 out;
 And no one knows unto this day the how and why and
 where—
 Save that each one followed someone else well-nigh to Durlay
 Fair.
 Yet this, methinks, is very clear—in truth 'tis passing plain—
 I tripped it once, when the world was gay, adown green Durlay
 Lane!

PAYING THE PIPER

The Bookman. By kind permission of Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Piper sat by the river, his tireless pipe in his hand,
 But ere the sun set and the white stars met
 He scratched with a stick on the sand.
 "My bills are due," quoth the Piper, "and now they pay,"
 quoth he,
 "Who danced and played from sun into shade
 Now render account to *me*."
 "Here is one for a year," quoth the Piper, "a year of love's
 delight;
 A heart that is dead and a soul unwed
 Shall cancel a debt so trite.

I need not dun," quoth the Piper—and laughed, but nobody heard,

A chill in the air and a shudder somewhere—

"They will render without one word."

"And this for my maddest playing"—O, he wrote as he chuckled and laughed—

"I will make my dole an immortal soul,

They shall drain where they only quaffed!"

So, he did his sum in addition till the rose and the star had met,

But although he tried to thrust it aside

One name lay unchallenged yet.

Complacently, knave and sinner apportioned he each his due,

But when it was o'er there remained one more,

And its pattern the Piper knew.

"Rascal or thief," mused the Piper, "I play for their dancing and smile,

They have their way for a little day,

I have mine—after a while."

"I can score each knave," quoth the Piper, "in Life's ill-sorted school,

For they take and they take their greed to slake;

But I am no match for the Fool!

For *he* pays as he goes," frowned the Piper, "pain, laughter, passion, or tears!

He claims no *pel'* from Life for himself,

But gives his all without fears.

The rest of my dancers laugh not, and I hold each one as a tool,

But he pays as he goes be it rapture or woes,

And I have no bill for the Fool!

He loves as he lives," frowned the Piper, "and such poor returns suffice.

For he cries, 'Voilà le diable!' and gives himself as the price!"

Then, with chagrin and reluctance, as the star sank into the pool,

The Piper made claim to each separate name,

But receipted in full—for the Fool.

A PETITION

From Harper's Magazine. By kind permission of Harper and Brothers

I pray, your Majesty, grant me this thing—
My song. All else is yours, O Love, my King.
Have I not burned for incense youth's white flame?
Spent for your favor minstrelsy's fair fame?

The green ways call in vain; the teeming mould
Spreads for my coming all its cloth-of-gold—
O, red of leaf and wonder on the hills!
Along day's rim the light of parting thrills.

Once these things made me ready, Love, my King,
Here at your feet to strike my lute's light string;
And now I pray, though all else you shall take,
Leave me my Song, lest all my heart shall break!

But, though your Bondman freed, I bear it hence,
What is the Song if not of thee, and whence
My singing? Turn your face! My lips are mute,
O, Love, my King, behold—the broken lute!

YOUTH

From 'A Reed by the River.' Copyright by Richard Badger, Publisher. By kind permission of the publisher.

Out of the heart there flew a little singing bird
Past the dawn and the dew, where leaves of morning stirred,
And the heart which followed on, said, "Though the bird be
 flown
Which sang in the dew and the dawn, the song is still my
 own."

Over the foot-worn track, over the rock and thorn,
The tired heart looked back to the olive leaves of morn,
To the fair lost fields again, and said, "I hear it! Oh,
 hark!"—

Though the bird were long since slain, though the song had
 died in the dark.

LOVE'S LENITY

From 'A Reed by the River.' Copyright by Richard Badger, Publisher. By kind permission of the publisher.

From the sweet hazard of my deep desire
Thy heart may fly upon evasive wing;
For me, the silent shade, the smouldering fire,
The echo of the song that thou shalt sing;
For thee, perchance, far purple vineyards burn,
And raptures of a radiant noon await.
Speed then at will—but find, at thy return,
My heart, thy sentinel at twilight's gate;
By that immeasurable bond, the thread
Of love, a willing captive held am I;
By that same bond—be the world's bounty spread
As thy fair feast—my heart doth bid thee fly;
For this glad mystery is wrought in me,
Forever am I bound, whilst thou art free!

THE SIMPLE SHEPHERD

Harper's Bazaar. Copyright by Harper and Brothers.

I am a shepherd of the plain, the weakling ewes are prone to
me.
Down through the meadows gray with rain, I follow where
their cry may be.
My brethren mock me year by year, who with the seasons
come and go,
By ship or sandal, script or spear, with caravan or moving
show,
And bid me seek the market-place, the tumult of the outbound
sea,
The promise of the mountain's face, the distance of the
desert free;
But, mid the silent dusks and dews, the gentle pastures of the
plain,
I bide the calling of the ewes, to which none other's ear is
fain.

For, did I seek the far, free way, ere yet the watching stars
 could pale,
 And turn me to that broader day, no guarding arm would
 tend my vale;
 But lo, one signal hold I dear, and often pass'd—unge it
 seems—
 A star there is that draweth near, betwixt my waking and
 my dreams.

It leadeth down the kindred dark, whither the lambs are
 calling me,
 Till, from its mount I surely hark some melody befalling me;
 Thus, though I bide upon the plain, through all my darks,
 through all my nights,
 Ay, though the world be blind with rain!—I hear the music
 of the heights.

IRAM'S ROSE

Iram is gone with all its Rose.—*Omar*.

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Where was Iram, who that one
 Who has watched its garden growing?
 Nishapur or Babylon
 Held its radiant rose a-blowing?
 Plucked he not the Sultan's flower,
 Amber-eyed and red of mouth,
 Made it his for one ripe hour
 Warm and spice-winged from the South?
 Haply caught all life, they two
 With that rose, and tossed it madly
 In the sun, where never blew,
 Nay, nor died, a flower so gladly!
 Laughed and tossed it in their glass,
 Drank and drained it, breath to breath;
 Ere the dial's shade had passed,
 They had sought the shade of death.

Lived and loved an hour, where grows
Some old garden by a river;
Gone is Iram—but its rose
Breathes perfume in song forever.

MOTHER EARTH

From The Bookman. By kind permission of Dodd, Mead and Company.

Tired child, you know me best,
Light upon my bosom lying,
Pain unknown and joy your quest,
Laughter, leaf and bird-wing flying,
Neither doubt nor love your guest—
Tired child, you know me best.

Heart, you know me not at all,
Through the world's mad tumult pressing,
Blind unto my older thrall,
Strayed beyond my dumb caressing.
Laggard foot and burning stone,
All of life a restless striving,
Heart the alien is alone,
Only I can give you thriving.

Tired child, you know me best,
Stealing back, the world-spent lover,
Faint and soul-sick from the test,
All my boughs shall cool and cover.
Bee shall hum and wind shall croon,
Unseen arms are mine that bound you—
Best, and with the leafy noon
Older dreams shall flower round you—
Lo, the balm of grass my breast!
Tired child, you know me best.

LEISURELY LANE

From 'A Reed by the River,' Copyright by Richard Badger, Publisher. By permission of the publisher.

Is there no road now to Leisurely Lane?—We traveled it long ago;
A place for the lagging of leisurely steps, sweet and shady and slow,
With rims of restful hills beyond, and fields of dreamful wheat,
With shadows of clouds above them blown, and poppies asleep at our feet.

There lads and maids on a Sunday met, and strolled them two and two,
The leaves they met in a roof o'erhead, and only the sun peered through,
And there was time to gather a rose, and time for the wild-bird's call,
And plenty of time to sit by a stream and hearken its ripple and fall.

Is there no road now to Leisurely Lane?—*God knows we have wandered afar!*
There was once a lamp through the brooding dusk, and over the tree a star,
There was once a breath of the clover bloom—*sweet Heaven, have we hurried so long!*—
And there was a gate by a white rose clasped, and out of the dusk a song.

The song—the echo is strange and sweet, the voice it is weak and old—
It has no part with this fierce, wild rush and this hard, mad fight for gold!
It has no part with the clamor and din, the jarring of wheel and stone—
O listen, my heart, and forget—forget that we reap the bread we have sown!

Is there no road now to Leisurely Lane—where lingering,
 one by one,
 The summoning bells of twilight-time over the meadows
 blown
 May find us, strolling our homeward way, glad of the evening
 star?
 Is there no road now to Leisurely Lane?—*God knows we*
have hurried afar.

THE HEART ON THE HIGHWAY

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 the publishers.

When I forget the forest, the snow by sunset reddened,
 The pæan of the pine-top,
 The dark dream of the fir,
 When whisper of the little leaves
 By wheel and stone is deadened,
 Nor yet through twilight's Mystery the wings of Memory
 stir—

When I heed not the footfall of a dryad in the grasses,
 Nor hark a pipe's note echo
 Down the river's secret spot,
 When the eager flame of being
 Leaps no more while April passes—
 Then strike me from thy race, O Life, and let me be forgot!

When to the psalm of waters, the Sea's majestic spaces,
 The heart shall shrink from solitude
 And fail to answer "Here!"
 Nor find its royal kinship
 In Autumn's silent places,
 And, songless, hears no singing in the death-sigh of the year—

When thought plods on in bondage, the din of day grown
 stronger,
 And the older call, the sweeter thrall
 Of longing is forgot—
 When through still rain the keener pain
 Of loving comes no longer—

Then strike me from thy race, O Life, and write that I am
not!

BALM

From 'A Reed by the River.' Copyright by Richard Badger, Publisher. By permission of the publisher.

After the sun, the shade
 Beatitude of shadow,
 Dim aisles for memory made—
 And Thought;
 After the sun, the shade.

After the heat, the dew,
 The tender touch of twilight;
 The unfolding of the few
 Calm stars;
 After the heat, the dew.

After all, there is balm;
 From the wings of dark there is wafture
 Of sleep, night's infinite psalm—
 And Dreams;
 After all there is balm.

EGYPT LAND

From *Harper's Magazine*. Copyright by Harper and Brothers. By kind permission of the publishers.

All day, my master Life, I threshed your corn,
 Now I am hungered and the night is nigh;
 I prest your grapes, made wine for days unborn,
 Behold, here in the dusk, athirst am I.

Have I not watched your flocks, tended your sheep?
 Now, when the sun is set, I stand alone;
 I pray you, bid this wage be mine—to sleep
 Awhile where yonder meadow-flowers are sown.

Down that dim valley, shadowed all so sweet,
 No grinding stone, and no taskmaster's rod
 May find me, nor urge on my lagging feet;
 Only a star above, and somewhere—God.

I pray you, master Life, where winds yon stream
Methinks there blooms the balm that now I lack;
Pay me this wage—though nevermore I dream—
That thither I may fare, and turn not back.

THE JESTER'S SONG

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Because I pressed my golden sheaves,
And reaped the bitter herb thereafter,
My cap I toss to gilded eaves
And make the mirth for other's laughter.

Because my little hoard I pour
Down at Love's feet, to speed Love's calling,
I set a taper at Love's door,
And sing of Joy each heart befalling.

Because of thirst in desert lands,
Of hunger's gloom, no soul to hearken,
I shake Life's boughs for waiting hands,
And sing of stars that never darken.

The bondsman's chain shall sound this bell;
The hidden scourge shall lend men laughter.
Then use me, Life, to dull Time's knell,
Or ease Pain's night which stealeth after!

LIZA WETHERFORD

From The Atlantic Monthly. By permission of the publishers.

"You always talk about ghosts the same as if they *were* yet you've never seen one, Aunt Dilsy."

"Maybe not; though I seem to see a heap when I set here alone of evenin's. I ain't never been to a city, yet I know it's there, an' 's creepin' out on us, with its spires an' churches an' opery house. I ain't never seen the falls of Niagry; have you?"

"No'm, nor want to. The creek in a spring risin' 's enough for me."

"You always were scary as a child." Aunt Dilsy rocked comfortably, with her chair drawn to the doorway, where she could see the sunset fading from the locust trees.

"I reckon a body don't have time left for scariness, with hard work 'n' worry 'n' sickness 'n' children 'n' husband 'n' all," said the neighbor, sitting on the step.

"Well, talkin' of husbands, I've lived to mourn mine, an' he's a heap of company yet," said Aunt Dilsy.

"You make my flesh creep when you talk about the dead like they were flesh 'n' blood! It's livin' so near to the buryin' ground, I s'pose. I'd rather keep company with the livin'," returned the first.

"Child, the nearness of the dead need n't make you afeard. Why, I set here a-watchin' them stones down yonder in the buryin' ground till it seems like they was movin' around in the dusk, an' their owners oughter come up 'n' set awhile, for old acquaintance' sake!"

"I reckon if they did you'd be as scary as the next one," remarked the other, in the unresponsiveness with which the utterances of the imaginative are met by their more phlegmatic kind.

"I don't believe so," said Aunt Dilsy gently, "I'm so used to the thought of 'em: an' knowin' their restin' places so well has seemed to draw 'em nearer. I have n't had anythin' else to mother for a good while now 'cept them graves. Yes, some folks lyin' down yonder are better known to me now than they were in life. It's like the false doctrines had fell

away of themselves, an' the truth about folks grew clear in a body's mind in spite of everythin'."

The other woman sat, with her chin in her hand, listening vaguely, and gazing where a boy was driving cows up the lane. Her attitude expressed that any theory which might be alien to the beaten track of village opinion could not bear weight in her estimation.

"Ther's many a one takes to flowers easy that you wouldn't have thought it of," mused Aunt Dilsy's gentle voice. "There was n't a leaf or blade on Antony Birk, the ground was so hard—"

"I reckon Antony Birk was too hard-natured for anythin' to grow on him!" interpolated the neighbor.

"So 't was thought. But I minded the time he gave Jane Atkins and the children that cottage free of rent in winter time, an' I thought the Lord must know of a soft spot somewheres, so I planted a little periwinkle, an' it's growing beautiful."

"I never knew he gave anythin' to anybody in all his mortal life."

"Folks ain't so apt to know what a man does as what he don't do. All the flowers down yonder's doin' well; the life everlastin' on my Amos—he held on to life so, Amos did; an' the pansies on poor Sally Minch—she never had no heart's ease in life, an' 't seems like she deserves some now; the bleedin' heart on little Molly Green; but the best bloomer of all's that there crimson rambler rose I planted on Liza Wetherford, an' I ain't a bit surprised."

The listener turned her head with a show of interest, and said, "Why not?"

"Because Liza always could do things better 'n anybody else, whether 't was raisin' flowers or singin' or workin'; she was mighty pretty, too."

"I never thought Liza Wetherford had any looks to speak of," remarked the neighbor.

"'T was the sort of looks that are deeper 'n flesh. She loved a red flower, too, poor Liza!"

"*Ther* ain't any call to pity Liza Wetherford now, Aunt Dilsy; if she did n't come to no good end, she brought it on herself. Better call a spade a spade."

"Maybe it digs as well if we don't call it a rusty one," said Aunt Dilsy. "The only bad end Liza come to, to my knowledge, was to be sent back dead with a doctor's certificate for typhoid fever, poor soul! There warn't any too many mourners to follow the hearse from the train to the buryin' ground, though I tried to make it seem Christian-like. But she didn't have no people at best. Seemed like Liza was buffeted around terrible from the start; motherless, too!"

"Oh, Aunt Dilsy, you can't make folks as easy on people as you are. If runnin' away from home, an' goin' back on the man she was to marry, an'—if what is said is true—turnin' play actor on the stage, is n't a bad end, what *is*?"

"I've found out that a thing may look one way, an' be another," said the older woman, gazing where the dusk gathered blackly in the locust leaves; "we deceive ourselves easy by tryin' to think as other folks think. Maybe livin' alone has kep' my memory fresh about folks, but—you knew Marcus Wetherford, Liza's father?" The neighbor nodded. "Well, I knew Marcus an' Tom Wetherford before your day. Tom went West an' married an' died; an' Marcus, he lived alone here, shif'less an' worse. I ain't one to rake up a man's sins, livin' or dead, but truth is truth. When he got into trouble with the Plineyville Bank, how did he keep out of jail?"

"I don't just remember now," said the other indifferently.

"'T was this way: Liza went around and raised the money for bail, and pledged herself to pay it all back; and I reckon she knew best what a life Marcus led her! Then she broke off with Willy Marshall, refusin' to bring disgrace upon his name; and what did Marcus do? (For there's them that can't stand bein' helped!) He up 'n' promised old Jacob Rhett that if he'd go security on a note, Liza should marry him; and he knew that Liza was just wrapped up in Willy Marshall!"

"Well, I don't know anythin' about that part," said the neighbor; "it seemed like Mr. Wetherford lived quiet and respectable enough afterwards. All men fall into trouble sometimes."

"And women, too—only they don't get out of it so easy,"

said Aunt Dilsy. "He did n't dare be anythin' but respectable; 't was that respectableness that wore me out with Marcus Wetherford! I most deceived myself tryin' to make excuses to myself for him, but it wasn't any use; coud n't see him any way 'cept what he was, nowadays. He was so smooth-tongued that when old Jacob Rhett demanded that Liza should marry him, Marcus sorter got everybody on his side—don't ask me how! And all the time Liza workin' her fingers to the bone for the bail money! I never admired Liza so much as when she saw the right and refused. Then she went away as clean from sight as though she'd never been. Afterward the Plineyville Bank began to get a sum reg'lar, until every cent of the money was paid off; and all the time Marcus goin' around mournin' Liza disgracin' him! My land! I hope I'll be forgiven for seein' it all so plain! It's terrible, sometimes, to see folks just as they are. But I'll tell you this: it was a good while after Marcus Wetherford died before I could bring myself to plant more than a petunia on him!" Aunt Dilsy sighed, and leaned back and passed her handkerchief over her face, after this unusual outburst. The frogs croaked in the hollow, and the night drew near.

"Well, it's a wonder, for you're so soft about people," replied the other woman. "I only know what they said about Liza Wetherford. Seems like her father had given a promise; and old Jacob Rhett had money, too."

Aunt Dilsy sighed; she had heard the argument many times. "Yes, that's just it," she said; "you can't set folks right when they want to see wrong."

"Well, Aunt Dilsy, she certainly did get that money mighty quick, some way! She must have got to be an actor or—or something."

"Well, there ain't any commandment agin it," said Aunt Dilsy. "I own that Liza was different to most in these parts; but just because we belong to Pl neyville, we ain't seen everybody yet. She could sing wonderful, Liza could. My! I hear that voice yet; it kind of went to the soul. You see, tendin' flowers has taught me a heap. No two can be raised alike. There's them to be tied, and them to be twined, and them to be left to the wind o' heaven; an' it's the same with folks."

"Well, I must think 'cordin' to principle," said the neighbor virtuously, as she arose. "Seems to me that when her father got to be a respectable elder of the church 'n' all, she'd better have stayed home 'n' married. Old Jacob Rhett had a heap o' money. I must go make my bread up, Aunt Dilsy."

The older woman sighed before she too arose. It was the sigh which meant the folding of the wings of vision which were driven back to brood within the silence of her own heart.

"I'll go to the gate with you. I take exercise reg'lar now, mornin's and evenin's, to keep from gettin' oversized."

The moon shone through a black fret of locust leaves as the two women walked down the path together. At the gate, as her neighbor passed through, Aunt Dilsy stopped to smell a hundred-leaved rose. "Yes," she repeated, "flow-ers has taught me. There's nothin' alike; all's different; but folks don't see it, even when other folks are lyin' dead like poor Liza Wetherford."

The other made an irrelevant remark about the warmth of the night, and went her way down the road, which meant that no one need be affected one way or the other by the vagaries of one as notional and "soft-natured" as Aunt Dilsy Ames. Meanwhile, Aunt Dilsy went back to her cottage by another path, where she stopped through force of habit at the gate of the little graveyard adjoining her land. The moonlight made more white the stones against the black yew, which stood spirelike in the centre of the plot. The paths were white as day, and she peered forward, discerning the dark mass of the rambler rose—a rich crimson by day—which overhung the grave of Liza Wetherford. She looked, and looked again, and drew her shoulder shawl close, as though the air were growing cooler. Then she turned back to her garden path, and stopped to touch a plant here and there, as familiarly as if it had been day. The air was heavy and sweet, and inside her cottage Aunt Dilsy drew her chair again to the doorway, and sat dreamily rocking and gazing out upon the moonlit world. This was the hour which she habitually gave to nature, to the impassioned sense of beauty and truth within her, and she drank in the nearness of the night, as they only can to whom such solitude is the draught of life.

As she rocked and mused, the moon's light and the black shadows merged, and a shape grew out of them, and stood hesitating in the path, as though listening. It stole forward haltingly, yet longingly, and then a woman's form stood before the door. She was tall and slim, and something fleecy fell back from her dark hair, which was drawn softly from a clear brow. She withdrew into the deeper shadow, and when she spoke she seemed a part of the night—only there was a swift movement of the hands, quickly suppressed, as though they would fain have flown outward; and one of them held a cluster of the rambler rose.

"I did not intend to startle you. I saw you, and only stopped for a moment."

It was a vibrating tone, and at its sound Aunt Dilsy leaned forward quickly and strove to see through the darkness. Then her voice trembled strangely. "I knew I saw somebody—somethin'—down yonder, as I come by. Seems like I know your voice mighty well."

The figure started, as though it would have fled, and the veil of night grew deeper between them, and through it came quickly breathed words:

"No, you do not know me."

There was an instant in which Aunt Dilsy's old hands clasped together, and the insistent noises of night were loud in her ears.

"Maybe I've no right to say I do," she said humbly, "but I'd know that voice anywheres. It belonged to one I helped to bury with my own hands." She passed a hand across her brow as though to brush away the dream, if dream it were; form was an intangible object in the night-time. Then her voice grew stronger. "Yes, I helped to bury her, but I ain't afeard of you—if you're—her."

The other gave a sigh of relief, and drew nearer and sat down upon the step, with her head bowed almost at Aunt Dilsy's knee.

"I might have known that you wouldn't be afraid of Liza Wetherford," she murmured. "I wanted so to see you once, to thank you for planting this." She held up the rambler rose. "No one else would have done it." She sighed, and Aunt Dilsy spoke as in a dream:

" 'T was n't anythin' to do! I knew all about it, you see—how Liza come to go away 'n' all. She was most heartbroke; seems like I'd have done the same if I'd been her. I was so hurt for her that I was n't sorry scarcely when she come back dead an' at rest; it seemed better so."

The moon had crept behind the house, and the locust leaves wove black shadows like phantom hands between the two—Aunt Dilsy's pitiful old face, and the dark head bowed at her knee.

"I'd like to have seen her once, though," she mused, "there were things I wanted to make sure about, so's I could straighten it out here for her some, maybe."

"No one must know!" whispered the other.

"I've always wanted to know how that money was made," said Aunt Dilsy.

"You've a right to know," spoke the voice. "It was made honestly, by singing. Oh, it was a terrible struggle at first, almost starvation; but she was bitter and desperate, and—and did n't care. She did not want even her old name; she left that behind her with everything else."

"I knew Liza could n't have live anyways but honest!" said Aunt Dilsy.

"Dear Aunt Dilsy, it is so good to hear your voice! Yes, she was honest. She only had time for work, and she had nobody; that is, until she found her cousin, who was ill and poor, too."

"Tom's daughter?" asked Aunt Dilsy.

"Yes; they stayed together until—until"—

"Until Liza died," said the older voice.

"Oh, why did you say that it was better she died?" the other broke in, with a sudden note of passion and a sob. "Why should n't she have lived afterwards, after all the struggle was over, and had time for life? Maybe she could have come back here and had a home like other people, and—and—been happy. Oh, why could n't she? Was there nobody wanted her?"

Aunt Dilsy looked dreamily into the darkness and rocked, as though musing to herself.

"Maybe I'm wrong, but 't seems like folks forget easy when they don't care, and hard when they do."

"You mean there's nobody cares now? Yes, you are right; there would have been no use for her to have come back. Tell me: when I—when Liza died, was there *anybody* who cared then?"

"Willey cared," said Aunt Dilsy softly; "he cared terrible."

"Yes—yes, tell me!"

"Well, men are different," said Aunt Dilsy gently, "and people's talking will have weight, I s'pose. He married soon afterwards."

There was stillness between them except for the whip-poorwill's note and the shrill voices of the darkness. Then the other arose and stood tall against the night.

"It was better she died," said she. "Life has its way with some; they can't battle against it. It would have done no good to have come back." Suddenly her hands were flung upward, and shuddering sobs broke the restraint of words. "I waited so long! I waited so long for him to come! He promised—and he did not come—and I thought that he loved me!" It was a bitter, human cry, and for a quick instant two arms were cast around Aunt Dilsy, and a tear lay hot upon her cheek. "Oh, forgive me for coming! Forgive me! I was starving to know! . . . Good-by! Oh, good-by! . . . You are the only one I ever had—the only one!"

The leaves shook as with wind, and the older woman arose like one awakening from sleep, and stood trembling on the threshold.

"You are no spirit!" she said aloud. "You are mortal flesh and blood! For the good Lord's sake, tell me what this means! *What became of Tom's daughter?* Speak!"

The answer stole back with a sob—"Dead."

"And her name? Her name?"

But the darkness closed upon a vanishing form and there was only a whisper—

"*Liza Wetherford!*"

MONCURE DANIEL CONWAY

[1832—1907]

JOHN HOLLADAY LATANÉ

MONCURE DANIEL CONWAY was born March 17, 1832, in Stafford County, Virginia, about fifteen miles from Falmouth, to which village his parents moved when he was six years old. Here his childhood and youth were spent in the imposing brick mansion known as Conway House. A factor that entered very largely into his early life and into the shaping of his character was the circumstance that his parents, though sprung from old Episcopal families in a community where membership in the Episcopal Church was still a badge of social distinction, were themselves devoted adherents of Methodism, his father having been converted to that faith in early manhood. Miss Margaret Eleanor Daniel, whom he shortly afterwards married, had been reared under strict Presbyterian influence in the family of John Lewis of Llangollen, but always revolting against the doctrine of predestination she willingly embraced the faith of her husband, and used to quote with merry approval the negro hymn—

"I never foun' no peacē nor res'
Till I jine the Methodes'."

The basement of the Conway House in Falmouth was fitted up for prayer meetings, which were held twice every week, and Moncure Conway gives a very touching picture of these meetings conducted by his intellectual father and his refined mother, who led the singing and was always called on after his father to lead in prayer, amidst a group of humble and illiterate people who composed the Methodist Church of Falmouth in that day.

Moncure and his brother Peyton were the only Methodist children in the school he attended, and he seems to have looked with feelings of mingled disapproval and envy on the little worldly-minded Episcopalians, and even the Presbyterian children, whose conduct and destiny were already fixed, and who, he says, enjoyed more freedom than the little Methodists who are every moment determining their eternal weal or woe. This was not a wholesome condition for a sensitive nature, and Moncure soon developed a morbid self-consciousness, which was more or less in evidence to the end of his life.

He was finally sent at the age of fifteen to join his elder brother at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania. This institution was in a flourishing condition and its faculty composed of a body of exceptionally able men. Here young Conway, after a residence of two years, graduated in the class of 1849, aged seventeen. In addition to acquiring an education at college he fell in love with the sister of President Emory, and was also "converted," though his conversion does not appear to have wrought any great change in him.

After graduation he returned to Virginia and began to read law at Warrenton. These were the days when the great compromise on slavery was being debated in and out of Congress. Although a large slave-holder, his father was not an advocate of the institution, and when Moncure was made secretary of a meeting called to form a Southern Rights Association, his father quietly remarked: "Don't be the fool of those people! Slavery is a doomed institution." The son, however, coming across a theory of Agassiz that the races of mankind are not sprung from a single pair, advanced the view before a debating society at Warrenton that the negro was not a man within the meaning of the Declaration of Independence, but that if human, he was entitled to liberty. This eccentricity stirred up quite a religious tempest in the community. Six months later young Conway underwent a second conversion, and in December, 1850, announced in a letter to his father his determination to abandon the law and to apply for admission to the Baltimore Methodist Conference as a minister. Strange to say this resolution was inspired by the study of Emerson's essays, but he had read only the first and second series, and had not gone far enough to discover that Emerson's philosophy was inconsistent with any form of orthodoxy. Henceforth the Sage of Concord was his spiritual and intellectual guide, and his teachings soon led him far afield. The next two years, however, were spent in the Methodist ministry, first as junior preacher on the Rockville circuit in Maryland, and later in charge of the Frederick circuit.

At Sandy Springs, Maryland, within the bounds of his first circuit was a settlement of Hicksite Quakers, a prosperous, refined and cultured community. He soon became intimate with the patriarch of this settlement, Roger Brooke, a relative of Chief Justice Roger Brooke Taney, and his impressionable nature responded sympathetically to the anti-slavery and rationalistic views of this old man of sturdy intellect. He had meanwhile continued his study of Emerson, with whom he now began a fervent correspondence, unburdening his doubt-beset soul. The two diverse influences worked together to unsettle whatever orthodox views he held, and

led him after a few months to abandon the Methodist ministry. Returning home with many heart-burnings, he set out after a brief period for the Cambridge Divinity School, his father refusing to provide him with funds, saying with a heavy heart that he could not assist what appeared to him a grievous error. He reached Boston February 26, 1853, a mere youth in years, not yet having attained his majority, but with an experience which few older men possess, the result of a moral and intellectual precocity which he never entirely outgrew.

At Cambridge he was cordially received, not only by the faculty of the Divinity School, but by many men of prominence—Theodore Parker, Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Garrison and other leaders of New England thought, who naturally took a more than passing interest in a young Virginian, sprung from the old slaveholding aristocracy, who at twenty-one had "emancipated" himself from his political, intellectual and moral environment, and turned to them for light. He records in his diary under May 3: "The most memorable day of my life; spent with Ralph Waldo Emerson!" His head was in eminent danger of being turned, and he probably stood in need of the advice given him at a later period by Mrs. Jared Sparks: "Beware the seductions of martyrdom."

He was soon a full-fledged Abolitionist, and in religion identified himself with the radical wing of Unitarianism led by Theodore Parker. He showed at this period in a marked degree that "moral receptivity," described as the master-principle of his life by a eulogist, who in reviewing his career says that "he instantly and sensitively reacted to every new light that came across his path."

In October, 1854, he took charge of the Unitarian Church in Washington. A few weeks later, ignoring the warning of his father, which he did not understand, he visited his old home at Falmouth. During his residence at Cambridge Anthony Burns, a fugitive slave from Stafford County, was arrested in Boston, and with the aid of United States troops returned to his owner in the face of an angry mob. Not only Boston, but the whole of New England and a large part of the North was stirred by the incident. Conway had watched the mob around the court-house, but had taken no part for or against the owner of Burns, who, however, learned that Conway was there, and on his return home spread the report that he was involved in the attempt to rescue Burns. When Conway visited Falmouth, therefore, a group of young men, some of them his former schoolmates, informed him that his presence in the community was not desired, but that out of respect for his family they wished to avoid violence and hoped he would leave without trouble. This he consented to do, adopting some pretext, but not telling

his parents the real cause. This incident, he frankly says, distorted his vision. He had previously read a few chapters of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' which was just coming into notoriety, recognizing in it nothing that was true of slavery in Virginia, but on his return to Washington he read the whole of it sympathetically, accepting it as a true representation of things farther South.

In Washington the fugitive-slave law and the troubles in Kansas were the principal topics of interest, and Conway's temperament did not admit of his remaining silent even in the pulpit. His persistent injection of this subject into his Sunday discourses nearly split the church in twain and led in October, 1856, to his dismissal. A month later he entered on his ministry at the First Congregational Church of Cincinnati. This proved congenial soil, for everything new found headquarters in Cincinnati, and his congregation was strongly rationalistic. He fraternized freely with Roman Catholics, Jews and infidels; attended theatres and dances, but had not yet overcome his Methodist aversion to card-playing. The conservatives withdrew from his congregation and organized the "Church of the Redeemer." In 1858 he married Ellen Davis Dana of Cincinnati.

On the Sunday after the tidings of the raid on Harper's Ferry reached Cincinnati, Conway preached a sermon describing the action of John Brown, as "worse than a crime—a blunder," and declared that the Abolitionists, being non-resistants, would denounce his method; but in this he was mistaken, and the enthusiasm that swept over the North carried him completely off his feet. John Brown was executed December 2, 1859, and Conway says: "Two days later my sermon exalted him to the right hand of God." Looking back through the perspective of forty-five years, and reviewing these events in his 'Autobiography,' he says of John Brown: "Reading his career by the light of subsequent history, I am convinced that few men ever wrought so much evil."

In 1861 he published 'The Rejected Stone,' a plea for justice for the negro, and for immediate emancipation as the only means of stopping the war. "Such a measure," declared he, "would disband the Southern forces, and pin every rebel to his home." In 1862, hearing that his father's family had abandoned their home and that their slaves were scattered and suffering, he went to Falmouth under a pass from the War Department and carried the slaves to Ohio, settling them at Yellow Springs. In June, 1862, he was called to Boston to edit a new paper, the *Commonwealth*, devoted to the advocacy of immediate emancipation. About this time appeared his second book, 'The Golden Hour,' in which he maintained that the war was a gigantic mistake, that the administration was, in

the border states, protecting slavery with one hand while fighting it with the other.

In February, 1863, a number of leading Abolitionists persuaded him to go on a lecturing tour to England to try to persuade the English people that the North was right. He carried letters from Emerson to Carlyle, from George William Curtis to Robert Browning, and from William Lloyd Garrison to the anti-slavery leaders. At this time both the North and South still disclaimed fighting over slavery. Public opinion in England regarded the North as the aggressor and saw no justification for a war waged merely to preserve the Union. Robert Browning suggested to Conway that it would do good if the anti-slavery Americans should declare to the world that they had no desire to subjugate the South except for the liberation of the slaves. Prompted by this suggestion Conway wrote, under date of June 10, 1863, to James M. Mason, the Confederate Commissioner in London, who then stood high in public favor, stating that he had the authority to propose "on behalf of the leading anti-slavery men of America," that if the Confederate States would consent under proper guarantees to emancipate the slaves, the Abolitionists of the North would immediately oppose the further prosecution of the war; and, since they held the balance of power, this would certainly cause it to cease. Mason promptly replied demanding Conway's credentials, which threw the latter on the defensive. He answered that he would write to America and obtain evidence of his right to make the offer. Mason, pleased at the opportunity of compromising the Abolitionists with their own government, published the correspondence without further delay in the *London Times*. Conway's proposal was repudiated with a good deal of vehemence by the anti-slavery leaders of America, and the incident cut short his lecture tour. The most that his friends could say to him by way of consolation was that they believed his intentions were good. He was completely overwhelmed and his gloom was rendered all the deeper by the fact that his wife was still in America, at Concord, and had to bear the brunt of it alone. Writing to her to join him in Europe he accepted an invitation, opportunely received, to visit William Dean Howells, then consul at Venice.

The Mason incident quite largely determined the future course of Conway's life. The war had become abhorrent to him and he had no further zeal for the struggle. Under these circumstances he readily accepted a call to South Place Chapel, London, an ethical society, over which he presided for the next twenty years. Then after several years engaged in literary work and a journey around the world. "My pilgrimage to the Wise Men of the East," as he

called it, he returned in 1892 to his old charge at South Place Chapel, but upon the death of his wife, in 1897, he left London once more. His death occurred in Paris, November 15, 1907.

During his long residence in London Conway became acquainted with many of the leading men of letters, scientists and artists. Carlyle, Browning, Froude, Ruskin, George Eliot, Burne-Jones, Rossetti, Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, Spencer, Max Müller, Jowett, Matthew Arnold and Frederick Harrison are names constantly met with in his 'Autobiography.' The subjoined list of his works, covering a wide range of topics, his interest in the religions of the world, in ethical cults, and in superstitions being uppermost, will show how prolific he was; but his versatility was a bar to profundity. Broad and liberal to the point of radicalism in most things, eagerly following every new light because it was new, he was tolerant of every standard of conduct and of every form of belief except the Christian religion; to the end of his days he had a standing grievance against the creed he had repudiated. Ever shifting his ground because of the inadequacy of the position he for the time occupied, he became as the years passed by more and more of a pessimist. During his last years he expressed a doubt as to whether after all the lot of the negro in the United States, with the large number of lynchings, was not in some respects worse than in the days of slavery.

There is a redeeming pathos in the judgment he passes on himself at the close of his life: "One who starts out at twenty to think for himself and pursue truth is likely to discover at seventy that one third of his life was given to error, another third to exchanging it for other error, and the last third to efforts to unsay the errors and undo the mistakes of the other two thirds." Of his numerous works his 'Autobiography' will probably live the longest. Not only does it throw an interesting side-light on many of the most prominent characters of the Nineteenth Century, but as the record of a life that journeyed all the way from Methodism to free thought, and from pro-slavery enthusiasm to Abolitionism, it affords a new viewpoint for the study of many of the struggles through which his generation passed.

John H. Latane

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RECOLLECTIONS OF FROUDE AND CARLYLE

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THE manuscript of my first article in *Fraser* was sent by me to Carlyle, at his suggestion, and by him to the editor, James Anthony Froude. Thus began my long intimacy with Froude. This friendship made much of the charm of my London life. Nothing appeared lacking in Froude. Noble in appearance, a perfect gentleman in manners, simple and unassuming, frank and friendly, sweet and equable in disposition, he and his intellectual wife associated their house in Onslow Gardens with an elegant hospitality which those who enjoyed it can never forget.

But if there was anything more attractive than an invitation to the Froudes', where we were sure to meet a fine literary circle, it was my afternoon walks with him. In every such confidential talk I was enriched by his knowledge and the suggestiveness of his thought on subjects that most interested me.

My own experiences gave me a sort of key to Froude. Always conscious that my fruits had been stunted by the barren dogmatic field in which they were planted, by the years occupied with clearing away theologic rubbish, by the further years of struggle with slavery, and not yet mature enough to estimate the compensations of such experiences, I was able to recognize in Froude a spirit touched to finer issues than those that first laid their weird spell upon him. This man had nothing to do with the clerical life, nor with the cinders of tradition in which he delved with Dr. Newman. In "The Spirit's Trials," and "The Lieutenant's Daughter" (1847), and in "The Nemesis of Faith" (1849), was signalled a unique genius. Such a bold and original imagination, had it reached its own fruitage, must have given to the world works incomparable as the novels of Balzac or Goethe. But Froude had his vulnerable point; he could not resist the bow and spear of a figure that captivated his imagination: as Newman had captured him at Oxford, Carlyle captured him in London. It was Carlyle who persuaded Froude to renounce imaginative work and write history. The surrender might not have been made but

for the clamour with which "The Nemesis of Faith" was met by most of Froude's Oxonian friends, who for their unorthodoxy were paying a special tax to conventional morality. The book was burned at the close of a lecture by Professor Sewall in Exeter College, Oxford, of which college Froude was a Fellow; he resigned immediately, and no voice was heard in his defence. So he left Oxford to return no more until he went there as a professor.

The graphic portraiture in "Nemesis" of Dr. Newman's preaching at Oxford, and of the man himself, shows how Froude's heart had been almost torn out of him by parting from the great preacher whose beloved collaborator he had been. He was in a spiritual loneliness like that of the scholar in "Nemesis." In that time of isolation, and amid reproaches for his novels, the one man who could be to him in his scepticism what Newman had been in his old faith was Carlyle.

In boyhood Carlyle, because of his father's horror of fiction, read novels surreptitiously; but even rebellion does not free a man from parental fetters. Had it been otherwise, Carlyle would have held Froude to the form of expression which his genius had already selected. But as he discouraged the poetic form, he disliked also the form of fiction. Froude had indeed shown, in the book that enjoyed the distinction of being the last book burned at Oxford, that the truth most needed in English literature could be told only in the form of fiction.

Farewell, then, my genius! Yet a man's genius doesn't leave him so easily. Froude's 'History of England' is one of the most brilliant works of his century, but even those who have no sympathy with the carping criticisms upon it rarely fail to perceive that picturesque events and striking figures at times overpower the imagination of the author at the cost of historical judgment, although the charm of the work may be heightened. All of his historical works involved original research. He would leave his magazine in Charles Kingsley's hands and run off to Spain or elsewhere at times simply to examine one or two documents; but when the document appeared, it was sometimes suspiciously alive and entertaining. If one takes account of that, more can be got from Froude than from any other historian of England.

Personally he was enigmatic to those who were best acquainted with him. "Did you ever notice Mr. Froude's eyes?" said Mrs. Carlyle to me. "Yes," I replied, "I have observed that they are brown and clear." "At times," she said, "his eyes appear to me like those of some wild but gentle animal." Something prevented her at the moment from saying anything further, but she meant, I think, the serenity of his look, which nothing seemed to disturb. He had humour, and at times smiled with his eyes, but, however stormy the talk around him, his eyes expressed no emotion. He was intent, as if observing each one who spoke rather than what he said. I never knew him to be vehement on any point. He impressed me as profoundly sceptical on all general subjects, but rather credulous concerning persons. Once, when we were talking of some recent works directed against Christianity he said, "I should as little think of attacking Christianity as of attacking a horse. It will continue so long as it is of practical utility to a large number. But there doesn't appear to be a single command ascribed to Christ that can be really obeyed today without qualification." He nevertheless had no belief that Christianity as a system would be supplanted by anything really better. What is called "Reform" amounts, he said, to one rusty nail driving out another. Or if the driving nail be not rusty, it soon becomes so. At the time when the "Liberal" and the "Conservative" parties were competing as to which should be first to enfranchise the masses, we were walking in Kew Gardens and talking about "Progress." We came upon a fine century plant which had mounted up high from joint to joint, and was near to its time of flowering. "That plant," said Froude, "thinks it is making great progress; it has grown much this spring; next week it will blossom, and that will be the end of it. A week later its flower will be on the ground, and thenceforth no more growth or blossom, I fear." He added, "that will be the result of what is now called political progress."

Nevertheless Froude sceptically balanced the good and evil in every question. In a note to me he casually said:

Unless I am mistaken, we are observing the death struggle of the great Anti-Reform party in England. Merchants and such have become so rich by such bad means that they are in terror of the

people—and the conflict which is only beginning will witness changes of which no one living can foresee the magnitude.

Froude had a very high esteem and affection for Motley, and repeatedly referred to the way in which Motley had changed front on the subject of secession in America. He declared that while the States were seceding, Motley, then in London, welcomed the separation. It would relieve the nation from complicity with the wrong and do away with the perpetual discord of the country and corruption of its politics. "But the next time I had an opportunity to converse with Motley, and alluded to what he had said on the subject, he simply foamed at the mouth. He was all for uncompromising coercion and war. On thinking over the matter, I felt myself more inclined to his original argument than to the foam."

Froude was generous in permitting me to write with perfect freedom in his magazine on American politics. In a note of December 23, 1864, concerning an article of mine already in the January *Fraser*, he says:

I fear that on the slave question I agree more nearly with Carlyle than with you. At least I look at it, and have all my life looked at it, as a thing to be allowed to wear itself gradually away as civilization advances. You cannot treat an institution as old as mankind as a crime to be put out by force. If you do, you are unjust, and the injustice will recoil upon yourselves. You make wrong into right by treating it unfairly. You are playing over again on a new stage the old game of Philip the Second and Alva. You cannot be more persuaded of the wickedness of slavery than they were of the wickedness of heresy. The universe does not allow a section of mankind to inflict its views upon another at the point of the sword—if the sword is pressed into a service beyond the common service of ordinary average men it will kill the man that uses it.

You won't believe any of this—but you will find it to be so unless the laws under which we live in this world are suddenly altered.

Froude did not change a word of my article (January, 1865), but merely placed at the top—"By an American Abolitionist." His phrase concerning the sword, "it will kill the man that uses it," soon had a literal and fearful fulfilment.

The death of President Lincoln rendered another paper necessary. A note came from Froude (April 28):

"Will you dine with me *alone* on Sunday evening, to talk over this terrible business? I shall want you to write something about it in June *Fraser*. When the Devil is once born there is no foreseeing what will happen. The only safe prophecy is an increase of madness and sorrow.

"I shall dine at 7:45. My house is in confusion, as we are moving, but we can have two quiet rooms, and in the evening, if you like, we will go down to the Cosmopolitan Club."

I had already been engaged to write some personal recollections of Lincoln for the June *Fortnightly*, but there remained plenty to say. The article in *Fraser* duly appeared in June—"By an American Abolitionist"—the task being difficult, on account of my animadversions on the administration, in the previous article.

At the Cosmopolitan Club—a Sunday evening association—there was, after Lincoln's assassination, an exceptionally large gathering. The bullet of Wilkes Booth had destroyed the discord between parties. I was besieged with questions concerning President Andrew Johnson, and I shared the general apprehension that the wrath of America would be wasted on individual victims instead of on slavery.

The feeling of England concerning the assassination is historic; the conversations in private were remarkable. Louis Blanc was astonished at the self-restraint of the American people. He said to me, "If such a thing had happened in France, one half of the people would have tried to get the other half in prison before night." English republicans were somewhat disturbed at discovering the extent of American loyalty to a person, especially as the President had for some time been regarded as reactionary. In one small dinner company, an eminent clergyman and author, whose name I withhold, said that, shocking as the event was, it could hardly be wondered at, as Abraham Lincoln was caught between contending principles and forces with which he was incompetent to deal. "He could not go to the bottom of a thing either in the South or North. In this conflict of great forces in-

volving all humanity, Lincoln was a Polonius behind the arras, and suffered the penalty of being out of his place."

The able gentleman who said this was not aware that among his listeners there was an anti-slavery American, but the others knew, and either on that account or because the opinion was unwelcome to all, the subject was dropped. But what a despot is Death over the faculties of man! One week before I would have sanctioned that estimate of Lincoln; but the words now sounded like blasphemy.

When the odious epoch of Reconstruction arrived—as Southerners said, "when peace broke out," an irony some anti-slavery men and many slaves equally appreciated—Froude and Carlyle urged on me the absurdity of enfranchising the negroes. But, I asked, who else was there in the South to enfranchise? Were the whites to be now given the balance of power in the government they had for four years been trying to murder? Carlyle did not suggest any alternative to negro enfranchisement. But Froude argued that the rebellion was not begun in a spirit of treason to the United States. It was in defence of what certain states believed their constitutional rights. Personally they were honourable people, still convinced that they were right, and the Northerners would find in the end that their Union had a South on its hands like the Ireland that England had. In one of his many notes he says:

Our Irish experience is that the people (the peasantry), whose manifest benefit our administration was calculated to produce, who were ground into slaves by the native landowners, yet preferred and still prefer the tyranny of their own people to English patronage. It was so before the church difficulties rose; it is so at this day in matters with which the church is not concerned. On the estates where the agents enforce English methods the land is improved. The rents are thirty per cent. lower, the wages rise, the people are better housed and fed. Yet they shoot the agents and curse the landlords, and believe themselves the most oppressed of mankind. The Squireens who will let them go their own dirty way—squat, propagate, subdivide, and multiply, into dens of pauperism—may and do grind death rents out of them, impound their cattle if they don't pay—even take their hunting-whips and thrash them like dogs—and they will go through fire and water for them, die for them if

necessary, and think themselves honoured in doing it. Our Indian experience is exactly the same.

That you have killed slavery is certain enough. That the negroes will remain devoted to their old masters, and serfs as much as the Irish peasants are serfs, that the poor whites will cast their lot with them to whom they have always looked up, seems to be equally certain. The masters may accept the results of the war and return quietly to the Union under such conditions as they can get, but that they will never forgive New England and will watch for the time to be revenged under the forms of the Constitution flows necessarily from the common laws of humanity. Do what you will, the whole South will be Democrat. The New England Republicans will again be in a minority, and secession next time may come from them.

I thought of writing for *Fraser* an article on the American poetry inspired by the struggle with slavery, and submitted examples. After reading them, Froude wrote:

The American originality in the author of "Margaret," I can enjoy and admire most heartily, and so I can Lowell—but these new people fill their sails with the whirlwind of the last six years; and I am still heretic enough to regard all that not as a perennial trade wind of humanity, but as a lone tornado generated by temporary electricity; an outburst not of intelligent but of brutal forces.

Nothing violent is long-lived, and these all-absorbing, all-sweeping passions blaze like prairie grass, sweetening the ground, indeed, for a future crop—but not things in themselves proper to sympathize with. I do not recognize *poetry* in either of your friends except Howells—and he is the one of the four who has caught the disease most mildly.

Froude talked freely with me on religious topics. His brother William, the civil engineer, whom I sometimes met, maintained fraternal relations with Anthony, but remained loyal to Cardinal Newman. Carlyle did not like talk about theology, and his contempt for Cardinal Newman and Tractarianism sealed up a third of Froude's experiences. Francis William Newman's unimaginative way of dealing with Jesus repelled him. "I heard Francis Newman preach this morning at Voysey's service," Froude wrote me. "The sermon will be printed; the more important parts of it being invectives against the moral character of the unfortunate Son of David.

It may be absurd to make an idol of a man and worship him. But that is no reason why, when we have left off worshipping, we should kick him out of doors." Mr. Voysey's theism he found "dreary and passionless."

I tried to entice Froude into the committee of a contemplated Liberal Congress. But he was too skittish to be bridled. When the committee met at Huxley's house, Froude was expectedly not there. A note came explaining the cogent reasons for his absence: "Huxley reports that our meeting was a very rational one. I was detained by the *ice*. It was the last good skating day, which I could not abandon."

We used to converse on theological points in a purely historical way. Concerning a theory of mine, that Jesus had been wealthy and was of Hillel's College in Jerusalem, Froude wrote: "I cannot quite reconcile myself to a *rich* Christ. Merivale insisted once to me that the disciples were Jews of good family and position; and when I said they were fishermen—'Fishermen,' he said, 'yes, like you and me. They had their villas on the lake, and went out fishing for their amusement.' He felt, like you, that they were cultivated and educated men, or they could not have done what they did. You and he may be right, and my hesitation may be only prejudice."

Froude had discovered that he could best express his heresies as it is done in his "Short Stories of Great Subjects." For the ordinary lay reader the essays are instructive and amusing, but for those experienced in sceptical inquiry these volumes abound in historic episodes which are far-reaching parables. His analyses of Lucian were outlined to me before publication, and he drew my attention to the correspondence of Lucian's situation amid old superstitions withering and new ones growing with the situation of scholars in our time. His "Divus Cæsar" I regarded as one of the most pregnant works ever written. "It has been on my mind since 1850," he wrote me, "and belongs, as you see, to the old cycle of my ideas."

Although Froude was so severe on the Irish in his writing, Ireland had a fascination for him. His fondness for sport and for wild beauty made him happy there. In 1873 he took for the summer the beautiful mansion of Lord Lans-

downe at Derreen, and in August I passed a fortnight with him.

I had been going over my old tracks during the Franco-German War, and Froude had engaged me to write an article about it. It appeared in *Fraser*, October, 1873, under title of "Gravelotte Revisited." Fortunately it was nearly finished in France, for the yachting and excursions Froude had arranged in Ireland along with Lord Ducie and others left few hours for work. Meanwhile, some articles of Froude's on the Irish question had brought demonstrations of wrath against him, though few in that region had genuine knowledge of the subject. Probably residing in Lansdowne House was Froude's real offense. After the battle of the Boyne the estate was taken from a recluse named McSweeney, and the Lansdownes bought it for a small sum. The family sent McSweeney a present of wine to soften the blow, but he brought all the bottles before the house and smashed them on a rock. So a vendetta existed against the mansion itself.

The country around Derreen is populous with beings that do not exist—spooks, fallen spirits, imps; the peasantry get little glimpse of actual nature and fact. I could never see any hope for the southern Irish masses but transplantation; yet the Irish gentry are delightful, and their ladies among the fairest and sweetest in the world. Mrs. John Rae (wife of the late Arctic explorer), and her sister, Miss Thompson, a fine writer, I knew for many years. They are gentle and beautiful ladies; but one year they advised their own tenants in Ireland not to pay them any rent in order to make common cause with the movement against English landlords.

I met with a learned and titled Irish physician who was a materialist. When, however, I began to talk about the "banshee" superstition, I found that old Celtic sentiment, which requires every famous family to have a preternatural servitor in its livery, was too strong for him. He told some banshee anecdotes that he called "strange," but was contemptuous toward religious superstitions.

The last time I met Froude was at the burial of Carlyle at Ecclefechan, Thursday, February 10, 1881. Mr. Arthur Johnstone-Douglas, a connection of the Marquis of Queensberry, had invited me to visit him at Glen Stuart, and I trav-

aled to Scotland on Monday the seventh. The weather was then bright, and we drove about to the places associated with Carlyle—Craigenputtoch, Dunscore, Annan. Much to my astonishment Mr. Johnstone-Douglas did not know even the day of the funeral, and we had to drive some miles to the residence of Mrs. Austin, Carlyle's sister, to discover it. With this lady I had an interesting conversation. She said that her brother had been in boyhood and youth devoted to his mother, and affectionate towards his sisters. He was continually going with them to carry bundles, and was their always willing messenger. She and the other surviving sister, Mrs. Aitken of Dumfries, had always remembered that even in his later youth, so troubled with doubts about the path on which he should enter, his love for them and their mother was unflinching. He was of very sweet disposition, she declared. Mrs. Austin was a woman of veracity, and was perfectly calm when she told me this—which indeed, I did not need to be told.

Why secrecy was made about Carlyle's funeral I could only conjecture. It had been announced that the Dean of Westminster's proposal that he should be buried in the Abbey had been declined, because Carlyle had expressed a wish to be buried among his own people; but it was not certain whether this meant at Ecclefechan or beside his wife at Haddington cathedral. Neither the day nor the place of the funeral reached the public. No religious service, of course, was admissible, but it seemed to be carrying privacy too far that the coffin should be conveyed to the station in London, and from the station in Scotland to the churchyard, without any opportunity for an expression of feeling even by his friends. Johnstone-Douglas said the Scottish gentry were proud of Carlyle, though their tenants were fairly represented by one who had said to him, "What a pity yon man Tom Caerl was an infidel!" He thought that if the day had been known, the fox-hunt would have been suspended, and many gentlemen been present at the funeral. He himself did not feel entitled to enter the churchyard, having had no notification from the family, but remained in his carriage outside the gate. At the hour when Carlyle was buried, many of the villagers were off at the installation of a new minister in a

neighboring church. Only when the bell began tolling did those remaining know the hour.

At noon the hearse drove up, followed by five funeral coaches in which were Carlyle's relatives; about a hundred other persons straggled up in the snow and mud, apparently peasants; presently Tyndall arrived, and after him Froude and Lecky, all on foot.

The snow and rain now fell furiously. Several hundred children from the schools were pressing their faces through the railing of the graveyard, while only about a hundred of us surrounded the grave. The flowers on the coffin could not relieve the scene—desolate even to weirdness. Not one word was uttered. I supposed that Tyndall and Froude or Lecky would speak—but no! the patriarch of English literature was hurried into the grave in absolute silence. When I thought of the man, of what he had been to England and America, it filled me with pain, and had I not been a heretical minister, I should have uttered a farewell. Arthur Johnstone-Douglas told me that the burial was in accordance with Scottish usage, and perhaps Carlyle had ordered the silence, which might not have been so depressing had the weather been fair and everything less bedraggled.

But alas, what were sleet and snow and mud falling on the great man's grave compared with the blizzard that presently struck Carlyle's fame, and chilled the hearts of multitudes that had looked up to him! There was deep and universal feeling at the death of Carlyle, and the publications that swiftly followed froze the tears as they were falling.

As we started off for the night journey to London—Froude, Tyndall, Lecky, and myself in one compartment—we were all suffering from the dreary funeral of the man two of us certainly loved with personal tenderness. Tyndall began to say something to me, but his voice broke; my tears also were falling. With Mr. Lecky I had no intimacy, though I sometimes met him. Froude had a sad and weary look. We all sank into silence, but I think got little sleep. For myself I had enough to think of, as on the following Sunday (13th), my chapel was to be the place of a memorial discourse which would be attended by the veterans of Carlyle's time.

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The "Nemesis" of Carlyle's quasi-hypnotic influence over Froude fell on the memory of Carlyle himself. After the death of Carlyle the imaginative genius of Froude resumed possession of him, and he wrote a "biography" so marked by dramatic situations, thrilling scenes, and startling effects, that I discover in momentous chapters the hand that wrote "Nemesis of Faith" and "Shadows of the Clouds." The reputation of Carlyle was so unconsciously overthrown that, had I been superstitious, I should have personified Froude's imaginative genius as a *dæmon* which, having been exorcised by Carlyle, returned to wreak posthumous revenge on his memory.

When the excitement about Froude's publications was at its height, I was one day at the London Library, and soon after, Lord Tennyson's son entered and told me his father wished to speak to me. He was in his carriage at the door, and said, "I saw you go into the door there, and wished to tell you an incident of some interest. When Carlyle's appointment of his literary executor was announced, I asked him why he had chosen Froude. He answered, 'Because of his reticence!'"

I should certainly have equally ascribed that character to Froude, and said so to Tennyson, whose distress at the publications was extreme. But I could not give any theory of the astounding affair. Tennyson's main trouble seemed to be that the bones of Carlyle should be flung about, and one evening he repeated to my wife and myself a quatrain he had composed about the delight of apes in seeing a man dragged down to their own apehood. The lines impressed me as mistaken. The people generally were as much troubled as Tennyson at the lowering of Carlyle. Carlyle had never flattered the people, he had become the great representative of anti-democratic tendencies, and they had paid him homage.

I had been haunted by apprehensions about Froude's fitness for his great task even before Carlyle's death. One day when he was already at work on the papers, I called. He gave me the letter written me just before her death by Mrs. Carlyle which I had given Carlyle. Froude read me from one of Mrs. Carlyle's letters to her husband a merry anecdote about a titled lady in London, and then said gravely,

"I hardly feel that I can print that story." I was amazed that the thought of publishing it could even occur to him. It was a fair enough bit of gossip for a wife to amuse her husband with, and decidedly witty, but quite unprintable. I went off with an uneasy mind. As Froude got deeper in his work his friends saw less of him. I have often mourned that William Allingham and I, who had so long and intimately worked with him on *Fraser*, did not together offer our assistance in assorting the enormous mass of letters and papers by which Froude was overwhelmed.

In going over again the miserable events that followed the publication of Carlyle's 'Reminiscences' and Froude's Biography, I have reached the conclusion that Froude never really knew the man. He appreciated his intellect, but not the by-ways of his genius, nor the depths of his heart. In talking over the matter with Tyndall, we agreed that the Carlyle we knew is not in the biography at all. I always, indeed, had observed Froude's simple awe in the presence of Carlyle; I never knew an instance in which he uttered any difference of opinion from him.

With a mountain of material to master, and the most complex tangles that ever beset a biographer to be unravelled—all requiring the utmost calmness of mind—Froude fell into a panic lest some one might publish a biography of Carlyle before his appeared. He feared two or three writers, among them probably myself. He knew that I had a large collection of Carlyle's letters, and for seventeen years had been making notes of his conversations, and that in Edinburgh he had given me an outline of his life. Alas, Froude did not know how I loved him, and how gladly I would have made over to him every scrap I had, and furthered him in every way. The immensity of his task overwhelmed him; he could not keep a level head under it; he hurried unnecessarily, Carlyle's 'Reminiscences' appeared full of *errata* and of things never meant for publication. In the biography, said Tyndall, "Froude damaged Carlyle and damned himself."

The burden of correcting two of the most serious errors in the biography fell on me. It was the most grievous burden of my literary life, but laid on me by every consideration of honour. One of these involved both Carlyle and his wife.

Froude and I were once passing an evening with them, when I told Carlyle of a visit I had made at Ostend to George Catlin, the American artist, who had lived among the aborigines in the West and made pictures of them. Carlyle then told us of an early pamphlet by Catlin entitled "Shut your mouth!" In it Catlin related that the Mandan Indians believed diseases entered by the mouth, and that the squaws took care to close the mouths of their sleeping children, who consequently never had measles, scarlatina, etc. Catlin adopted this theory, and Carlyle said he read his brochure with interest. Then Mrs. Carlyle told us a merry story. Once, when more ill than usual, she hid it from Carlyle, whose work was very hard. One evening just after tea Carlyle began to read and she lay on the sofa gasping, when he turned and said, "Hadn't you better shut your mouth?" She said she felt like throwing the teacup at him. It turned out, however, that Carlyle had perceived the trouble she was trying to conceal, and in his anxiety it had occurred to him that Catlin's prescription, "Keep your mouth shut!" might help her. Froude forgot the essential part of the story, said nothing about Catlin and his book, and, instead of the narrative by which Mrs. Carlyle told her husband's anxiety for her, made it an example of his rudeness in bidding her shut her mouth. As I was the only witness who could tell the true incident, I felt bound to do so. Carlyle was never rude to his wife. Even if she made a provoking remark he took it meekly. When Carlyle stormed about anything it was about some large question; he was gentle and submissive in simply personal matters.

The other case I had to correct was a mistake of far-reaching effect. Froude wrote: "His mother early described him as 'gey ill to live with.'" This became a sort of proverb in Froude's mind; in his biography he four times winds up a statement with the sentence: "Gey ill to live with." The family were astounded; nothing could be more untrue. As Mrs. Austin had told me on the day before the funeral, and Dr. John Carlyle many a time, Carlyle had been in childhood, boyhood, youth, of amiable disposition, and always the delight of his mother. Mrs. Alexander Carlyle (Mary Aiken) told me that it was notorious in the family that her uncle

was pleasant to live with. Whence, then, came Froude's four-times repeated proverb? In one of Mrs. Carlyle's letters to her husband (afterwards published) she humourously puts in, "Thou's gey ill to deal wi'." To this Carlyle added the footnote: "Mother's allocution to me once in an unreasonable moment of mine." It will thus be seen that fond mother's momentary expression to a momentarily naughty child, that he was hard to *deal* with, had been transformed into her "description" of a son, who was the joy of her life, as hard to *live* with. "Mother's allocution to me once," not forgotten by the devoted son, is taken from his own pen and hung up as the maternal portraiture. That it was retouched by Froude with such intent is not to be thought of. He had long believed that such a genius, sometimes strong and lucid, must be hard to live with in the domestic circle, and having projected the man into the child, read the word "live" instead of "deal"—assisted no doubt by Carlyle's penmanship. After my letter in the London *Athenæum* the misquotation was of course altered in the next edition, but alas, the error can never be overtaken. For on that error, that Carlyle was "gey ill to live with," Froude's whole theory was founded; his work is pervaded by it. Carlyle has passed into history as a bad man. Also as a bad husband, though this is as far from the truth as the other notion.

An old physician related to the Welshes, who knew Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle well, told me that though they might have been less liable to occasional fretfulness if there had been a baby, they were by no means unhappy; and Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, who often staid with the Carlyles, said to me, "If uncle and aunt lived unhappily, I never discovered it, none of their relations knew it, and I am sure they did not know it themselves. Mr. Froude alone knows it."

As to this, I could not doubt that Froude's imagination had been misdirected by the imagination of Mrs. Carlyle, who not only printed a fairy-tale, but wove a little romance around herself which she made the mistake of confiding to Mazzini. The great Italian, also romantic, could readily take her confidence seriously—especially as Carlyle was indifferent to his cause. In all that Ashburton affair Carlyle was, I am sure, intent solely on the exaltation of his wife. He had vowed

when he married her against the wishes of her proud relatives that he would place her in society far above them all. When finally the doors of that society were opened to her a meddlesome friend excited her suspicion that she was invited simply by social necessity as Carlyle's wife. It was untrue; Mrs. Carlyle, though she had not Carlyle's depth of feeling, was attractive and piquant in society. But she refused the position he had achieved solely for her, and compelled him to fulfil certain social obligations alone. Mrs. Carlyle was ill advised, and was morbid under the consequences of her social action, but I feel certain that she never fell into the insanity of suspecting her husband's moral character.

The two instances of inexactitude in the biography in which I felt bound to testify seemed to classify me with all of Froude's censors. Knowing well how the sensitive hearts of Froude and his children were being torn, I grieved deeply during the affair. While deploring his lack of judgment which had thrown us all into such distress, I knew well Froude's veracity, and my love for him remained as unchanged as my love of Carlyle; the break in our relations gave me abiding pain; for a long time I met him in my dreams and would awake with tears. It gave me profound satisfaction when he was appointed professor of history in Oxford.

The last time I ever saw this beloved friend was in Westminster Abbey, October 12, 1892, at the funeral of Lord Tennyson. From my seat in the choir I could see the pallbearers some distance away, but so changed was Froude that only when he was a few yards off did I recognize him. Again I went home to have my dream, and in it clasp his hand once more That was the last.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE

[1830—1886]

J. L. ARMSTRONG

JOHN ESTEN* COOKE, born November 3, 1830, near Winchester, Virginia, came of a line of educated and cultured men. His grandfather, Stephen Cooke, of a Philadelphia family, was graduated from Princeton in 1773. After studying medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, he enlisted as surgeon on an American vessel, was captured by the British and sent to Bermuda. There he remained some years, marrying, in 1782, Catherine, daughter of James Esten, Governor-General of the islands, a scion of an old English family. The second son, John Rogers Cooke, the father of John Esten, born in 1785, was educated at Princeton, the family having emigrated to Virginia in 1791 and settled in Alexandria, afterwards in Loudon County, near Leesburg. A third son, Philip St. George Cooke, entered the army and became a general, his daughter marrying the famous cavalry officer, J. E. B. Stuart.

John Rogers Cooke, one of the most distinguished lawyers of his day, and a member of the Virginia constitutional convention of 1830, began the practice of law in Martinsburg, where he married Miss Maria Pendleton. He afterwards moved to his estate of Glen-gary, near Winchester, and in 1839 to Richmond, remaining there to the close of his life in 1854. His eldest son, Philip Pendleton Cooke, married in the Valley and made his home at "The Vineyard," in Clark County. Thus John Esten Cooke, the second son, who spent much time with his relatives in the Valley, became familiar with two very different parts of the State.

He attended school in Richmond, but did not go to college. His elder brother was educated at Princeton, and a younger at the University of Virginia; but their father being a poor collector and a very open-handed gentleman, John Esten felt that he must be a help rather than a burden, and began to read law to this end.

But law went against the grain, while literature ran with it. His cousin, John Pendleton Kennedy, was a writer; his brother Philip was known by his tender lyric, "Florence Vane"; and David H. Strother (Porte Crayon), a connection and friend, had made a beginning. Impulse and example carried him along. In a note-book

*Pronounced *Easten*.

he states that his first literary venture, "Mauleon," appeared in 1847, and that he had then completed two other stories. In 1851 he was admitted to the bar; but manifestly the public recognized that his gifts were not in that quarter, for he never had an important case, and very few of any kind. After the middle of this decade no reference to the law is found in his note-book, and he devotes himself to literature.

All through the early fifties he wrote and swore off from writing, just as he smoked, and without avail swore off from smoking. They were his 'prentice years. A little found its way into newspapers, the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and other magazines. Still he kept writing, writing, though he never took time to polish. Some of the books published in later years were begun in this time. Much material for his history of Virginia was collected then, and in 1853 he had written four hundred pages of 'Fairfax.' He besieged Northern publishers, and knew what it was to have manuscript returned. The substance of some of the rejected stories was probably used in later years.

As early as 1851, he had charge of the *Messenger* for a month, while Thompson, the editor, was in South Carolina; and again, in 1854, he edited this magazine when Thompson was absent for several months.

In 1851 he wrote for the *Messenger* a review of Tennyson's "In Memoriam." Thompson sent a copy to the poet, "to get his autograph," and received in reply a letter from Tennyson with "Tears, Idle Tears," in his handwriting. Much of Cooke's early writing was for the *Messenger*. While the magazine was too poor to compensate him in money—at least adequately—it brought him into close touch with the literary circle in Richmond, then the best in the South, and introduced him to the authors and publishers that now and then visited the Virginia capital.

He was a voracious reader, keeping up with contemporary literature and studying everything about Virginia upon which he could lay his hands. For the latter he enumerates in a partial list the titles of thirty books. Besides this he read many French books, dipped into German, and made a beginning in Spanish. Law was thrown in, but does not count.

In 1853 'Leatherstocking and Silk' was accepted by Harper, and was published early in 1854. From that time the prospect improved; but he was only stimulated to harder work. He quotes: "Dave Strother says I am an intense worker." 'The Virginia Comedians' and 'The Youth of Jefferson' appeared before the end of 1854. At the same time he had charge of the *Messenger*. Moreover, he was writing reviews, short stories, biographical sketches and notices for

newspapers and magazines. By 1859 he had published six books and had on hand for future use a goodly store of manuscripts, for his notes jot down several titles to stories upon which he was at work. These titles were never printed, unless some appeared in magazines, but there is an occasional clue to suggest that part of the stories were subsequently reworked and issued under new titles.

At the beginning of the war Mr. Cooke enlisted as a private in the Richmond Howitzers, rose to the rank of sergeant in the battery, was transferred in the fall of 1861 to the staff of General J. E. B. Stuart and made captain of artillery and ordnance officer. In the fall of 1863 he was assigned for temporary duty in the adjutant-general's department upon Stuart's staff, with rank of major, and after the death of Stuart in 1864, was made Inspector-general of artillery on General Pendleton's staff. He was in many of the severest battles of the war, and participated with Stuart in the continuous skirmishes and brilliant raids of that indefatigable officer. His note-book tells of hairbreadth escapes from capture and from death; it tells (all in a quiet, unassuming tone) how in the thickest of the fight he led men that had lost their officers, how he rallied forlorn hopes, how he carried messages through shot and shell. The courage of the man was born of a sense of duty and overmastering love of the cause.

Even the storm and stress of war did not stop his pen. He wrote for the *Southern Illustrated News*, and probably for other papers. His 'Life of Jackson' was in the press a few months after the death of the great general, for his notes show that he was revising it in October, 1863, for a second edition, and that a pirated edition had appeared in New York that fall. He made notes on the field and afterwards copied them in ink in a note-book kept at headquarters. He industriously collected information, anecdotes, and observed carefully the men about him, especially those who were winning fame. Such data he usually worked up in winter camp. Thus, fighting and writing, he went through to the bitter end, surrendered with Lee at Appomattox, buried his silver spurs on the field rather than let them fall into the hands of the enemy, and took away with him his side arms and his faithful gray horse "Buck," who had carried him through so many perils. He marvels at his good fortune in coming through without a scratch, without serious illness, and without suffering capture.

At the close of the war he went to the lower Shenandoah Valley and there among friends and relatives again took up his pen. In 1867 he was married to Miss Mary Frances Page, of "Saratoga," Clark County, and resided at "The Briars," in the same county. Her death, about ten years later, left him with three children. Here

he lived quietly the life of a country gentleman, earning enough by his pen for his simple wants, until 1886, when on the twenty-seventh of September he succumbed to an attack of typhoid fever.

The character of John Esten Cooke is admirable. The high ideals he sets in his stories are the ideals to which he endeavored to conform his life. Even his private notes written in camp, where morals often suffer, show unstained purity. He was void of jealousy; more rapid promotion did not excite his envy, nor greater success in letters his spleen; he rejoiced with the more fortunate. He was generous to a fault, sympathetic, and a fast friend. Hating littleness and prejudice, he accepted loyally the decision of war, and rose above the passions that followed its close. He believed in "blood," but condemned as ungentlemanly the man that presumed upon his family caste. His tribute to Jackson may be quoted of him: "No stain of insincerity, or meanness, or vain gloriousness marred a character which combined the loftiest virtues of the gentleman, the soldier and the Christian."

Beginning at the early age of seventeen, Cooke wrote continuously and voluminously—poetry, short stories, serials, novels, biographical sketches, biographies and a history. Probably as much appeared in ephemeral publications as in book form. Thirty-two titles constitute the sum of the latter, so far as I have been able to determine them. Of these, fourteen are out of print. In some instances an old book has reappeared under a new title. The amount of work he produced is remarkable, especially in a man that had no systematic plan for using his time. Much of the material is molded by fertile invention. It is a storehouse for those who would occupy the same field. In fact, it has already been discovered, for in the work of a later novelist I could cite passages that must be more than a coincidence. The latter has more art; but the material and the invention are John Esten Cooke's.

He realized that poetry was not his *forte*. Though a notice of him appeared in Griswold's 'Poets of America' (the last edition edited by Griswold) he published very little. But he frequently wrote stanzas for his friends. While some lines have merit, these are preserved more in loving remembrance than for their quality.

Cooke's early style is marred by straining for effect. While he had a large vocabulary, he lacked control of it. Where he would be fine, he is turgid; where he would be lofty, he is stilted. Pet expressions abound: bayonets always "glitter"; Stuart is ever "an immense war-machine." Emotions, sentiments are not portrayed; they are suggested by conventions, such as tears, sighs, groans, grinding teeth, a satirical smile. But there is gradual improvement, till by the close of the seventies his style is more restrained and his vocabulary is mastered. In

this decade the improvement is rapid and marked, probably under the influence of the realistic school. In a letter, several times printed, he recognizes the qualities of this school, but confesses that he cannot change. This was true as regards the kind of fiction he wrote, but not of his style. In a letter to an intimate friend he declares that "the critical and nice finish of Mr. James" is "the Hakem of the new literary dispensation." A man of Cooke's wide reading and absorbent power must necessarily have felt the influence of this style, though he would never have followed Mr. James in his vagaries.

In all his novels written prior to 1875 structure is notably faulty. He realized that a book must "end with an idea," and planned for an effective *dénouement*; but he was not able to hold unswervingly to that idea from cover to cover. 'Leatherstocking and Silk' is a series of sketches and annals loosely strung together. The 'Virginia Comedians' is now published as two separate books, either of which may be read without the other; moreover, each contains situations not germane to the end. The biographies are a shade better in structure, for he has a definite conception of the character of his subject and selects material to bring this out. In fact, his best work is probably in his short biographical sketches. But even in biography he will sometimes digress and also violate proportion. 'Surry' and 'Mohun' show not so much inability to weave fact and fiction into a unified whole as disinclination to make the necessary effort, for 'The Maurice Mystery' proves that he can, under spur, make an effective plot and hold incidents well in hand. In fact, all the stories appearing after 1875 show better technique, though in other respects they are not the equal of 'Surry' and 'Mohun.' Again, the influence of the realistic school may be assumed.

The scene in all but a very few of his stories is laid in Virginia, or, if begun elsewhere, finds its way to the Old Dominion. Nevertheless, I cannot find an authoritative expression of Cooke's purpose, as it is stated in some notices, to do for Virginia what Cooper did for New York, and Simms for South Carolina. He simply filled himself full of material where alone he had opportunity—for he was outside the State only for occasional brief trips—and colored it with his patriotic devotion. He knew his scenes, and never confused, never tangled them. He loved them dearly, as he loved the men and women that peopled them. Love of nature is marked, but is always kept subordinate to the action. He had an eye for the picturesque, and even enjoyed the horrible, for a thoroughgoing romantic scene was his delight.

Cooke was essentially a Romanticist, with marked leaning to the Gothic Tale of Horror. Sentiment characterizes his stories, is indeed their warp and woof. Sometimes it degenerates into sentimentalism, usually in his earlier work. He revels in the strange, the weird, the

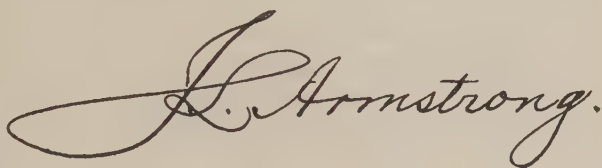
awe-inspiring, in wonderful adventures, dramatic situations; nor in pure fiction does he always heed the probable. He is impatient of ordinary events and hurries over the necessary connecting links of everyday facts. But when he reaches a striking incident his interest is thoroughly aroused; with full mastery of his powers he masses his details effectively and concentrates all for the supreme effect. Herein he had power, and to no inconsiderable degree, although it is for only brief flights.

But the leading quality of his work is imagination. It is very uneven, but is never lacking. With it he reconstructed scenes from Colonial days—the Romantic period for our young country. How actual they are only a resurrected Colonial could tell; but he delved in family records and public archives for the dry facts. Into these his imagination breathed the spirit of life; it clothes them with a quaint archaic reality. In dealing with men of his own or earlier times, it never betrayed him into distortion of facts; it gave him sympathetic insight into their meaning, and enabled him to present Bacon, Berkeley, Jackson, Lee, as men of flesh and blood, not as lifeless statues. It gave him a loving and yet unflinching interpretation of the annals of his State. It took the mass of material he had so industriously gathered, seized upon the salient points, vitalized them, and a story flowed swiftly from his pen.

But faults in manner and matter are not far to seek. Chief among them is the swift rush of his pen. His notes frequently tell how fast he wrote: "I have done one hundred pages a day repeatedly." It often betrayed him into extravagant sentiment, crude color and faulty expression. True, while the fit was on him, he "worked intensely," but he revolted against restraint and authority and went his own way. Such law as he followed was absorbed, and absorbed indiscriminately. He wrote stanzas in the "In Memoriam" measure, in turn imitated Dickens, echoed Thackeray, garnished with French phrases, but he called no man master. He was rarely successful with humor, though he appreciated it. His fondness for the gloomy does not always express itself at appropriate times, and there is an occasional tendency to the didactic. In part he outgrew or held in check his faults. After the war adverse criticism from the Northern press and a public with changing taste helped to tone them down; but, unfortunately, his imagination also was toned down.

Cooke thought twenty-five years ago that his kind of fiction had passed out of vogue. But even then the *Detroit Free Press* had introduced him to a large circle of interested readers. His 'Stories of the Old Dominion' is used in the schools of the State; his 'Virginia,' issued in the Commonwealth series, is a standard history; and the publishers controlling nearly all his books now in print say

that they have printed hundreds of editions of some of the volumes, though the editions have never been large; that the best selling book of the series is 'Surry of Eagle's Nest,' and that the demand for his books has increased in the past ten years. Generations of boys will delight in 'Fairfax,' 'Surry,' 'Mohun,' and 'Hilt to Hilt'; while their elders will read his Civil War stories for their faithful portrayal of historic times, and his colonial romances for their old-time flavor and picturesque setting. Fame will not assign John Esten Cooke a high niche, but his place is secure.



LIST OF WORKS

- Leatherstocking and Silk, New York, 1854.
 The Virginia Comedians, 2 vols., New York, 1854, 1855, 1882, 1883.
 (Later reissued as Beatrice Hallam, and its sequel, Captain Ralph.)
 The Youth of Jefferson, New York, 1854.
 Ellie; or, the Human Comedy, Richmond, 1855.
 The Last of the Foresters, New York, 1856.
 Henry St. John, Gentleman, New York, 1859. (Reissued in 1883 as Bonnybel Vane.)
 Life of Thomas Jonathan Jackson, Richmond, 1863; New York, 1866, 1875. (Now issued as Stonewall Jackson.)
 Surry of Eagle's Nest, New York, 1866.
 Wearing of the Gray, New York, 1867.
 Lee and His Lieutenants, New York, 1867.
 Fairfax; or, The Master of Greenway Court, New York, 1868.
 Hilt to Hilt, New York, 1869.
 Mohun; or, The Last Days of Lee and His Paladins, New York, 1869.
 Hammer and Rapier, New York, 1870.
 The Heir of Graymount: a Novel, New York, 1870.
 Westbrooke Hall, New York, (c., 1870.)
 Out of the Foam: a Novel. (A Reissue of Westbrooke Hall), New York, c., 1871.
 Life of Robert Edward Lee, New York, (c., 1871.)
 Dr. Van Dyke: a Novel, New York, 1872.

- Her Majesty the Queen, Philadelphia, 1873.
 Pretty Mrs. Gaston, and Other Stories, New York (c., 1874.)
 Justin Harley: a Romance of Old Virginia, Philadelphia, 1875.
 Canolles: the Fortunes of a Partisan of '81, Detroit, 1877.
 Professor Pressensee, Materialist and Inventor, New York, 1878.
 Mr. Grantley's Idea, New York, 1879.
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 The Virginia Bohemians, New York, 1880.
 Virginia: a History of the People, Boston, 1883.
 Fanchette: By One of Her Admirers, Boston, 1883.
 My Lady Pokahontas, Boston, 1885.
 The Maurice Mystery, New York, 1885. (Reissued as Colonel Ross of Piedmont.)
 (Cooke left an incomplete MS., The Pilgrims of Maryland.)

AUTHORITIES

- Miscellany—a MS. note-book, from March 1, 1851, to the close of 1856, with occasional entries to February, 1863.
 Note-book—containing entries from September 29th, 1863, to January 9, 1864.
 Duyckinck's Cyclopædia of American Literature (1875), vol. 2, pp. 572-577. (The more helpful matter of an earlier edition (1856) is brought down to date. Cooke's comment on the cut: "I am as ugly as sin in it.")
 Davidson's Living Writers of the South, pp. 105-112.
American (Phila.) 4: 73 (E. L. Didier.)
American Church Review, 9: 226 (J. Craik.)
Critic, 9: 181 (M. J. Preston.)
Edinburgh Review (Review of Life of Lee.) 137: 363.
Literary World (Boston.) 14: 45, 17: 337.
Southern Literary Messenger, 24: 286.

Current Histories of American Literature (containing only brief notices.)

[Cooke received very little attention from the leading periodicals. Daily and weekly newspapers, especially in the South, contained notices of him at the time of his death. My article is based on original investigation, in which I have used family records, and approved newspaper clippings, and have read thousands of pages of his works.—J. L. A.]

THE OPENING OF THE BALL

From 'Beatrice Hallam.' Copyright permission kindly granted by G. W. Dillingham and Company

So the day passed, and evening drew on slowly, and the night came. Let us leave the bustling crowd hurrying toward the theater—leave the taverns overflowing with revellers—let us traverse Gloucester-street, and enter the grounds, through which a fine white gravelled walk leads to the palace. On each side of this walk a row of linden trees are ornamented with variegated lanterns, and ere long these lanterns light up lovely figures of fair dames and gallant gentlemen, walking daintily from the carriage portal to the palace. Let us enter. Before us have passed many guests, and the large apartments, with their globe lamps and chandeliers, and portraits of the king and queen, and Chelsea figures, and red damask chairs, and numerous card-tables, are already filling with the beauty and grace of that former brilliant and imposing society.

See this group of lovely young girls, with powdered hair brushed back from their tender temples, and snowy necks and shoulders glittering with diamond necklaces; see the queer patches on their chins close by the dimples; see their large falling sleeves, and yellow lace, and bodices with their silken network; see their gowns, looped back from the satin underskirt, ornamented with flowers in golden thread; their trains and fans, and high red-heeled shoes, and all their puffs and furbelows, and flounces; see, above all, their gracious smiles, as they flirt their fans and dart their fatal glances at the magnificently-clad gentlemen in huge ruffles and silk stockings, and long, broad-flapped waistcoats and embroidered coats, with sleeves turned back to the elbow and profusely laced; see how they ogle, and speak with dainty softness under their breath, and sigh and smile, and ever continue playing on the hapless cavaliers the dangerous artillery of their brilliant eyes.

Or, see this group of young country gentlemen, followers of the fox, with their ruddy faces and laughing voices; their queues secured by plain black ribbon; their strong hands, ac-

customed to heavy buckskin riding-gloves; their talk of hunting, crops, the breed of sheep and cattle, and the blood of horses.

Or, pause a moment near that group of dignified gentlemen, with dresses plain though rich; and lordly brows and clear bright eyes, strong enough to look upon the sun of royalty, and, undazzled, see the spots disfiguring it. Hear them converse calmly, simply, like giants knowing their strength; how slow and clear and courteous their tones; how plain their manners!

Lastly, see the motley throng of the humbler planters, some of the tradesmen, factors as they were called, mingled with the yeomen; see their wives and daughters, fair and attractive, but so wholly outshone by the little powdered damsels; last of all, though not least, see his bland Excellency Governor Fauquier gliding among the various groups, and smiling on everybody.

Let us endeavor to catch some of the words uttered by these various personages, now so long withdrawn from us in the far past—that silent, stern, inexorable past, which swallows up so many noble forms, and golden voices, and high deeds; and which in turn will obliterate us and our little or great actions, as it has effaced—though Heaven be thanked, not wholly!—what illustrated and adorned those times which we are now trying to depict. And first let us listen to this group of quiet, calm-looking men—fame has spoken loudly of them all.

“Your reverend opponent really got the better of you, I think, sir,” says a quiet, plain, simple gentleman, with a fine face and eye. “The ‘Twopenny-Act’ made out too clear a case, in mere point of law, to need the after-clap.”

“True, sir,” his friend replies, smiling so pleasantly, that his very name seemed to indicate his character, “but I would willingly be unhorsed again by the Reverend Mr. Camm, in a cause so good. Everything concerning Virginia, you know, is dear to me. I believe some of my friends consider me demented on the subject—or at least call me the ‘Virginia Antiquary.’”

“I consider it a very worthy designation, sir; and in spite of my opinion, that ‘The Colonel’s Dismounted’ is an appro-

priate title—I cannot be otherwise than frank ever—I am fully convinced that equity was with you. But here comes our noble Roman.”

As he speaks, a tall, fine-looking gentleman approaches, with an eagle eye, a statuesque head, inclined forward as though listening courteously, a smile upon his lips, his right hand covered with a black bandage.

“What news from Westmoreland, pray, seigneur of Chantilly?” asks the opponent of the Reverend Mr. Camm. “Do they think of testing the Twopenny-Act by suits for damages?”

“No, sir,” says the newcomer, very courteously; “I believe, however, that in Hanover county the Reverend Mr. Maury has brought suit against the collector.”

“Ah, then we shall get some information from our friend from Caroline! See, here he is. Good day, sir!”

He who now approaches has the same calm, benignant expression as the rest—an expression, indeed, which seems to have dwelt always on those serene faces of that period, so full of stirring events and strong natures. The face was not unlike that which we fancy Joseph Addison’s must have been—a quiet, serene smile, full of courtesy and sweetness, illuminated it, attracting people of all ages and conditions. When he speaks, it is in the *vox argentea* of Cicero, a gentle stream of sound, rippling in the sunlight.

“What from Caroline, pray?” asks the “dismounted Colonel,” pressing the hand held out to him with great warmth. “Do the clergy speak of bringing suit to recover damages at once, for the acts of ’55 and ’58?”

“I believe not,” the gentleman from Caroline replies, courteously, in his soft voice; “but have you not heard the news from Hanover?”

“No, sir, pray let us hear it—”

“In the action brought by the Reverend Mr. Maury against the collector, a young man of that county has procured a triumphant verdict for the collector.”

“For the collector?”

“Yes!”

“Against the clergy?”

“Yes!”

“You said a triumphant verdict?”

"One penny damages."

An expression of extreme delight diffuses itself over the face of the gentleman receiving this reply.

"And what is the name of the young man who has worked this wonder?"

"Mr. Patrick Henry."

"I have no acquaintance with him."

"I think you will have, however, sir. His speech is said to have been something wonderful; the people carried him on their shoulders, the parsons fled from the bench—I found the county, as I passed through, completely crazy with delight. But what is that small volume, peeping from your pocket, sir?" adds the speaker, with a smile at the abstracted and delighted expression of his interlocutor.

"An Anacreon, from Glasgow, sir," says the other, almost forgetting his delight at the issue of the parson's cause, as he takes the book from his pocket and opens it. It is a small thin volume, with an embossed back, covered with odd gilt figures; and the Greek type is of great size, and very black and heavy.

"Greek?" says the gentleman from Caroline, smiling serenely. "Ah, I fear it is Hebrew to me! I may say, however, that from what I have heard, this young Mr. Henry is a fair match for a former orator of that language—Demosthenes!"

"Well, sir," says the Roman, "if he is Demosthenes yonder is our valiant Alexander!"

"Who is he?"

"Is that fine face not familiar?"

"Ah, Colonel Washington! I know him but slightly; yet, assuredly, his countenance gives promise of a noble nature; he has certainly already done great service to the Government, and I wonder His Majesty has not promoted him. His promotion will, however, await further services, I fancy."

"Ah, gentlemen, you are welcome!" says a courteous voice; "Mr. Wythe, Colonel Bland, Mr. Lee, Mr. Pendleton, I rejoice to see you all; welcome, welcome!" And His Excellency Governor Fauquier, with courtly urbanity, presses the hands of his guests,

THE LAST VICEREGAL ENTRANCE

From 'Miss Bonnybel.' Copyright permission kindly granted by G. W. Dillingham and Company.

PAUL was hastening, with his arm around Blossom, toward the tree where his pony "Shag" was tied—the young gentleman's design being to convey his sweetheart behind him into Williamsburg—when suddenly both stopped, arrested by the appearance of a brilliant cavalcade.

It consisted of three richly decorated chariots, each drawn by six glossy horses, and followed by plainer vehicles. The drivers and footmen who hung behind were white English servants, as were the numerous outriders.

The first equipage contained three ladies—the rest seemed occupied chiefly by gentlemen.

As the flock of children ran out to look upon the brilliant spectacle, the head of a young lady was thrust from the window of the foremost coach, and she seemed to be calling the attention of her companions to the children.

It was a beautiful face, framed in bright curls, and looking very sweet and good-humored.

"Isn't she pretty, Paul?" said Blossom, in a whisper.

"Uncommonly," returned Paul, with the air of a connoisseur; "but look, Blossom, she is beckoning to you!"

In fact, the pretty picture of the boy and girl, with their arms around each other, had attracted the attention of the young lady, and taking advantage of a momentary pause, occasioned by a portion of the harness becoming out of place, she had really beckoned to the girl.

Blossom approached the chariot, followed by Paul, and looked with timid grace into the face of the young lady, who smiled sweetly, and gave her hand to each.

"That is a school-house, is it not, my dear?" she said; "everything is bright here, and you and all look very happy."

"That's because Blossom is so good, ma'am," said Paul politely; "everybody's happy where she is."

"Blossom," said the lady smiling, "is that your name?"

"Yes, ma'am," returned the child, "and his is Paul."

"Paul! do you hear, Susan?" said the young lady, turn-

ing to one of her companions; "what pretty names they have in Virginia—*Blossom* and *Paul*! and you know we stopped last night at *Roslyn Hall*."

Then turning to the children, the young lady added:

"I wish you would come and see me, *Blossom*—and you too, *Paul*. My name is *Augusta Murray*, and we are going to live in *Williamsburg* now."

As she spoke, the footman again mounted behind, having fixed the harness, and the young lady again gave her hand to the children, with a pleased smile.

The cavalcade then resumed its way slowly.

The flock of children, *Blossom* and *Paul* leading, surrounded and followed it, as a triumphal escort, and it went thus attended toward the old capital.

For many hours the good town of *Williamsburg* has been in commotion. An immense crowd has assembled, and the waves of the multitude now extend from the college of "William and Mary," past the old magazine, and the "*Raleigh*" tavern, quite onward to the steps of the capitol, where, around the base of Lord Botetourt's statue, the restless and variegated billows seem to break into foam and spray.

All classes, all costumes are seen. Plain homespun clothes and rich doublets, gentry and commoners, merchants and factors, and yeomen, and negroes, and a great crowd of students from the college of "William and Mary," who flock in gay groups along the thoroughfares, cracking jokes, like their brethren in all ages.

"Duke-of-Gloucester-Street" thus represents a jubilant carnival; it is a conglomeration of forms, plain and picturesque, old and young, male and female—jesting, laughing, shouting, jostling—awaiting the event of the day.

From time to time the crowd moves to and fro unwillingly, and as it were under protest; then rapidly divides itself into parallel columns on each side of the street; and through this space rolls a chariot, with four glossy horses. It contains some old planter in his richest pourpoint, with his wife and daughters blazing in silk and velvet and diamonds; and the driver is a portly and consequential negro, who, proud of himself, his master, and his position, looks down with aristocratic condescension on the "poor white folks."

As the chariot disappears in the direction of the palace of the governor, some richly clad gallant, mounted upon his gayly-caparisoned thoroughbred, prances by in the same direction; and if he be handsome he occasions favorable remarks from the damsels, whose heads are visible in the windows above.

He is succeeded by some country cart of rude pine board, drawn by a solemn-looking donkey; and as the old countryman and his wife bounce up and down, the heads at the windows utter jests and laughter—a taste for the grotesque having characterized the maidens of that epoch, as it does the damsels of to-day.

With the uproarious crowd mingle members of the House of Burgesses, and many personages who seem to look with a philosophic eye on the carnival. These do not laugh or jest; they wait; they seek for the currents of popular opinion, and continue to gaze silently.'

All at once, in the midst of the tumult, a bell is heard, and this is followed by a shout.

Then a great undulation takes place in the mass; the waves roll right and left, young girls are precipitated into strangers' arms; through the open space comes on a troop of horsemen from the direction of the palace—Lord Dunmore's guards, who occupy barracks near at hand.

They ride vigorous horses, and are clad in the British uniform, being, indeed, Englishmen. They disappear at the western end of Gloucester Street, followed by some murmurs.

The crowd closes after them; the bells continue to ring; the windows are more densely crowded; urchins even mount upon the old magazine, and clasp the flag-staff bearing aloft the banner of St. George. A great shout tells that the object of all this excitement has entered the capitol.

The confusion becomes now like Pandemonium. The heads of young girls are thrust to a dangerous distance from the windows; handkerchiefs are violently waved by these splendor-loving youthful personages; and the number of damsels, children, and all weaker characters who are precipitated upon alien bosoms is more marked than ever.

But the end is accomplished; the center of the street is left free.

A score of the guards, riding four abreast, precede the cavalcade which we have seen stop a moment near the old field school. As many follow it.

The first chariot contains the Countess of Dunmore, wife of His Excellency the Governor, with her daughters, the Ladies Susan and Augusta.

The second is occupied by Lady Catherine and her brothers, the Honorable Alexander and John Murray.

The third contains Lord Fincastle, Captain Foy, the private secretary of His Excellency, and his wife. Captain Foy looks forth calmly on the crowd—his pale, quiet face betrays nothing.

But the countess, her daughters and her sons, are plainly gratified by their reception. The young ladies especially, with their rosy and good-humored faces, seem far from indifferent to the shouts of welcome which greet them. They look out and smile, and raise their eyes to the fair faces at the windows, or scan the crowd.

The crowd looks back amiably. It pays no attention to Lord Fincastle, Captain Foy, or the sons of His Excellency. They are accustomed to lords and honorables, and prefer the smiling faces of the young ladies.

Thus the cortège passes along Gloucester Street, accompanied by the crowd which bears it on its way. The bells continue to ring—a band of music in the palace grounds commences an inspiring march—the chariots enter the great gateway, flanked as now by the two guard-houses—and then the Scottish lindens hide them from the eyes of the multitude.

Virginia has beheld her last viceregal "entrance."

THE EARL

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THE trampling which George had heard all at once became louder; a hoarse voice hallooed to the dogs; and in an instant a tall huntsman, mounted on a fiery animal of great size and muscle, thundered from a narrow bridle-path into the open space.

The stag had fallen, but, half raised upon one knee, was goring the dogs with his huge antlers. They strove to clutch him by the throat, but he foiled them, one and all, and several of them had already received wounds when the huntsman reached the spot. The sight seemed to arouse a wild ferocity in him. His cheeks flushed crimson, his eyes glared, and leaping from his horse, he drew his *couteau de chasse*, and threw himself into the midst of the dogs.

The stag made a last desperate effort. He seemed to feel that all was over. The dangerous antlers were lowered to pierce the hunter's breast—but all was in vain. The nervous hand grasping the sharp hunting-knife, darted forward—the blood spouted forth—and the stag fell to the earth, his throat cut nearly through and through.

The hunter rose, and calmly wiped the blood from his knife on his sleeve. Then he turned to the youth. George had thus an opportunity to scan his appearance. He was a man of middle age, with a tall, gaunt figure, penetrating eyes, and lips, which seemed to indicate a temperament rather melancholy and cynical than happy. He wore a brown peruke, and otter-skin cap, with a buck's tail stuck in it, and tall boots, with heavy spurs. The remainder of his costume was rich, but discolored by rain and sun. The coat had once been profusely laced, and the orange silk waistcoat still showed traces of gold embroidery; but the suit, like its wearer, appeared to have "seen better days."

The hunter had carelessly wiped the blade of his French *couteau de chasse* on his cuff, and now scanned with great calmness his companion.

"A stag of ten, sir," he said, in a quiet, deep voice; "you were fortunate to be in at the death."

"It is bloody sport," returned the young man, "but wonderfully exciting. What will you do with the carcass of the deer, sir?"

"Carry it home with me," returned the huntsman.

And whistling to his horse, which came slowly to his side, he raised the ponderous body, and threw it across the front of the saddle. Then mounting, he said:

"You were going in this direction—were you not, sir?"

George replied in the affirmative; and followed by the dogs, of whom many limped painfully, they took their way straight toward the river.

"A day for an emperor!" said the stranger in a deep voice. Then all at once smiling grimly, he looked at the young man and added: "but that may seem an improper distinction to you—you appear to be a Virginian, and Virginians are all republicans."

"I am a loyal subject of His Majesty, George II," returned the boy, "but God made the sunshine for all alike—did he not, sir?"

A grim smile seemed to deepen on the stranger's face.

"No doubt, no doubt," was the half indifferent reply, "but the lion has more right to the forest than the jackal—if not to the sunshine. You see, sir, that is the divine right of kings, and his court of tigers, leopards and panthers, have their privileges of nobility."

George looked puzzled. The strange huntsman seemed to aim at provoking discussions; but it was difficult to reply to him.

"You dissent," continued the grim speaker, "but you don't reply to me. Come, say now, my chance friend—is not all this proper? Should not the lion rule the forest—the eagle the air? Should not the beautiful tigers and cougars be above foxes—hyenas?"

"Oh, assuredly!" said George, "but kings and nobles are not lions or eagles always—great lords are very often foxes, I have heard. And tell me, is it just, sir, that because the fox bites the heel of the huntsman, as in the fable, and saves the life of the lion—is it just that the lion should declare the foxes throughout all time superior to the higher class of animals?"

"Good God!" said the stranger, "you strike hard at heredi-

tary privilege! You are a republican—you would overturn *class?*”

“I would raise up worth!” said George with animation; “I would have the strong and pure, instead of the weak and corrupt, at the head of affairs. I think when God gives integrity and powerful brain to a man, he should hold the reins of power, rather than his inferiors, though his origin be as obscure as a peasant’s. Is not that entirely rational, sir?”

“Hum! hum!” said the stranger with his former smile, “I was not wrong in declaring you a republican—but that’s no matter. What care *we* for kings or nobles in the wilds here? Here’s the river.”

And with these laconic words the huntsman pushed his horse into the water; and, half fording, half swimming, soon reached the opposite bank. George was there as quickly, and they again set forward—soon issuing from the forest into the waving prairie, whose myriads of brilliant flowers were glittering in the rich light of the sinking sun.

All at once two figures on horseback appeared a quarter of a mile in advance of them; and these two figures plainly descried them, and awaited their approach.

George recognized Falconbridge and Miss Argal. He rode his white thoroughbred, she her little filly—and standing in the tall grass which reached nearly to the backs of their horses, they presented, in the golden flood of sunlight, a richly picturesque appearance.

“I am very glad to see you,” said Falconbridge, pushing forward and shaking George’s hand, with a gay smile; then bowing courteously to the stranger, he added, “give you good day, sir.”

The hunter inclined coolly; but something in the face of the young man, or his tone of voice, seemed to affect him strangely. His penetrating gaze riveted itself upon the proud, laughing features of Falconbridge, and a shadow passed over his brow, like that of a floating cloud.

“It is strange!” the grim lips murmured; “what a singular resemblance!”

Falconbridge did not observe the expression or the tone. He had turned to George, and began to explain how the young lady and himself, in riding out, had lost their way.

His manner, when he addressed or looked at her, had changed greatly. There was something ardent and impassioned in his gaze as it rested on her face; and the lady was not backward in returning it with looks almost as significant of her feelings. By some fatality this emotion seemed suddenly to have ripened in both hearts—thenceforth it was plain that the young lady was the fate of Falconbridge—his fate for weal or woe.

"And Miss Argal," said George, when Falconbridge had told how they had circled at random over the prairie, "was she frightened?"

"Oh, no! she has behaved like a heroine, in spite of her utter ignorance of the road back of her home."

"I can't think where we are," said the young lady, with one of her pretty smiles. But for some vague reason George felt as if this declaration was not true. There was an imperceptible constraint in her manner as she spoke; and his truthful instinct told him that there was deception of some sort beneath her apparent candor. He did not reply, but turning to his companion said:

"We are not far from Greenway Court, I believe, sir."

"Some distance," returned the huntsman coolly, "but the path is well beaten."

And with a courteous but cold inclination to the young lady, he set forward, followed by the party. The sun ran in a stream of rich purple light across the hills, and far away beyond the mountains; the golden cloud ships slowly floated off into the distance and were lost; and as the shades of night descended and the stars came out, they reached the old mansion of Greenway.

The tall huntsman tied his bridle to the bough of a tree, lifted the carcass of the deer to the ground, and turned toward the porch. As he did so, old John appeared upon the threshold, and bowing low, respectfully approached.

"Dismount if you please, Miss Argal," said the hunter, with grave courtesy, "and honor my poor house with your presence."

"Lord Fairfax!" exclaimed George, "I might have known that you were Lord Fairfax—but my mind was busy with other thoughts!"

And something like a blush came to the cheeks of the boy. The Earl smiled, and pressing the young man's hand, said in a friendly tone:

"I am glad you did not know me—had you recognized one of those 'foxes' you spoke of you would have expressed yourself, perhaps, less honestly."

And with courteous gesture, Lord Fairfax marshalled his guests before him into the mansion.

SIR WILLIAM BERKELEY

From 'Virginia, A History of the People.' With kind permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.

THE character of Sir William Berkeley, like Bacon's, is read in the events of his career. He was utterly devoted to monarchy and the church, and fought persistently for both. In defense of the one he persecuted dissent, and to support the other he waded in blood. He was not a cruel man by nature, but rebellion made him pitiless. His allegiance was a craze which warped his whole nature. To that superstition this loving husband, warm friend, and courtly gentleman sacrificed everything—his old friends, his peace of mind, his name in Virginia and in history. For a quarter of a century he ruled the colony to the fullest satisfaction of the people. He was an elegant host and a cordial companion, who made everybody welcome. He displayed not the least desire to invade the rights of the Virginians; on the contrary he defended them on every occasion. It may be said with truth that in all these years he was the sincere friend of Virginia and the Virginians. All his interests and affections were centred there—in his wife and his home. It was "the most flourishing country the sun ever shone over," he said. But one day rebellion raised its head in this beautiful land. His idol, the Divine right, was flouted by these old friends. That moment he became a changed man. The Virginians he had loved so were monsters. He made war on them; that was natural and commendable, since they made war on him. But what was not commendable, was, that he was merciless to them when they were at his mercy; and that having shed the blood of the husbands, he insulted the wives for their very devotion.

It is a study. Scarcely does all history show us a stranger picture of this poor human nature; a more lamentable portrait than that of the courtly gentleman with the friendly smile for everybody, growing to be the pitiless old despot, with the fires of hate burning under the white hairs and the insatiable thirst for blood in the once kindly heart.

THE SINGLE COMBAT

From 'Surry of Eagle's-Nest.' Copyright permission kindly granted by G. W. Dillingham and Company.

WE had followed the enemy for more than half a mile, when, all at once, twenty yards in front, I saw Fenwick. He was mounted upon a splendid bay, and wore a pistol and sabre.

Mordaunt had already recognized him, and was pursuing him like an avenging Nemesis, apparently forgetful of all else.

"At last!" I heard him say, with a hoarse growl, through his close-set teeth.

And, without another word, he darted upon his adversary.

Mordaunt's horse, driven on with bloody spurs, made long and desperate leaps—I saw his rider rise to his full height in the saddle—then his weapon passed to his left shoulder, and I knew that he was about to make, as he came up with his adversary, that terrible "right cut" which I had seen him deliver in battle.

The thundering stride of his great black brought him opposite Fenwick. I saw his sabre gleam in the moonlight as it whirled—when, suddenly, Fenwick's horse fell, shot through the body by one of the cavalymen behind, and Mordaunt's blow passed over the rider's head.

In an instant Fenwick was on his feet, and, as Mordaunt rode at him, fired. The bullet pierced the neck of the black, and he staggered forward—Mordaunt leaping from the saddle as he fell.

Then he rushed upon Fenwick, and they closed, breast to breast, in a mortal struggle.

Absorbed by this passionate encounter, I forgot all else, and checked my horse to witness it.

Fenwick was evidently an excellent swordsman, and I saw that he was brave; but he was no match for his adversary. Mordaunt drove him, step by step, across the road, toward a gigantic oak, which stretched its gnarled branches above, in the moonlight—and then, with his back against the trunk, Fenwick could retreat no farther.

The moon shone full upon his face—it was distorted by an expression which might have done honor to the mythologic furies. He struck at Mordaunt with the fury of despair—then the combat terminated.

Rushing upon him, with his sabre at tierce point, Mordaunt drove the keen weapon through his breast, and the point was buried in the tree beyond.

Fenwick remained erect—stretched out his arms—and his sword fell from his grasp.

“Die!” exclaimed Mordaunt, folding his arms, and speaking in a tone which it is impossible to describe. “But, before your black soul goes before its judge, reply to me!”

Fenwick’s drooping eyes slowly opened. He looked at his adversary as the bleeding wolf caught in the trap looks at the huntsman—sidewise, with sullen and bloodshot eyes.

“Why did you make my existence one lifelong agony?” said Mordaunt, hoarsely. “What harm had I done you, that you should render me thus wretched?”

“I hated you!” came in a savage murmur from Fenwick; and the blood rushed to his lips, as he glared at his enemy.

“Why did you hate me?”

“Because she loved you.”

Mordaunt’s face grew rigid.

“Enough of that. What brought you here to-night?”

“To carry off the other.”

“Violet Grafton?”

“Yes,” he gasped.

“And kill me, if you found me there?”

“Yes! hate! hate! eternal hate for you—that—goes with me—I die with that!”—

And again stretching out his arms, Fenwick fell forward, the sword snapping in his body.

A DESERTER

From 'Wearing of the Gray.' Copyright by E. B. Treat and Company. By kind permission of the publishers.

OF all human faculties, surely the most curious is the memory. Capricious, whimsical, illogical, acting ever in accordance with its own wild will, it loses so many "important events" to retain the veriest trifles in its deathless clutch. Ask a soldier who has fought all day long in some world-losing battle, what he remembers most vividly, and he will tell you that he has well-nigh forgotten the most desperate charges, but recalls with perfect distinctness the joy he experienced in swallowing a mouthful of water from the canteen on the body of a dead enemy.

A trifling incident of the second battle of Manassas remains in my memory more vividly than the hardest fighting of the whole day, and I never recall the incident in question without thinking, too, of De Quincey's singular paper, "A Vision of Sudden Death." The reader is probably familiar with the article to which I refer—a very curious one, and not the least admirable of those strange leaves, full of thought and fancy, which the "Opium Eater" scattered among the readers of the last generation. He was riding on the roof of a stage-coach, when the vehicle commenced the descent of a very steep hill. Soon it began moving with mad velocity, the horses became unmanageable, and it was obvious that if it came in collision with anything, either it or the object which it struck would be dashed in pieces. All at once, there appeared in front, on the narrow road, a light carriage, in which were seated a young man and a girl. They either did not realize their danger or were powerless to avoid it; and on swept the heavy stage, with its load of passengers, its piled-up baggage, and its maddened horses—rushing straight down on the frail vehicle with which it soon came in collision. It was at the moment when the light little affair was dashed to pieces, the stage rolling with a wild crash over the boy and girl, that De Quincey saw in their awe-struck faces that singular expression which he has described by the phrase, "A Vision of Sudden Death."

It requires some courage to intrude upon the literary domain of that great master, the "Opium Eater," and the comparison will prove dangerous; but a reader here and there may be interested in a *vision of sudden death* which I myself once saw in a human eye. On the occasion in question, a young, weak-minded, and timid person was instantaneously confronted, without premonition or suspicion of his danger, with the abrupt prospect of an ignominious death; and I think the great English writer would have considered my incident more stirring than his own.

* * * * *

There is a French proverb which declares that although you may know when you set out on a journey, you do not know when you will arrive. Those who journey through the fine land of memory are, of all travellers, the most ignorant upon that score, and are apt to become the most unconscionable vagarists. Memory refuses to recall one scene or incident without recalling also a hundred others which preceded or followed it. "You people," said John Randolph to a gentleman of an extensive clan, with which the eccentric orator was always at war, "you people all take up each other's quarrels. You are worse than a pile of fish-hooks. If I try to grasp one, I raise the whole bunch." To end my preface, and come to my little incident. I was sitting on my horse near General Stuart, who had put in the skirmishers, and was now superintending the fire of his artillery, when a cavalryman rode up and reported that they had just captured a deserter.

"Where is he?" was Stuart's brief interrogatory.

"Coming yonder, General."

"How do you know he is a deserter?"

"One of my company knew him when he joined our army."

"Where is he from?"

"_____ County."

And the man mentioned the name of a county of Western Virginia.

"What is his name?"

"M_____."

(I suppress the full name. Some mother's or sister's heart might be wounded.)

"Bring him up," said Stuart coldly, with a lowering glance from the blue eyes under the brown hat and black feather. As he spoke, two or three mounted men rode up with the prisoner.

I can see him at this moment with the mind's eye, as I saw him then with the material eye. He was a young man, apparently eighteen or nineteen years of age, and wore the blue uniform, tipped with red, of a private in the United States Artillery. The singular fact was that he appeared completely at his ease. He seemed to be wholly unconscious of the critical position which he occupied; and as he approached, I observed that he returned the dark glance of Stuart with the air of a man who says, "What do you find in my appearance to make you fix your eyes upon me so intently!" In another moment he was in Stuart's presence, and calmly, quietly, without the faintest exhibition of embarrassment, or any emotion whatever, waited to be addressed.

Stuart's words were curtest of the curt.

"Is this the man?" he said.

"Yes, General," replied one of the escort.

"You say he is a deserter?"

"Yes, sir; I knew him in ——— County, when he joined Captain ———'s company; and there is no sort of doubt about it, General, as he acknowledges that he is the same person."

"Acknowledges it!"

"Yes, sir; acknowledges that he is M———, from that county; and that after joining the South he deserted."

Stuart flashed a quick glance at the prisoner, and seemed at a loss to understand what fatuity had induced him to testify against himself—thereby sealing his fate. His gaze—clear, fiery, menacing—was returned by the youth with apathetic calmness. Not a muscle of his countenance moved, and I now had an opportunity to look at him more attentively. He was even younger than I at first thought him—indeed, a mere boy. His complexion was fair; his hair flaxen and curling; his eyes blue, mild, and soft in their expression as a girl's. Their expression, as they met the lowering glances

of Stuart, was almost confiding. I could not suppress a sigh—so painful was the thought that this youth would probably be lying soon with a bullet through his heart.

A kinder-hearted person than General Stuart never lived; but in all that appertained to his profession and duty as a soldier, he was inexorable. Desertion, in his estimation, was one of the deadliest crimes of which a human being could be guilty; and his course was plain—his resolution immovable.

"What is your name?" said the General coldly, with a lowering brow.

"M———, sir," was the response, in a mild and pleasing voice, in which it was impossible to discern the least trace of emotion.

"Where are you from?"

"I belonged to the battery that was firing at you, over yonder, sir."

The voice had not changed. A calmer tone I never heard.

"Where were you born?" continued Stuart, as coldly as before.

"In ———, Virginia, sir."

"Did you belong to the Southern Army at any time?"

"Yes, sir."

The coolness of the speaker was incredible. Stuart could only look at him for a moment in silence, so astonishing was this equanimity at a time when his life and death were in the balance. Not a tone of the voice, a movement of the muscles, or a tremor of the lip indicated consciousness of his danger. The eye never quailed, the colour of his cheek never faded. The prisoner acknowledged that he was a deserter from the Southern Army with the simplicity, candour, and calmness of one who saw in that fact nothing extraordinary, or calculated in any manner to affect his destiny unpleasantly. Stuart's eye flashed; he could not understand such apathy; but in war there is little time to investigate psychological phenomena.

"So you were in our ranks, and you went over to the enemy?" he said with a sort of growl.

"Yes, sir," was the calm reply.

"You were a private in that battery yonder?"

"Yes, sir."

Stuart turned to an officer, and pointing to a tall pine near, said in brief tones:

"Hang him on that tree!"

It was then that a change—sudden, awful, horrible—came over the face of the prisoner; at that moment I read in the distended eyeballs the "vision of sudden death." The youth became ghastly pale; and the eyes, before so vacant and apathetic, were all at once injected with blood, and full of piteous fright. I saw in an instant that the boy had not for a single moment realized the terrible danger of his position; and that the words "Hang him on that tree!" had burst upon him with the sudden and appalling force of a thunder-bolt. I have seen human countenances express every phase of agony; seen the writhing of the mortally wounded as their life-blood welled out, and the horror of the death-struggle fixed on the cold upturned faces of the dead; but never have I witnessed an expression more terrible and agonizing than that which passed over the face of the boy-deserter, as he thus heard his sentence. He had evidently regarded himself as a mere prisoner of war; and now he was condemned to death! He had looked forward, doubtless, to mere imprisonment at Richmond until regularly exchanged, when, "Hang him on that tree," burst upon his ears like the voice of some avenging Nemesis.

Terrible, piteous, sickening, was the expression of the boy's face. He seemed to feel already the rope around his neck; he choked; when he spoke his voice sounded like the death-rattle. An instant of horror-struck silence; a gasp or two as if the words were trying to force their way against some obstacle in his throat; then the sound came. His tones were not loud, impassioned, energetic, not even animated. A sick terror seemed to have frozen him; when he spoke it was in a sort of moan.

"I didn't know," he muttered in low, husky tones. "I never meant—when I went over to Maryland—to fight against the South. They made me; I had nothing to eat—I told them I was a Southerner—and so help me God, I never fired a shot. I was with the wagons. Oh! General, spare me; I never—"

There the voice died out; and as pale as a corpse, trem-

bling in every limb—a spectacle of helpless terror which no words can describe, the boy waited his doom.

Stuart had listened in silence, his gaze riveted on the speaker; his hand grasping his heavy beard; motionless amid the shell which were bursting around him. For an instant he seemed to hesitate—life and death were poised in the balances. Then with a cold look at the trembling deserter, he said to the men:

“Take him back to General Lee, and report the circumstances.”

With these words he turned and galloped off; the deserter was saved, at least for the moment.

I do not know his ultimate fate; but if he saw General Lee in person, and told his tale, I think he was spared. That great and merciful spirit inflicted the death-penalty only when he could not avoid it.

Since that day I have never seen the face of the boy—nor ever expect to see it. But I shall never forget that “vision of sudden death” in his distended eyes, as Stuart’s cold voice ordered, “Hang him on that tree!”

HOW BREATHED FOUGHT HIS GUN

From ‘Mohun.’ Used by kind permission of G. W. Dillingham and Company.

Two guns which had been firing on the enemy were still in battery on a hill; upon these a heavy Federal skirmish line was steadily moving; and beside the guns, Breathed and Fitzhugh Lee sat their horses, looking coolly at the advancing line.

“Give them a round of canister, Breathed!” exclaimed General Fitzhugh Lee.

Breathed obeyed, but the skirmish line continued bravely to advance. All at once, there appeared in the woods behind them, a regular line of battle advancing, with flag fluttering.

To remain longer on the hill was to lose the guns. The bullets were whizzing around us, and there was but one course left—to fall back.

“Take the guns off. Breathed!” exclaimed the general; “there is no time to lose! Join the command in the new position, farther down the road!”

Breathed looked decidedly unwilling.

"A few more rounds, general!"

And turning to the men, he shouted—

"Give them canister!"

At the word, the guns spouted flame, and the canister tore through the line of skirmishers, and the Federal line of battle behind; but it did not check them. They came on more rapidly and the air was full of balls.

"Look out for the guns, Breathed! Take them off!" exclaimed the general.

Breathed turned toward one of the pieces, and ordered:

"Limber to the rear!"

The order was quickly obeyed.

"Forward!"

The piece went off at a thundering gallop, pursued by bullets.

"Only a few more rounds, general!" pleaded Breathed. "I won't lose the guns!"

"All right!"

As he spoke, the enemy rushed upon the single gun.

Breathed replied by hurling canister in their faces. He sat his horse unflinchingly. Never had I seen a more superb soldier.

The enemy were nearly at the muzzle of the piece.

"Surrender!" they were heard shouting; "surrender the gun!"

Breathed's response was a roar, which hurled back the front rank.

Then, his form towering amid the smoke, his eyes flashing, his drawn sabre whirled above his head, Breathed shouted—

"Limber up!"

The cannoneers seized the trail; the horses wheeled at a gallop; the piece was limbered up; and the men rushed down the hill to mount their horses, left there.

Then around the gun seemed to open a volcano of flame. The Federal infantry were right on it. A storm of bullets cut the air. The drivers leaped from the horses drawing the piece, thinking its capture inevitable, and ran down the hill.

In an instant they had disappeared. The piece seemed in the hands of the enemy—indeed, they were almost touching it—a gun of the Stuart Horse Artillery for the first time was to be captured!

That thought seemed to turn Breathed into a giant. As the drivers disappeared, his own horse was shot under him, staggered, sunk, and rolled upon his rider. Breathed dragged himself from beneath the bleeding animal, rose to his feet, and rushing to the lead horses of the gun, leaped upon one of them, and struck them violently with his sabre to force them on.

As he did so the horse upon which he was mounted fell, pierced by a bullet through the body.

Breathed fell upon his feet, and, with the edge of his sabre, cut the two leaders out of the traces. He then leaped upon one of the middle horses—the gun being drawn by six—and started off.

He had not gone three paces, when the animal which he now rode fell dead in turn. Breathed rolled upon the ground, but rising to his feet, severed the dead animal and his companion from the piece, as he had done the leaders.

He then leaped upon one of the wheel-horses—these alone being now left—struck them furiously with his sabre—started at a thundering gallop down the hill—and pursued by a hail-storm of bullets, from which, as General Lee says in his report, “he miraculously escaped unharmed,” carried off the gun in safety and rejoined the cavalry, greeted by a rolling thunder of cheers.

Such was the manner in which Breathed fought his artillery, and the narrative is the barest and most simple statement of facts.

Breathed came out of the war a lieutenant-colonel only. Napoleon would have made him a marshal.

BAND IN THE PINE WOOD

Oh! band in the pine wood, cease,
Cease with your splendid call
The living are brave and noble
But the dead were the bravest of all.

They throng to the martial summons,
The loud triumphant strain
And the dear bright eyes of long dead friends
Come to the heart again.

They come with the ringing bugle,
And the deep drum's mellow roar,
And the heart is faint with longing
For the hand it will clasp no more.

Oh! band in the pine wood, cease,
Or the heart will melt in tears
For the gallant eyes, and the smiling lips,
And voices of old years.

A SIGH FOR ENGLAND

If I could choose this golden morn
Of summer when the days are long,
My music, I would listen to
The English skylark's song.

If I could see what more than all
In the wide world I long to see,
Give me the English sunshine dashed
On castle, tower or tree.

Only to tread where Shakespeare trod,
Only to see the daisies grow,
Only to hear in English trees
The wind's talk, soft and low.

But swiftly fly the passing years,
And all is but a dream at best;
I dream of the dear English fields
To waken in the West.

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE

[1816—1850]

F. V. N. PAINTER

TOO often the light of genius is early extinguished by the tomb. The promise given by early achievements is never to be realized; and we deplore a loss without ever understanding its nature or extent. This truth finds exemplification in the literary annals of every country; and the life of Philip Pendleton Cooke affords us another melancholy illustration. Before his gifts had reached their full maturity, and before he could carry out a moiety of the literary schemes of his fertile mind, he was suddenly taken away.

Philip Pendleton Cooke, the eldest of a family of thirteen children, was born in Martinsburg, Virginia, October 16, 1816. He belonged to a family characterized by intellectual vigor. For forty years his father practised in the courts of Virginia with distinction; and his uncle, General Philip St. George Cooke, wrote the "Conquest of New Mexico and California," a historic episode, in which he had taken an honorable part. His younger brother, John Esten Cooke, was one of the foremost novelists and biographers of the Old Dominion.

Philip entered Princeton College at the age of fifteen. He did not distinguish himself as a student; for his fondness for outdoor sports allured him from his books, and the old English poets, particularly Chaucer and Spenser, had more charms for him than Latin and mathematics. But four years later he obtained his degree; and though he was probably deficient in his knowledge of his text-books, he brought away with him a literary taste and literary attainments far beyond his years.

While he was at Princeton the impulse of poetry laid hold upon him. In the *Knickerbocker Magazine* for July, 1833, we find, under the pseudonym of *Frank Beverly*, his "Song of the Sioux Lovers." It is, to be sure, a juvenile performance; yet it is far above the reach of most sophomores. Here is the first stanza, which certainly has a dashing rhythm:

Gay sunlight is dancing
O'er forest and glen;
And the bright beams are kissing
My steed's silver mane;

As he strikes the green heather,
 Oh, wild is his neigh,
 Impatient, Azula,
 To bear thee away.

His father was now living at "Glengary," a beautiful estate near Winchester. Here the young graduate entered upon the study of law; but, in spite of many good resolutions, he never gave to his profession a whole-hearted service. The fields and woods of the Valley of the Shenandoah had more attractions for his sensitive, poetic nature than had the formidable pages of Blackstone. In an unpublished letter, written in 1841, he says, in seeming recognition of his delinquencies, "I go this day to the serious study of the law . . . I make from this out a dead set at the law, and *I will* do my duty."

There was another distraction in the early pursuit of the law. He was in love with an accomplished young lady, Miss Anne Tayloe Burwell, whom he married before he reached the age of twenty-one. The union was a singularly happy one. He was a man of domestic tastes and strong affections. Not long after his marriage he made his home at "The Vineyard," in Clarke County, where he delighted in his flowers, fruit trees, poultry yard, and congenial hunting companions. "I am blessed in my fireside," he wrote, "here on the banks of the Shenandoah, in view and within a mile of the Blue Ridge; I go to county towns at the sessions of the courts, and hunt, and fish, and make myself as happy with my companions as I can."

An unpublished letter, dated at "The Vineyard" in 1849, gives us a glimpse of his warm filial affection and fond parental price. Speaking of his mother, he exclaims, "God bless her! How my heart fills with warm affections when I think of her; and how I recall the old-time scenes! Her face, with the twinkle of the eyes, and that liberal mouth of hers, so expressive of the fun of which she was full, is as clearly before me as if she was bodily present. It gives me a great deal of pleasure to catch lurking in the faces of my children a likeness here and there to her; sometimes Pen looks wonderfully like her—I mean, of course, in expression."

During all these years of love-making, legal practice, and gay hunting-parties, the love of literature and the impulse of authorship did not leave him. From time to time he made notable contributions both in prose and verse to the periodicals of that day, and in particular to the *Southern Literary Messenger*. But too often he was satisfied with the inner enjoyment of poetic inspiration; and many a beautiful conception of his prolific mind never flowered into realization. "Procrastination," he once wrote to a friend, "is a poison of my very marrow. Moreover, since the 'first wisping of the leaf,'

my whole heart has been in the woods and on the waters—every rising sun that could be seen *I have seen*, and I never come in from my sport until too much used up to do more than adopt this epitaph of Sardanapalus—Eat, drink, etc.”

His hunting associates hardly formed a congenial atmosphere for the development of his literary gifts. As a rule, they were far more prosaic in temperament, and entertained an ill-disguised contempt for his poetic pursuits. “What do you think of a friend of mine,” he once humorously wrote, “a most valuable, and worthy, and hard-riding one, saying gravely to me a short time ago, ‘I wouldn’t waste time on a d—d thing like poetry; you might make yourself, with your sense and judgment, a useful man in settling neighborhood disputes and differences.’” Though he could smile at this prosaic limitation, it may well be doubted whether he was able to escape entirely its chilling effect.

His earliest noteworthy production was a series of articles on “English Poetry” that he contributed under the *nom de plume* of *Larry Lyle* to the *Southern Literary Messenger*, in 1835. He was then nineteen years old; and the essays exhibited a remarkable knowledge and maturity of thought. He delighted in the early English poets; and in these articles he dwells fondly on Chaucer and Spenser. He closes the series with Robert Burns; and though he gives due recognition to the other Scottish bards, he declares that “Robin of Ayr had the richest song of them all.”

He wrote a number of stories in prose for the *Southern Literary Messenger*—that magazine which before the war was at once a stimulus and repository for the best literary productions of the South. The best of these stories, which may still be read with interest, are “John Carper, the Hunter of Lost River,” “Two Country Houses,” “The Gregories of Hackwood,” and “The Crime of Andrew Blair.” These stories, each extending through two or three numbers of the magazine, are characterized by graphic description, clear-cut delineation of character, and poetic sympathy with the beauties of nature.

It was during this earlier period that the best known of his lyrics were produced. “Life in the Autumn Woods,” which first appeared in the *Southern Literary Messenger* for December, 1843, is of special interest, not only for its fine poetic quality, but also for the light it throws on the writer’s spirit. He was singing from the heart and voicing a hundred experiences in the following lines:

“What passionate
And wild delight is in the proud swift chase!
Go out what time the lark, at heaven’s red gate,
Soars joyously singing—quite infuriate

With the high pride of his place;
 What time the unrisen sun arrays the morning
 In its first bright adorning.

* * * * *

"Urge your swift horse
 After the crying hounds in this fresh hour—
 Vanquish high hills—stem perilous streams perforce—
 Where the glades ope, give free wings to your course—
 And you will know the power
 Of the brave chase—and how, of griefs the sorest,
 A cure is in the forest."

But it was not merely the excitement of the chase that wooed him, but a deep love of nature—a spirit sensitive to all the mystical charms of wood and field. So he wrote in the same poem:

"I love the woods
 In this best season of the liberal year;
 I love to haunt the whispering solitudes,
 And give myself to melancholy moods,
 With no intruder near;
 And find strange lessons, as I sit and ponder,
 On every natural wonder."

Among his other choicest lyrics are "Rosalie Lee," "The Death of Arnold Winkelried," "To My Daughter Lily," and "Florence Vane." The last is the most widely known of all his songs. Though purely a romance of the writer's imagination, it breathes a sincerity and pathos that have made it one of the favorite lyrical productions of Virginia. The poet himself did not esteem it very highly, and its success came to him as a gratifying surprise. In an unpublished letter, dated at Martinsburg, 1841, he writes to his father: "Tell Mary [his sister] that the little piece of verse, 'Florence Vane,' that I wrote two years ago, is getting me an amusing reputation among the ladies far and near. Hewitt, the Baltimore composer, is about to set it to music, Russell *has* done so in New York; it has been published in a volume of select American poetry, and, last, three persons, male and female, left here two days ago for Ohio and Kentucky, carrying each a copy of it. It was a lucky little bark, and the winds and waters have been favorable to it. I, who built it, however, know that it was no great thing, and that I can build a better any day. I think I will write some more of these little pieces this winter."

In an unpublished letter dated "The Vineyard," 1849, he tells of a little incident connected with this poem. "I received a day or

two ago," he says, "a letter from a stranger, the postmaster of a town in the further edge of Ohio, informing me that his wife had presented him with a daughter—and that he had called the little hussy after the heroine of my 'exquisite and touching' poem, Florence Vane, and requesting that I would send a copy of the poem in my own handwriting, that my autograph might go to her (for the future honor and glory doubtless) with the name. This is something akin to having a county in the backwoods called after one."

In 1847, at the solicitation of his cousin and friend, John P. Kennedy, our author collected his verse in a volume entitled 'Froissart Ballads and Other Poems.' The origin of the ballad portion of the volume, as explained in the preface, is found in the lines of an old Roman poet:

"A certain freak has got into my head,
Which I can't conquer for the life of me,
Of taking up some history little read
Or known, and writing it in poetry."

There are five ballads, two of which, "The Master of Bolton" and "Geoffrey Têtenoire," are original inventions. The remaining three are from old Froissart, "and as faithful to the text," says the author, "as the necessities of the verse permitted me to make them." "The Master of Bolton," the longest of the ballads, is written in easy octo-syllabic verse, after the manner of Scott's "Lady of the Lake." The rest follow old ballad measures, and all glide "onward with the musical flow of the Opequon, on whose banks the poet so frequently paused to gaze on the enchanting landscape." A few lines from "The Master of Bolton" will serve for illustration:

"Attended by her happy hours,
The maiden May walks garlanded;
The earth is beautiful with flowers,
And birds are jocund overhead.
Wide valleys, verdant from the showers,
By fertile cares of April shed,
Give promise to the hungry towers
Of summer fruits and autumn bread."

The "Froissart Ballads" were well received by the critics, but the book did not have a wide circulation. The author's own estimate is an interesting bit of criticism, which is not very far from the truth. "They are not," he says, "in the high key of a man warm with his subject, and doing the thing finely; I wrote them with the reluctance

of a turkey-hunter kept from his sport—only Mr. Kennedy's earnest entreaty and remonstrance whipped me up to the labor." Again he wrote: "I have stuck to the ordinary level, and have endeavored to write interesting stories in verse, with grace and spirit. I repeat my fear that in writing for the cold, I have failed to touch the quick and warm—in writing for a dozen hunting comrades, who have been in the habit of making my verse a *post prandium* entertainment, and never endured an audacity of thought or word, I have tamed myself out of your approbation."

The end of this interesting and gifted life came prematurely and unexpectedly. During a winter day's sport in hunting the poet contracted pneumonia; and after a very brief illness he passed away January 20, 1850, lamented not only by his neighbors and comrades, but also by the much larger circle of friends that his writings had made for him. His death interrupted the serial romance "The Chevalier Merlin," the first chapters of which had appeared in the *Southern Literary Messenger*. It was regarded at the time as a work of rich promise; and Edgar A. Poe declared that "it was less a novel than a poem, and that no one but Mr. Cooke could have written it."

It was a defect or a merit in our author's character that he was unmoved by ambition. Was it a censurable love of ease, or a clear recognition of the vanity of fame? In either case, as a beautiful result, his heart remained untouched by envy. In a letter to his friend John R. Thompson, the editor of the *Messenger*, he says delightfully: "I look upon these matters serenely, and will treat renown as Sir Thomas Moore advises concerning guests—welcome its coming when it cometh, hinder not with oppressive eagerness when it goeth. Furthermore, I am of the temper to look placidly upon the profile of this same renown, if, instead of stopping, it went by to take up with another, therefore, it would not ruffle me to see you win the honors of Southern letters away from me." With this expression of a large generous spirit we leave our author, whose personality was as pleasing as his intellectual gifts were varied and admirable.

F. V. A. Painter.

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FLORENCE VANE

All selections are from 'Froissart Ballads and Other Poems.'

I loved thee long and dearly,
 Florence Vane;
 My life's bright dream, and early,
 Hath come again;
 I renew, in my fond vision,
 My heart's dear pain,
 My hope, and thy derision,
 Florence Vane.

The ruin lone and hoary,
 The ruin old,
 Where thou didst hark my story,
 At even told—
 That spot—the hues Elysian
 Of sky and plain—
 I treasure in my vision,
 Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
 In their prime;
 Thy voice excelled the closes
 Of sweetest rhyme;
 Thy heart was as a river
 Without a main.
 Would I had loved thee never,
 Florence Vane!

But, fairest, coldest wonder!
 Thy glorious clay
 Lieth the green sod under—
 Alas the day!

And it boots not to remember
 Thy disdain—
 To quicken love's pale ember,
 Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley
 By young graves weep,
 The pansies love to dally
 Where maidens sleep;
 May their bloom, in beauty vying,
 Never wane
 Where thine earthly part is lying,
 Florence Vane!

YOUNG ROSALIE LEE

I love to forget ambition,
 And hope, in the mingled thought
 Of valley, and wood, and meadow,
 Where, whilome, my spirit caught
 Affection's holiest breathings—
 Where under the skies, with me
 Young Rosalie roved, aye drinking
 From joy's bright Castaly.

I think of the valley, and river,
 Of the old wood bright with blossoms;
 Of the pure and chastened gladness
 Upspringing in our bosoms.
 I think of the lonely turtle
 So tongued with melancholy;
 Of the hue of the drooping moonlight,
 And the starlight pure and holy.

Of the beat of a heart most tender,
 The sigh of a shell-tinct lip
 As soft as the land-tones wandering
 Far leagues over ocean deep;
 Of a step as light in its falling
 On the breast of the bended lee
 As the fall of the faery moonlight
 On the leaf of yon tulip tree.

I think of these—and the murmur
 Of birds and katydid,
 Whose home is the graveyard cypress,
 Whose goblet the honey-reed.
 And then I weep! for Rosalie
 Has gone to her early rest;
 And the green-lipped reed and the daisy
 Suck sweets from her maiden breast.

TO MY DAUGHTER LILY

Six changeful years are gone, Lily,
 Since you were born, to be
 A darling to your mother good,
 A happiness to me;
 A little, shivering, feeble thing
 You were to touch and view,
 But we could see a promise in
 Your baby eyes of blue.

You fastened on our hearts, Lily,
 As day by day wore by,
 And beauty grew upon your cheeks,
 And deepened in your eye;
 A year made dimples in your hands,
 And plumped your little feet,
 And you had learned some merry ways
 Which we thought very sweet.

And when the first sweet word, Lily,
 Your wee mouth learned to say,
 Your mother kissed it fifty times,
 And marked the famous day.
 I know not even now, my dear,
 If it were quite a word,
 But your proud mother surely knew,
 For she the sound had heard.

When you were four years old, Lily—
 You were my little friend,
 And we had walks, and nightly plays,
 And talks without an end.

You little ones are sometimes wise,
For you are undefiled;
A grave, grown man will start to hear
The strange words of a child.

When care pressed on our house, Lily—
Pressed with an iron hand—
I hated mankind for the wrong
Which festered in the land;
But when I read your young frank face—
Its meanings, sweet and good,
My charities grew clear again,
I felt my brotherhood.

And sometimes it would be, Lily,
My faith in God grew cold,
For I saw virtue go in rags,
And vice in cloth of gold;
But in your innocence, my child,
And in your mother's love,
I learned those lessons of the heart
Which fasten it above.

At last our cares are gone, Lily,
And peace is back again,
As you have seen the sun shine out
After the gloomy rain;
In the good land where we were born,
We may be happy still,
A life of love will bless our home—
The house upon the hill.

Thanks to your gentle face, Lily!
Its innocence was strong
To keep me constant to the right,
When tempted by the wrong.
The little ones were dear to Him
Who died upon the Rood—
I ask His gentle care for you,
And for your mother good.

LIFE IN THE AUTUMN WOODS

Summer has gone!
 And fruitful autumn has advanced so far,
 That there is warmth, not heat, in the broad sun,
 And you may look with steadfast gaze upon
 The ardours of his car;
 The stealthy frosts, whom his spent looks embolden,
 Are making the green leaves golden.

What a brave splendour
 Is in the October air! How rich and clear—
 How life-full, and all joyous! We must render
 Love to the Spring-time, with its sproutings tender,
 As to a child quite dear—
 But autumn is a noon, prolonged, of glory—
 A manhood not yet hoary.

I love the woods
 In this best season of the liberal year;
 I love to haunt their whispering solitudes,
 And give myself to melancholy moods,
 With no intruder near;
 And find strange lessons, as I sit and ponder,
 In every natural wonder.

But not alone
 As Shakespeare's melancholy courtier loved Ardennes,
 Love I the autumn forest; and I own
 I would not oft have mused as he, but flown
 To hunt with Amiens—
 And little recked, as up the bold deer bounded,
 Of the sad creature wounded.

That gentle knight,
 Sir William Wortley, weary of his part,
 In painted poms, which he could read aright,
 Built Warncliffe lodge—for that he did delight
 To hear the belling hart.
 It was a gentle taste, but its sweet sadness
 Yields to the hunter's madness.

What passionate
And wild delight is in the proud swift chase!
Go out what time the lark, at heaven's red gate,
Soars joyously singing—quite infuriate
 With the high pride of his place;
What time the unrisen sun arrays the morning
 In its first bright adorning.

Hark the shrill horn—
As sweet to hear as any clarion—
Piercing with silver call the ear of morn;
And mark the steeds, stout Curtal, and Tophorn,
 And Greysteil, and the Don—
Each one of them his fiery mood displaying
 With pawing and with neighing.

Urge your swift horse
After the crying hounds in this fresh hour—
Vanquish high hills—stem perilous streams perforce—
Where the glades ope give free wings to your course—
 And you will know the power
Of the brave chase—and how of griefs the sorest,
 A cure is in the forest.

Or stalk the deer:
The same red fires of dawn illumine the hills,
The gladdest sounds are crowding on your ear,
There is a life in all the atmosphere—
 Your very nature fills
With the fresh hour, as up the hills aspiring,
 You climb with limbs untiring.

It is a fair
And pleasant sight, to see the mountain stag,
With the long sweep of his swift walk, repair
To join his brothers; or the plethoric bear
 Lying on some high crag,
With pinky eyes half closed, but broad head shaking,
 As gad-flies keep him waking.

And these you see,
 And, seeing them, you travel to their death,
 With a slow stealthy step from tree to tree—
 Noting the wind, however faint it be;
 The hunter draws a breath
 In times like these, which he will say repays him
 For all the care that waylays him.

A strong joy fills—
 A rapture far beyond the tongue's cold power—
 My heart in golden autumn fills and thrills!
 And I would rather stalk the breezy hills—
 Descending to my bower
 Nightly by the bold spirit of health attended—
 Than pine where life is splendid.

GEOFFREY TÊTENOIRE

The Lady Jane, with urgent train,
 Comes trooping into Paris:
 Her milk-white mule seems very proud
 Beneath the load he carries—
 And, reason good, for fairer dame,
 Than lovely Lady Jane,
 Is not beneath the Norman lands
 And mountain line of Spain.

The Lady Jane of Ventadore
 Is irritant of mood,
 The dame is but a fugitive
 Before a robber rude;
 Têtenoire, the Free Companion,
 Is master of her lands
 And castle strong, by hardy wrong,
 And holds them with his bands.

Thus is it that the Lady Jane
 Comes trooping into Paris—
 Reining the little mule, so proud
 Beneath the load he carries.

Here may she be at liberty,
And wisely meditate,
The wrong which she has undergone
In pride, and in estate.

The countess came at June's sweet end,
And, on an autumn day,
The County Gaston sought her side,
His suit of love to pay :
"For thy dear love, all price above,
And for thy hand so fair,
If win I may, sweet lady, say,
What service shall I dare?"

The yielding dame made answer then :
"The whisper of a lute
Were not so dear a sound to hear
As this thy gentle suit.
But, like the dame who bade her lord
Leap down and win her glove
From forth a lion's jaws, I bind
A service to thy love.

"Five years I dwelt, a widow lorn,
In castle Ventadore ;
Têtenoire the Breton drove me forth,
And wronged me much and sore ;
If thou wilt slay the robber vile,
And bring his head to me,
I freely vow, Sir Count, that thou
Shalt have my hand for fee."
* * * * *

It was the County Gaston
Drew on to Ventadore,
His men-at-arms behind him,
His trumpeters before ;
And by his side did proudly ride
Sir Anthony Bonlance,
A sweet Parisian gentleman
Of dainty countenance.

Between St. Flour and Ventadore,
 Fair in a forest glade,
 The county rides, at stately pace,
 Before his cavalcade.
 The autumn leaves, the count perceives,
 Have caught a beauty rare,
 As if the rays of lovely days
 Had been entangled there.

And the near hills are ringing
 With merry songs and sweet—
 The birds are piping merrily
 The early day to greet:
 The early day, for on their way
 As forth the riders pass,
 The sparkling dews, which night renews,
 Are bright on tree and grass.

Some gentle praise of nature
 The gallant count was saying,
 When he was ware of horsemen near—
 He heard their chargers neighing.
 And then he spurred his good steed up
 A near acclivity,
 From whose broad top a loving eye
 A lovely land might see.

But not upon the beauty rare
 Of that most lovely land,
 The county gazed—beyond the hill
 He saw an armèd band:
 A band, I ween, fair to be seen,
 Of mail-clad cavaliers,
 Holding their way, in close array,
 With sunlit helmets and spears.

Lord Gaston's hand waved brief command,
 And straight an Auvergne guide
 Obeyed his signal, from the troop,
 And galloped to his side.

"Now who be they on yonder way?
Look freely and declare."
Whereto the guide in haste replied,
"The man you seek is there.

"For mark you not the litter borne
Amidst the armèd band?
They call it Geoffrey's battle-horse
In all this southern land.
The robber bold is waxing old,
And therefore travels so."
Then said the lord, "By my good sword!
I joy so much to know."

And now he wheels his champing steed,
And hurries from the height,
And joins his willing men-at-arms,
And orders them aright.
"The enemy rides here," quoth he,
"Beneath us on the plain,
In bold array, athwart our way,
His castle hold to gain."

Têtenoire was wending on his route,
So in his litter borne,
When, from the wooded heights above,
Rang out a bugle horn.
And with the sound, shaking the ground,
Rushed down the charging horse—
With level spears, the cavaliers
Came thundering on their course.

Grim Geoffrey raised his head and gazed,
Expectant of the shock,
And laughed to see its fury break
Like sea-foam on a rock.
"These lords," quoth he, right scornfully,
"Misjudge me overmuch,
They pounce as if my eagle brood
Were quarries for their clutch."

And then his dark, keen eye did mark
 Lord Gaston's haughty crest,
 Where, chafed and baffled, to and fro
 He rode amongst the rest.
 Intent the gallant county seemed
 To rally back his host,
 Like one whose courage would regain
 Some rose of honour lost.

"Give me a cross-bow in my hand,
 And place a bolt therein"—
 Grim Geoffrey said—"and bend the bow,
 And let the bolt be keen."
 And then he scanned the county's band,
 And bade his own hold place—
 A perilous smile was fierce the while
 Upon his ancient face.

As leant he on his litter's side,
 An old and feeble man,
 With raven locks so wonderful
 Above his visage wan,
 And peered with keen and ferret eyes—
 So subtil in their guile—
 You would have said a common wrath
 Was kinder than his smile.

He raised the cross-bow to his aim,
 And then with sudden twang,
 The bolt flew forth, and angrily
 Upon its journey sang.
 The sharp bolt flew so swift, and true,
 That, ere a man might speak,
 It smote the County Gaston
 Betwixt the eye and cheek.

Ah, ill betide the bowyer's craft,
 That shaped that bolt so true!
 And ill betide the heart of pride,
 From whose fierce will it flew!

The county tottered on his horse,
His brain span round and round,
And then he lost his rein, and fell
A dead man to the ground.

Sir Anthony scarce stayed to see
The County Gaston slain,
But turned to face the homeward hill,
And urged his horse amain.
Now, by my troth, Sir Anthony
Will surely win the race!
His knighthood claims, and holds, the van—
Behind him bursts the chase.

Old Geoffrey in his litter lies,
And marks his armèd men
Come trooping back, in scattered groups,
To win his side again.
“Now who be these—our enemies—
Who dare abroad to ride,
For foolish enterprise of arms,
In this our country-side?”

In answer to his master's quest,
A griesly wight and strong
Came leading, through the merry crowd, .
A captive, by a thong.
Lashed like a hound—his fine arms bound—
Came pale Sir Anthony.
The hapless plight of that fine knight
Was very sad to see.

“This gentleman”—his captor said—
“Was riding with the rest,
And, yea indeed! he led the race—
His charger was the best.
But as he rode so terribly
Upon his dapple gray,
The good beast stumbled at a ditch
And left him by the way.”

Sir Anthony is tremulous,
 For he is troubled sore:
 Right awful are the icy looks,
 Of him of Ventadore.
 Quoth Geoffrey, "Speak the truth, and show
 What errand brought you here."
 And, quaking, Sir Anthony
 Made all the truth appear.

"Who seeks my head had well beware,"
 The Breton sternly said,
 "Lest, groping in the lion's den,
 He lose his own instead."
 Then, lowering darkly on the knight,
 He deigned to say no more,
 But bade his trumpets lead the way
En route for Ventadore.

* * * * *

In a proud hall Parisian,
 With jewels quite a-blaze,
 The Countess Jane was leading down
 The stately Polonaise,
 When, like a discord, in the midst
 Of music proud, and dance,
 In way-worn plight, stalked in the knight
 Sir Anthony Bonlance.

His beard defiled, his locks so wild,
 His garb in disarray—
 Ah! can it be Sir Anthony,
 Who went so proud away?
 A servitor behind him glides,
 And bears, as all may see,
 A little casket, richly wrought
 Of gold and ebony.

"I bought my freedom at a price,"
 So said the haggard knight,
 "Dearer than gold in red marks told—
 And I must pay aright .

That ransom now, or break a vow
Wherewith my soul is bound."
His sad, dark mien, and words, I ween,
Have hushed the music's sound.

He came before the Countess Jane—
Forlorn Sir Anthony!
And muttered, "I am sworn to bear
This casket unto thee."
So said the haggard knight, and placed
The casket in her hands;
And she, in marvel at his words,
Unclasped the golden bands.

Ah! God and all good saints support
The stricken Lady Jane!
Within is County Gaston's head—
A bow-bolt in the brain!
She lost the casket from her hands—
Out rolled the gory head—
And Lady Jane, with wandering arms,
Fell down as fall the dead.

* * * * *

A convent crowns a gentle hill
Above the bounding Rhône,
And to its shades, for health of soul,
The Countess Jane is gone:
A sister of that holy house,
Her griefs of earth are dead—
But, in her dreams, the sister sees
A casket and a head.

DAVID CROCKETT

[1786—1836]

JAMES M. GRAINGER

DAVID CROCKETT was born near Limestone, now in Greene County, Tennessee, on August 17, 1786. He was the fifth son of John Crockett, an Irish farmer from Pennsylvania, who had married a country woman of American parentage, from near Baltimore, and moved, about the beginning of the Revolutionary War, into that wild savage-infested section of North Carolina, which is now East Tennessee. When David was about seven his improvident father settled as a poor tavern-keeper on the old stage-road in Jefferson County. David's life here as a boy, doing odd jobs about the place, acquainted him with all sorts of people, and tended to develop his self-reliance. At twelve he ran away from home to escape a whipping from his irate father for fighting and for "playing hookey" from school, after only four days' attendance. He roamed about the country for three years, making his living by helping teamsters and traders. He travelled with them as far north as Baltimore. When he finally found his way back home, he was a wild lad of fifteen, and quite capable of taking care of himself.

The boy's heart was so touched by the feeling welcome with which the family, who had given him up for dead, received him, that he settled down to help his poor father out of debt. He worked a year for neighbors to pay off two debts amounting to seventy-six dollars. Then he set to work to furnish himself with clothes. The handsome, ruddy lad had an engaging dash of manner and a wider knowledge of the world than most of his rustic associates. This, with an amount of irrepressible fun, made him a great favorite at all the country frolics. Naturally he soon found himself in love and desirous of getting married, though only eighteen, and unable to read or write. Though his first love affair ended in his disappointment, it had its effect in awakening him to the real need of an education.

Concerning his schooling Crockett had occasion to speak later in life, when he came in contact with college-bred men on his tour to the East. He told them, "I never had but six months' schooling in all my life," and that "as far as my learnin' went, I would stand over it and spell a strive or two with any of them, from a-b ab

to *crucifix*, which was where I left off at school." He attended school six months, working two days out of each week to pay for board and schooling. "In this time," he says, "I learned to read a little in my primer, to write my own name, and to cipher some in the first three rules in figures, and this was all the schooling I ever had. . . . I should have continued longer if it hadn't been that I concluded I couldn't do any longer without a wife; and so I cut out to hunt me one."

In 1804 he succeeded in getting married, and settled down to farming rented land in the neighborhood of his home. After a few years of this, finding, as he says, "I was better at increasing my family than my fortune," he made his first move westward to set up for himself on the newly established frontier. He moved, with his wife and two children, to Lincoln County, near the Alabama border of middle Tennessee, in which place and the adjoining county of Franklin they lived until the close of the War of 1812. During these years he pieced out the meager livelihood he wrested from Nature as farmer and hunter, by serving under General Jackson as a scout in the Creek War and in the famous Florida Campaign. In 1815 Crockett's wife succumbed to the rigors of frontier life and died. He soon married again, however, and moved again still farther west into Giles County. Love for frontier life was a ruling passion in Crockett's life. It carried him at each change in his life farther and farther west, keeping him always in the advance guard of civilization.

In this new settlement Crockett began the political career which was to lead him into national fame. Being already elected a magistrate in the crude provisional government improvised by the better element of the settlers in this new country, he was soon afterward legally appointed justice of the peace. In order to keep the legal records and draw up the documents connected with the court, he had to learn to write, though now thirty years old. Concerning his conduct of this office he writes: "My judgments were never appealed from, and if they had been, they would have stuck like wax, as I gave my decisions on the principles of common justice and honesty between man and man, and relied not on law learning; for I had never read a page in a law-book in my life."

Crockett soon afterward became a candidate for the State Legislature. He won the election over his more learned opponent largely through the popularity which he gained by telling amusing anecdotes on the stump. While he was at Nashville, serving his first term in the Legislature, a freshet at home destroyed a combination grist mill, powder mill, and distillery, which he had gone deeply in debt to build. Crockett was financially ruined. Once more, with inspiring fortitude, he set out, after the Legislature adjourned, to move still

farther west and start anew in a new country. He settled with his family in what is now Crockett County, but was then a wilderness section of West Tennessee. Game being plentiful here, he won the necessities of life by his skill as a hunter, and had a great many thrilling experiences, some of which he afterward related in his famous bear tales. He also engaged in farming and in some lumbering enterprises on the Mississippi River, which, like practically all of his business ventures, proved absolute failures. Such failures throughout his life, together with his free, generous and almost prodigal nature, kept him always poor.

Crockett was sent back to the State Legislature from this new section. In 1827, having attracted some notice, he was elected to the United States Congress through the influence of Andrew Jackson, under whom he had seen military service. At Washington he became notorious for his eccentricities of dress and manner; but his gift of telling humorous anecdotes, his readiness at retort in debate, his hard common sense, and his consistent independence, gained him the attention and respect of the entire country. "I would sooner be honestly and politically damned," he said, "than hypocritically immortalized"; and finding it against his principles longer to support the man who brought about his election, in time he turned Jackson's most outspoken enemy. Consequently, when election day came around again in 1829, the Jackson machine defeated him. Two years later, however, he was reelected in spite of Jackson.

Soon after his return to Washington, his interesting personality made him the victim of a literary enterprise. An anonymous book entitled 'Sketches and Eccentricities of Colonel David Crockett' appeared in 1834, without Crockett's approval. Finding himself thus exploited in literature, with many false statements not greatly to his credit and without financial benefit to himself, Crockett, who was now nearly fifty years old, entered an entirely new field of activity: he set to work to write the story of his own life. "It is to correct all these false notions," he says in his preface, "and to do justice to myself that I have written." 'The Life of David Crockett,' by himself, was published in 1834, and immediately won immense popularity. In 1835 this book was followed by 'An Account of Colonel Crockett's Tour to the North and Down East.' His 'Life of Martin Van Buren, Heir Apparent to the Government,' followed the same year; and the 'Exploits in Texas' soon afterward. Within two years Crockett had written and published, in the intervals of a life busied with other affairs, four books on widely different topics, which, though confessedly deficient in literary qualities, make a considerable contribution to our understanding of the times. Using the vernacular as he did, perforce, he blazed the way, here in literature as in the

wilderness, for a whole school of American humorists who have since followed that way. Such was the surprising feat of a man who at thirty-five had barely been able to write enough English to draw up the simple documents of a justice's court. At forty-eight he produced books which gained him the ear of an enlightened nation.

Crockett's literary achievement furnishes a telling comment on two great facts in American life: the wonderful adaptability of the typical backwoods pioneer, and the immense educative value of a political career in our State and National capitals. It must be remembered that the period during which Crockett served as a legislator was one of profound national unrest, in which most of the great movements that have since occupied the minds of the American people had their origin. In all these matters David Crockett evinced deep interest; and though fresh from the backwoods and practically without formal education, he showed a remarkable grasp of the fundamental principles underlying them all. Receptive and eager to learn, he came daily into association with such men as Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, his particular hero, and James K. Polk. In accordance with his famous maxim, "Be sure you're right and then go ahead," he conscientiously refused to vote on any question before the House until he understood it thoroughly. For a pupil with Crockett's nature, what better school could one ask? Little wonder that, with a flood of important questions before him daily, this ignorant but shrewd and adaptable backwoodsman should suddenly have grown into a great man.

The importance to which Crockett had now grown as a national figure in politics and as a menace to the party in power is evidenced by the determined concentration of the Jackson influence to secure Crockett's defeat at the next election in 1835. Particularly his 'Life of Van Buren,' by its abuse of Jackson's chosen successor, roused Crockett's enemies to a determination to be rid of him. Accordingly, in spite of immense popularity at home, he failed of reelection. He became so disheartened in regard to the condition of national politics that he concluded to withdraw. He would make one more move westward, and go to fight for the cause of freedom in behalf of the struggling Texans. He bade farewell to his home and country in an artless but feeling attempt at poetry, of which the last stanza is as follows:

"Farewell to my country! I fought for thee well,
When the savage rushed forth like the demons from hell,
In peace or in war I have stood by thy side—
My country, for thee I have lived—would have died!

But I am cast off, my career now is run,
And I wander abroad like the prodigal son
Where the wild savage roves, and the broad prairies spread,
The fallen, despised—will again go ahead."

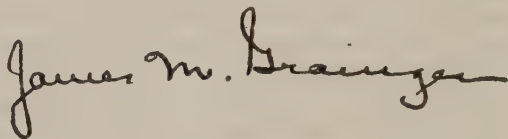
Leaving his wife and family at home in West Tennessee, he travelled leisurely down the Mississippi by boat, and across country on horseback, gathering as he went a small band of followers around him, and writing a diary of his journey. This diary constituted the basis of his 'Exploits in Texas.' After arriving at San Antonio de Bexar and allying himself and his little band with the struggling Texans, he perished, as is well known, in the famous defence of "The Alamo," on March 6, 1836, a martyr to the cause of freedom.

Crockett wrote his 'Life' while at the height of his political career, with no other purpose than to tell the plain truth about himself. While the grammar of the book is naturally that of the Tennessee backwoodsman, its language strikes straight for the mark, is alive with figures of speech drawn from frontier life, and is free from effort or affectation. The freshness and naturalness of the book, both in style and subject, accord perfectly with the frank, open nature of the writer. The humor springs spontaneously from the man's keen sense of fun and love for a laugh. Indeed, the air of perfect simplicity with which he relates some of his most amusing incidents often raises a question in one's mind whether much of the humor is not at least half-unconscious. "Go ahead," Crockett's famous motto, occurs at every turn in the narrative, and expresses admirably, as nothing else could, the spirit of this book describing his life. This is the most interesting of Crockett's books, and in many ways the best he wrote.

In his second book Crockett recounts the incidents of a tour through the Northern States, which he took during his last term as a Member of Congress. He describes the enthusiastic receptions tendered him in all the large cities by the Whig clubs, which admired him for his outspoken opposition to Jackson's policy. He quotes in full his speeches on these occasions, mostly fierce impromptu philippics against the President. He also describes, with open-eyed wonder at the industry and ingenuity of the "Yankees," those features of this part of the country which struck him most forcibly. He acknowledges good-naturedly the admiration of the people for himself, and makes keen, humorous comments on everything that happens in his way. On the whole, the 'Tour' shows improvement in Crockett's style. Fewer abuses of grammar and language indicate study on his part to master these subjects. In this book he became conscious of authorship, and acknowledged the critical keenness of

the Nation which had received his first production so enthusiastically as follows: "The people of the United States ain't no slouches neither about books. They're as keen in afindin' out merit as my pups are on a bear track."

The 'Life of Van Buren' and 'Exploits in Texas,' together with some crude efforts at versification made about the same time, entitled 'Leisure Hour Musings in Rhyme,' reveal increasing consciousness of a calling to write and efforts to train himself for it. The first, being merely a political diatribe, lacks the genial, good-humored spirit of Crockett's other books, though every page shows the keenness of his intellect and his power in direct, forceful expression. In the 'Exploits in Texas' Crockett gets back again into the wilderness, hunting and fighting once more, free and wondering at God's great outdoor world, which was his natural home. Here he regains his native freshness and naturalness of style, to which by practice in writing he has now added no small appreciation of the finer literary qualities. Had he survived "The Alamo" and continued to improve his gift for writing, David Crockett might have stood high among American writers.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "James M. Brainerd". The script is cursive and fluid, with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

From 'The Life of David Crockett, by Himself.'

I CONTINUED in this down-spirited situation for a good long time, until one day I took my rifle and started a hunting. While out, I made a call at the house of a Dutch widow, who had a daughter that was well enough as to smartness, but she was as ugly as a stone fence. She was, however, quite talkative, and soon began to laugh at me about my disappointment.

She seemed disposed, though, to comfort me as much as she could; and, for that purpose, told me to keep in good heart, that "there was as good fish in the sea as had ever been caught out of it." I doubted this very much; but whether or not, I was certain that she was not one of them,

for she was so homely that it almost gave me a pain in the eyes to look at her.

But I couldn't help thinking that she had intended what she had said as a banter for me to court her!!!—the last thing in creation I could have thought of doing. I felt little inclined to talk on the subject, it is true; but, to pass off the time, I told her I thought I was born odd, and that no fellow to me could be found. She protested against this, and said if I would come to their reaping, which was not far off, she would show me one of the prettiest little girls there I had ever seen. She added that the one who had deceived me was nothing to be compared with her. I didn't believe a word of all this, for I had thought that such a piece of flesh and blood as she was had never been manufactured, and never would again. I agreed with her, though, that the little varment had treated me so bad, that I ought to forget her, and yet I couldn't do it. I concluded the best way to accomplish it was to cut out again, and see if I could find any other that would answer me; and so I told the Dutch girl that I would be at the reaping, and would bring as many as I could with me.

I employed my time pretty generally in giving information of it, as far as I could, until the day came; and I then offered to work for my old friend, the Quaker, two days, if he would let his bound boy go with me one to the reaping. He refused, and reproved me pretty considerable roughly for my proposition; and said, if he was in my place he wouldn't go; that there would be a great deal of bad company there; and that I had been so good a boy, he would be sorry for me to get a bad name. But I knewed my promise to the Dutch girl, and I was resolved to fulfil it; so I shouldered my rifle, and started by myself. When I got to the place, I found a large company of men and women, and among them an old Irish woman, who had a great deal to say. I soon found out from my Dutch girl, that this old lady was the mother of the little girl she had promised me, though I had not yet seen her. She was in an out-house with some other youngsters, and had not yet made her appearance. Her mama, however, was no way bashful. She came up to me, and began to praise my red cheeks, and said she had a sweet-

heart for me. I had no doubt she had been told what I come for, and all about it. In the evening I was introduced to her daughter, and I must confess I was plaguily well pleased with her from the word go. She had a good countenance, and was very pretty, and I was full bent on making up an acquaintance with her.

It was not long before the dancing commenced, and I asked her to join me in a reel. She very readily consented to do so; and after we had finished our dance, I took a seat alongside of her, and entered into a talk. I found her very interesting; while I was sitting by her, making as good use of my time as I could, her mother came to us, and very jocularly called me her son-in-law. This rather confused me, but I looked on it as a joke of the old lady, and tried to turn it off as well as I could; but I took care to pay as much attention to her through the evening as I could. I went on the old saying, of salting the cow to catch the calf. I soon become so much pleased with this little girl, that I began to think the Dutch girl had told me the truth, when she said there was still good fish in the sea.

We continued our frolic till near day, when we joined in some plays, calculated to amuse youngsters. I had not often spent a more agreeable night. In the morning, however, we all had to part; and I found my mind had become much better reconciled than it had been for a long time. I went home to the Quaker's, and made a bargain to work with his son for a low-priced horse. He was the first one I had ever owned, and I was to work six months for him. I had been engaged very closely five or six weeks, when this little girl run in my mind so, that I concluded I must go and see her, and find out what sort of people they were at home. I mounted my horse and away I went to where she lived, and when I got there I found her father a very clever old man, and the old woman as talkative as ever. She wanted badly to find out all about me, to see how I would do for her girl. I had not yet seen her about, and I began to feel some anxiety to know where she was.

In a short time, however, my impatience was relieved, as she arrived at home from a meeting to which she had been. There was a young man with her, who I soon found was dis-

posed to set claim to her, as he was so attentive to her that I could hardly get to slip in a word edgeways. I began to think I was barking up the wrong tree again; but I was determined to stand up to my rack, fodder or no fodder. And so, to know her mind a little on the subject, I began to talk about starting, as I knowed she would then show some sign, from which I could understand which way the wind blowed. It was then near night, and my distance was fifteen miles home. At this my little girl soon began to indicate to the other gentleman that his room would be the better part of his company. At length she left him, and came to me, and insisted mighty hard that I should not go that evening; and, indeed, from all her actions and the attempts she made to get rid of him, I saw that she preferred me all holler. But it wasn't long before I had trouble enough in another quarter. Her mother was deeply enlisted for my rival, and I had to fight against her influence as well as his. But the girl herself was the prize I was fighting for; and as she welcomed me, I was determined to lay siege to her, let what would happen. I commenced a close courtship, having cornered her from her old beau; while he set off, looking on, like a poor man at a country frolic, and all the time almost gritting his teeth with pure disappointment. But he didn't dare to attempt anything more, for now I had gotten a start, and I looked at him every once in a while as fierce as a wild-cat. I stayed with her until Monday morning, and then I put out for home.

It was about two weeks after this that I was sent for to engage in a wolf hunt, where a great number of men were to meet, with their dogs and guns, and where the best sort of sport was expected. I went as large as life, but I had to hunt in strange woods, and in a part of the country which was very thinly inhabited. While I was out it clouded up, and I began to get scared; and in a little while I was so much so, that I didn't know which way home was, nor anything about it. I set out the way I thought it was, but it turned out with me, as it always does with a lost man, I was wrong and took exactly the contrary direction from the right one. And for the information of young hunters, I will just say, in this place, that whenever a fellow gets bad lost, the way home

is just the way he don't think it is. This rule will hit nine times out of ten. I went ahead, though, about six or seven miles, when I found night was coming on fast; but at this distressing time I saw a little woman streaking it along through the woods like all wrath, and so I cut on too, for I was determined I wouldn't lose sight of her that night any more. I run on till she saw me, and she stopped; for she was as glad to see me as I was to see her, as she was lost as well as me. When I came up to her who should she be but my little girl, that I had been paying my respects to? She had been out hunting her father's horses, and had missed her way, and had no knowledge where she was, or how far it was to any house, or what way would take us there. She had been traveling all day, and was mighty tired; and I would have taken her up, and toted her, if it hadn't been that I wanted her just where I could see her all the time, for I thought she looked sweeter than sugar; and by this time I loved her almost well enough to eat her.

At last I came to a path, that I know'd must go somewhere, and so we followed it, till we came to a house, at about dark. Here we stayed all night. I sat up all night courting, and in the morning we parted. She went to her home, from which we were distant about seven miles, and I to mine, which was ten miles off.

I now turned in to work again; and it was about four weeks before I went back to see her. I continued to go occasionally, until I had worked long enough to pay for my horse, by putting in my gun with my work, to the man I had purchased from; and then I began to count whether I was to be deceived again or not. At our next meeting, we set the day for our wedding; and I went to my father's to make arrangements for an infair, and returned to ask her parents for her. When I got there the old lady appeared to be mighty wrath; and when I broached the subject, she looked at me as savage as a meat ax. The old man appeared quite willing, and treated me very clever. But I hadn't been there long, before the old woman as good as ordered me out of her house. I thought I would put her in mind of old times, and see how that would go with her. I told her she had called me her son-in-law before I had attempted to call her my

mother-in-law, and I thought she ought to cool off. But her Irish was up too high to do anything with her, and so I quit trying. All I cared for, was to have her daughter on my side, which I knowed was the case then; but how soon some other fellow might knock my nose out of joint again, I couldn't tell. I, however, felt rather insulted at the old lady, and I thought I wouldn't get married in her house. And so I told her girl that I would come the next Thursday, and bring a horse, bridle, and saddle for her, and she must be ready to go. Her mother declared I shouldn't have her; but I know'd I should, if somebody else didn't get her before Thursday. I then started, bidding them good day, and went by the house of a justice of the peace, who lived on the way to my father's, and made a bargain with him to marry me.

When Thursday came, all necessary arrangements were made at my father's to receive my wife; and so I took my eldest brother and his wife, and another brother, and a single sister that I had, and two other young men with me, and cut out to her father's house to get her. We went on, until we got within two miles of the place, where we met a large company that had heard of the wedding, and were waiting. Some of that company went on with my brother and sister, and the young man I had picked out to wait on me. When they got there, they found the old lady as wrathful as ever. However, the old man filled their bottle, and the young men returned in a hurry. I then went on with my company, and when I arrived I never pretended to dismount from my horse, but rode up to the door and asked the girl if she was ready; and she said she was. I then told her to light on the horse I was leading; and she did so. Her father, though, had gone out of the gate, and when I started, he commenced persuading me to stay and marry there; and that he was entirely willing to the match, and that his wife, like most women, had entirely too much tongue; but that I oughtn't to mind her. I told him if she would ask me to stay and marry at her house, I would do so. With that he sent for her and after they had talked for some time out by themselves, she came to me and looked at me mighty good, and asked my pardon for what she had said, and invited me to stay. She said it was the first child she ever had to marry; and she couldn't

bear to see her go off in that way; that if I would light, she would do the best she could for us. I couldn't stand everything, and so I agreed, and we got down and went in. I sent off then for my parson, and got married in a short time; for I was afraid to wait long, for fear of another defeat. We had as good treatment as could be expected; and that night all went on well. The next day we cut out for my father's, where we met a large company of people, that had been waiting a day and a night for our arrival. We passed the time quite merrily, until the company broke up; and having gotten my wife, I thought I was completely made up, and needed nothing more in the whole world. But I soon found that this was a mistake—for now having a wife, I wanted everything else; and, worse than all, I had nothing to give for it.

I remained a few days at my father's and then went back to my father-in-law's, where, to my surprise, I found my old Irish mother in the finest humor in the world.

She gave us two likely cows and calves, which, though it was a small marriage portion, was still better than I had expected, and, indeed, it was about all I ever got. I rented a small farm and cabin, and went to work; but I had much trouble to find out a plan to get anything to put in my house. At this time my good old friend the Quaker came forward to my assistance, and gave me an order to a store for fifteen dollars' worth of such things as my little wife might choose. With this we fixed up pretty grand, as we thought, and allowed to get on very well. My wife had a good wheel, and know'd exactly how to use it. She was also a good weaver, as most of the Irish are, whether men or women; and being very industrious with her wheel, she had, in a little or no time, a fine web of cloth, ready to make up; and she was good at that, too, and at almost anything else that a woman could do.

We worked on for some years, renting ground and paying high rent, until I found it wasn't the thing it was cracked up to be, and that I couldn't make a fortune at it just at all. So I concluded to quit it, and cut out for some new country. In this time we had two sons, and I found I was better at increasing my family than my fortune. It was, therefore,

the more necessary that I should hunt some better place to get along; and as I knowed I would have to move at some time, I thought it was better to do it before my family got too large, that I might have less to carry.

The Duck and Elk River country was just beginning to settle, and I determined to try that. I had now one old horse, and a couple of two-year-old colts. They were both broke to the halter, and my father-in-law proposed, that if I went, he would go with me, and take one horse to help me move. So we all fixed up, and I packed my two colts with as many of my things as they could bear; and away we went across the mountains. We got on well enough, and arrived safely in Lincoln County, on the head of the Mulberry fork of Elk River. I found this a very rich country, and so new that game of different sorts was very plenty. It was here that I began to distinguish myself as a hunter, and to lay the foundation for all my future greatness; but mighty little did I know of what sort it was going to be. Of deer and smaller game I killed abundance; but the deer had been much hunted in those parts before, and were not so plenty as I could have wished. I lived here in the years 1809 and '10, to the best of my recollection, and then I moved to Franklin County, and settled on Beans Creek, where I remained till after the close of the last war.

A KEG OF POWDER

From 'The Life of David Crockett, by Himself.'

I GATHERED my corn, and then set out for my fall's hunt. This was in the last of October, 1822. I found bear very plenty, and, indeed, all sorts of game and wild varments, except buffalo. There was none of them. I hunted on till Christmas, having supplied my family very well all along with wild meat, at which time my powder gave out; and I had none either to fire Christmas guns, which is very common in that country, or to hunt with. I had a brother-in-law who had now moved out and settled about six miles west of me, on the opposite side of Rutherford's fork of the Obion River, and he had brought me a keg of powder, but I had never got-

ten it home. There had just been another of Noah's freshets, and the low grounds were flooded all over with water. I know'd the stream was at least a mile wide which I would have to cross, as the water was from hill to hill, and yet I determined to go on over in some way or other, so as to get my powder. I told this to my wife, and she immediately opposed it with all her might. I still insisted, telling her we had no powder for Christmas, and, worse than all, we were out of meat. She said we had as well starve as for me to freeze to death or to get drowned, and one or the other was certain if I attempted to go.

But I didn't believe the half of this; and so I took my woollen wrappers, and a pair of moccasins, and put them on and tied up some dry clothes, and a pair of shoes and stockings, and started. But I didn't before know how much anybody could suffer and not die. This, and some of my other experiments in water, learned me something about it, and I therefore relate them.

The snow was about four inches deep when I started, and when I got to the water, which was only about a quarter of a mile off, it looked like an ocean. I put in, and waded on till I come to the channel, where I crossed that on a high log. I then took water again, having my gun and all my hunting tools along, and waded till I came to a deep slough, that was wider than the river itself. I had crossed it often on a log; but behold, when I got there, no log was to be seen. I know'd of an island in the slough, and a sapling stood on it close to the side of that log, which was now entirely under water. I knowed further, that the water was about eight or ten feet deep under the log, and I judged it to be about three feet deep over it. After studying a little what I should do, I determined to cut a forked sapling, which stood near me, so as to lodge it against the one that stood on the island, in which I succeeded very well. I then cut me a pole, and then crawled along on my sapling till I got to the one it was lodged against, which was about six feet above the water. I then felt about with my pole till I found the log, which was just about as deep under the water as I had judged. I then crawled back and got my gun, which I had left at the stump of the sapling I had cut, and again made my way to the place of lodgment,

and then climbed down the other sapling so as to get on the log. I then felt my way along with my feet, in the water, about waist deep, but it was a mighty ticklish business. However, I got over, and by this time I had very little feeling in my feet and legs, as I had been all the time in the water, except what time I was crossing the high log over the river, and climbing my lodged sapling.

I went but a short distance before I came to another slough, over which there was a log, but it was floating on the water. I thought I could walk it, and so I mounted on it; but when I had got about the middle of the deep water, somehow or somehow else, it turned over, and in I went up to my head. I waded out of this deep water, and went ahead till I came to the highland, where I stopp'd to pull off my wet clothes, and put on the others, which I had held up with my gun, above the water, when I fell in. I got them on, but my flesh had no feeling in it, I was so cold. I tied up the wet ones, and hung them up in a bush. I now thought I would run, so as to warm myself a little, but I couldn't raise a trot for some time; indeed, I couldn't step more than half the length of my foot. After a while I got better, and went on five miles to the house of my brother-in-law, having not even smelt fire from the time I started. I got there late in the evening, and he was much astonished at seeing me at such a time. I stayed all night, and the next morning was most piercing cold, and so they persuaded me not to go home that day. I agreed, and turned out and killed him two deer; but the weather still got worse and colder, instead of better. I staid that night, and in the morning they still insisted I couldn't get home. I knowed the water would be frozen over, but not hard enough to bear me, and so I agreed to stay that day. I went out hunting again, and pursued a big *he-bear* all day, but didn't kill him. The next morning was bitter cold, but I knowed my family was without meat, and I determined to get home to them, or die a-trying.

I took my keg of powder, and all my hunting tools, and cut out. When I got to the water, it was a sheet of ice as far as I could see. I put on to it but hadn't got far before it broke through with me; and so I took out my tomahawk, and broke my way along before me for a considerable distance.

At last I got to where the ice would bear me for a short distance, and I mounted on it, and went ahead; but it soon broke in again, and I had to wade on till I came to my floating log. I found it so tight this time, that I know'd it couldn't give me another fall, as it was frozen in with the ice. I crossed over it without much difficulty, and worked along till I got to my lodged sapling and my log under the water. The swiftness of the current prevented the water from freezing over it, and so I had to wade, just as I did when I crossed it before. When I got to my sapling, I left my gun, and climbed out with my powder keg first, and then went back and got my gun. By this time I was nearly frozen to death, but I saw all along before me where the ice had been fresh broke, and I thought it must be a bear straggling about in the water. I, therefore, fresh primed my gun, and, cold as I was, I was determined to make war on him, if we met. But I followed the trail till it led me home, and then I found it had been made by my young man that lived with me, who had been sent by my distressed wife to see, if he could, what had become of me, for they all believed I was dead. When I got home, I wasn't quite dead, but mighty nigh it; but had my powder, and that was what I went for.

A BEAR HUNT

From 'The Life of David Crockett, by Himself.'

IN the morning I left my son at the camp, and we started on towards the harricane, and when we had went about a mile, we started a very large bear, but we got along mighty slow on account of the cracks in the earth occasioned by the earthquakes. We, however, made out to keep in hearing of the dogs for about three miles, and then we come to the harricane. Here we had to quit our horses, as old Nick himself couldn't have got through it without sneaking it along in the form that he put on to make a fool of our old grandmother Eve. By this time several of my dogs had got tired and come back; but we went ahead on foot for some little time in the harricane, when we met a bear coming straight to us, and not more than twenty or thirty yards off. I started my

tired dogs after him, and McDaniel pursued them, and I went on to where my other dogs were. I had seen the track of the bear they were after, and I knowed he was a screamer. I followed on to about the middle of the harricane, but my dogs pursued him so close, that they made him climb an old stump about twenty feet high. I got in shooting distance of him and fired, but I was all over in such a flutter from fatigue and running, that I couldn't hold steady; but, however, I broke his shoulder, and he fell. I run up and loaded my gun as quick as possible, and shot him again and killed him. When I went to take out my knife to butcher him, I found that I had lost it in coming through the harricane. The vines and briars was so thick that I would sometimes have to get down and crawl like a varment to get through it all; and a vine had, as I supposed, caught in the handle and pulled it out. While I was standing and studying what to do, my friend came to me. He had followed my trail through the harricane, and had found my knife, which was mighty good news to me; as a hunter hates the worst in the world to lose a good dog, or any part of his hunting tools. I now left McDaniel to butcher the bear, and I went after our horses, and brought them as near as the nature of the case would allow. I then took our bags, and went back to where he was; and when we had skinned the bear, we fleeced off the fat and carried it to our horses at several loads. We then packed it up on our horses, and had a heavy pack of it on each one. We now started and went on till about sunset, when I concluded we must be near our camp; so I hollered and my son answered me, and we moved on in the direction to the camp. We had gone but a little way when I heard my dogs make a warm start again; and I jumped down from my horse and gave him up to my friend, and told him I would follow them. He went on to the camp, and I went ahead after my dogs with all my might for a considerable distance, till at last night came on. The woods were very rough and hilly, and all covered over with cane.

I now was compelled to move more slowly; and was frequently falling over logs, and into the cracks made by the earthquakes, so that I was very much afraid I would break my gun. However, I went on about three miles, when I came

to a good big creek, which I waded. It was very cold, and the creek was about knee-deep; but I felt no great inconvenience from it just then, as I was all over wet with sweat from running, and I felt hot enough. After I got over this creek and out of the cane, which was very thick on all our creeks, I listened for my dogs. I found they had either treed or brought the bear to a stop, as they continued barking in the same place. I pushed on as near in the direction of the noise as I could, till I found the hill was too steep for me to climb, and so I backed and went down the creek some distance, till I came to a hollow, and then took up that, till I came to a place where I could climb up the hill. It was mighty dark, and was difficult to see my way, or anything else. When I got up the hill, I found I had passed the dogs; and so I turned and went to them. I found, when I got there, they had treed the bear in a large forked poplar, and it was setting in the fork.

I could see the lump, but not plain enough to shoot with any certainty, as there was no moonlight; and so set in to hunting for some dry brush to make me a light; but I could find none, though I could find that the ground was torn mightily to pieces by the cracks.

At last I thought I could shoot by guess, and kill him; so I pointed as near the lump as I could, and fired away. But the bear didn't come, he only clumb up higher, and got out on a limb, which helped me to see him better. I now loaded up again and fired, but this time he didn't move at all. I commenced loading for a third fire, but the first thing I knowed, the bear was down among my dogs, and they were fighting all around me. I had my big butcher in my belt, and I had a pair of dressed buckskin breeches on. So I took out my knife, and stood, determined, if he should get hold of me, to defend myself in the best way I could. I stood there for some time, and could now and then see a white dog I had, but the rest of them, and the bear, which were dark colored, I couldn't see at all, it was so miserable dark. They still fought around me, and sometimes within three feet of me; but, at last, the bear got down into one of the cracks that the earthquakes had made in the ground, about four feet deep, and I could tell the biting end of him by the hollering

of my dogs. So I took my gun and pushed the muzzle of it about, till I thought I had it against the main part of his body, and fired; but it happened to be only the fleshy part of his foreleg. With this he jumped out of the crack, and he and the dogs had another hard fight around me, as before. At last, however, they forced him back into the crack again, as he was when I had shot.

I had laid down my gun in the dark, and I now began to hunt for it; and, while hunting, I got hold of a pole, and I concluded I would punch him awhile with that. I did so, and when I would punch him the dogs would jump in on him, when he would bite them badly, and they would jump out again. I concluded, as he would take punching so patiently, it might be that he would lie still enough for me to get down in the crack, and feel slowly along till I could find the right place to give him a dig with my butcher. So I got down, and my dogs got in before him and kept his head towards them, till I got along easily up to him; and placing my hand on his rump, felt for his shoulder, just behind where I intended to stick him. I made a lunge with my long knife, and fortunately struck him right through the heart, at which he just sank down, and I crawled out in a hurry. In a little time my dogs all come out too, and seemed satisfied, which was the way they always had of telling me that they had finished him.

I suffered very much that night with cold, as my leather breeches and everything else I had on was wet and frozen. But I managed to get my bear out of this crack after several hard trials, and so I butchered him and laid down to try to sleep. But my fire was very bad, and I couldn't find anything that would burn well to make it any better; and so I concluded I should freeze, if I didn't warm myself in some way by exercise. So I got up and hollered awhile, and then I would just jump up and down with all my might, and throw myself into all sorts of motions. But all this wouldn't do; for my blood was now getting cold, and the chills coming all over me. I was so tired, too, that I could hardly walk; but I thought I would do the best I could to save my life, and then, if I died, nobody would be to blame. So I went up to a tree about two feet through, and not a limb on it for thirty feet, and I would climb up to the limbs, and then lock my arms together

around it, and slide down to the bottom again. This would make the insides of my legs and arms feel mighty warm and good. I continued this till daylight in the morning, and how often I clumb up my tree and slid down I don't know, but I reckon at least a hundred times.

In the morning I got my bear hung up so as to be safe, and then set out to hunt for my camp. I found it after awhile, and McDaniel and my son were very much rejoiced to see me get back, for they were about to give me up for lost. We got our breakfasts, and then secured our meat by building a high scaffold, and covering it over. We had no fear of its spoiling, for the weather was so cold that it couldn't.

We now started after my other bear, which had caused me so much trouble and suffering; and before we got him, we got a start after another, and took him also. We went on to the creek I had crossed the night before, and camped, and then went to where my bear was that I had killed in the crack. When we examined the place, McDaniel said he wouldn't have gone into it, as I did, for all the bears in the woods.

We then took the meat down to our camp and salted it, and also the last one we had killed; intending in the morning, to make a hunt in the harricane again.

We prepared for resting that night, and I can assure the reader I was in need of it. We had laid down by our fire, and about ten o'clock there came a most terrible earthquake, which shook the earth so, that we were rocked about like we had been in a cradle. We were very much alarmed; for though we were accustomed to feel earthquakes, we were now right in the region which had been torn to pieces by them in 1812, and we thought it might take a notion and swallow us up, like the big fish did Jonah.

In the morning, we packed up and moved to the harricane, where we made another camp, and turned out that evening and killed a very large bear, which made eight we had now killed in this hunt.

The next morning we entered the harricane again, and in a little or no time my dogs were in full cry. We pursued them, and soon came to a thick canebrake, in which they had stopped their bear. We got up close to him, as the cane was so thick that we couldn't see more than a few feet. Here

I made my friend hold the cane a little open with his gun till I shot the bear, which was a mighty large one. I killed him dead in his tracks. We got him out and butchered him, and in a little time started another and killed him, which now made ten we had killed; and we know'd we couldn't pack any more home, as we had only five horses along; therefore we returned to the camp and salted up all our meat, to be ready for a start homeward next morning.

The morning came, and we packed our horses with the meat, and had as much as they could possibly carry, and sure enough cut out for home. It was about thirty miles, and we reached home the second day. I had now accommodated my neighbor with meat enough to do him, and had killed in all, up to that time, fifty-eight bears, during the fall and winter.

As soon as the time come for them to quit their houses and come out again in the spring, I took a notion to hunt a little more, and in about one month I killed forty-seven more, which made one hundred and five bears which I had killed in less than one year from that time.

TRAVELING IN ARKANSAS

From 'Exploits in Texas.'

I TRIED to raise some recruits for Texas among my companions, but they said they had their own affairs to attend to, which would keep them at home for the present, but no doubt they would come over and see us as soon as the disturbances should be settled. They looked upon Texas as being a part of the United States, though the Mexicans did claim it; and they had no doubt the time was not very distant when it would be received into the glorious Union.

My companions did not intend seeing me farther on my way than the Washita River, near fifty miles. Conversation was pretty brisk, for we talked about the affairs of the Nation and Texas; subjects that are by no means to be exhausted, if one may judge by the long speeches made in Congress, where they talk year in and year out, and it would seem that as much still remains to be said as ever. As we drew nigh

to the Washita, the silence was broken alone by our own talk and the clattering of our horses' hoofs, and we imagined ourselves pretty much the only travelers, when we were suddenly somewhat startled by the sound of music. We checked our horses, and listened, and the music continued. "What can all that mean?" says I. "Blast my old shoes if I know, Colonel," says one of the party. We listened again, and we now heard, "Hail Columbia, Happy Land!" played in first rate style. "That's fine," says I. "Fine as silk, Colonel, and a leetle finer," says the other; "but hark, the tune's changed." We took another spell of listening, and now the musician struck up in a brisk and lively manner, "Over the Water to Charley." "That's mighty mysterious," says one: "Can't cipher it out, nohow," says another; "A notch beyant my measure," says a third. "Then, let us go ahead," says I, and off we dashed at a pretty rapid gait, I tell you—by no means slow.

As we approached the river, we saw to the right of the road a new clearing on a hill, where several men were at work, and they were running down the hill like wild Indians, or rather, like the office-holders in pursuit of the deposits. There appeared to be no time to be lost, so they ran, and we cut ahead for the crossing. The music continued in all this time stronger and stronger, and the very notes appeared to speak distinctly, "Over the Water to Charley."

When we reached the crossing, we were struck all of a heap, at beholding a man seated in a sulky in the middle of the river, and playing for life on a fiddle. The horse was up to his middle in the water, and it seemed as if the flimsy vehicle was ready to be swept away by the current. Still the fiddler fiddled on composedly as if his life had been insured and he was nothing more than a passenger. We thought he was mad and shouted to him. He heard us and stopped his music. "You have missed the crossing," shouted one of the men from the clearing. "I know I have," returned the fiddler. "If you go ten feet farther you will be drowned." "I know I shall," returned the fiddler. "Turn back," said the man. "I can't," said the other. "Then how the devil will you get out?" "I'm sure I don't know: come you and help me."

The men from the clearing, who understood the river,

took our horses and rode up to the sulky, and after some difficulty succeeded in bringing the traveler safe to shore, when we recognized the worthy parson who had fiddled for us at the puppet show at Little Rock. They told him that he had had a narrow escape, and he replied that he had found that out an hour ago. He said he had been fiddling to the fishes for a full hour, and had exhausted all the tunes that he could play without notes. We then asked him what could have induced him to think of fiddling at a time of such peril; and he replied, that he had remarked in his progress through life, that there was nothing in universal nature so well calculated to draw people together as the sound of a fiddle; and he knew that he might bawl until he was hoarse for assistance, and no one would stir a peg; but they would no sooner hear the scraping of his catgut, than they would quit all other business, and come to the spot in flocks. We laughed heartily at the knowledge the parson showed of human nature. And he was right.

Having fixed up the old gentleman's sulky right and tight, and after rubbing down his poor jaded animal, the company insisted on having a dance before we separated. We all had our flasks of whiskey; we took a drink all round, and though the parson said he had about enough fiddling for one day, he struck up with great good humor; at it we went and danced straight fours for an hour and better. We all enjoyed ourselves very much, but came to the conclusion that dancing wasn't altogether the thing without a few petticoats to give it variety.

The dance being over our new friends pointed out the right fording, and assisted the parson across the river. We took another drink all around, and after shaking each other cordially by the hand, we separated, wishing each other all the good fortune that the rugged lot that has been assigned us will afford. My friends retraced the road to Little Rock, and I pursued my journey; and as I thought of their disinterested kindness to an entire stranger, I felt that the world is not quite as heartless and selfish as some grumblers would have us think.

The Arkansas is a pretty fine territory, being about five hundred and fifty miles in length from east to west, with a

mean width of near two hundred, extending over an area of about one hundred thousand square miles! The face of the country from its great extent is very much diversified. It is pretty well watered, being intersected by the Arkansas River, and branches of the Red, Washita, and White rivers. The Maserne Mountains, which rise in Missouri, traverse Arkansas, and extend into Texas. That part of the territory to the southeast of the Masernes is for the most part low, and in many places liable to be overflowed annually. To the northwest of the mountains, the country presents generally an open expanse of prairie without wood, except near the borders of the streams. The seasons of the year partake of those extremes of heat and cold, which might be expected in so great an extent, and in a country which affords so much difference of level. The summers are as remarkable as the winters for extreme of temperature. The soil exhibits every variety, from the most productive to the most sterile. The forest trees are numerous and large; such as oak, hickory, sycamore, cotton-wood, locust, and pine. The cultivated fruit trees are the apple, pear, peach, plum, nectarine, cherry, and quince; and the various kinds of grains, such as wheat, rye, oats, barley, and Indian corn, succeed amazing well. Cotton, Indian corn, flour, peltry, salted provisions, and lumber, are the staples of this territory. Arkansas was among the most ancient settlements of the French in Louisiana. That nation had a hunting and trading post on the Arkansas River, as early as the beginning of the Eighteenth Century. Arkansas, I rather reckon, will be admitted as a State into the Union during the next session of Congress; and if the citizens of Little Rock are a fair sample of her children, she cannot fail to go ahead.

I kept in company with the parson until we arrived at Greenville, and I do say, he was just about as pleasant an old gentleman to travel with, as any man who wasn't too darned particular could ask for. We talked about politics, religion, and Nature, farming, and bear hunting, and the many blessings that an all-bountiful Providence has bestowed upon our happy country. He continued to talk upon this subject, traveling over the whole ground as it were, until his imagination glowed, and his soul became full to overflowing; and he

checked his horse, and I stopped mine also, and a stream of eloquence burst forth from his aged lips, such as I have seldom listened to; it came from the overflowing fountain of a pure and grateful heart. We were alone in the wilderness, but as he proceeded, it seemed to me as if the tall trees bent their tops to listen—that the mountain stream laughed out joyfully as it bounded on like some living thing; that the fading flowers of autumn smiled, and sent forth fresher fragrance, as if conscious that they would revive in spring, and even the sterile rocks seemed to be endued with some mysterious influence. We were alone in the wilderness, but all things told me that God was there. The thought renewed my strength and courage. I had left my country, felt somewhat like an outcast, believed that I had been neglected and lost sight of; but I was now conscious that there was still one watchful Eye over me; no matter whether I dwelt in the populous cities, or threaded the pathless forest alone; no matter whether I stood in the high places among men, or made my solitary lair in the untrodden wild, that Eye was still upon me. My very soul leaped joyfully at the thought; I never felt so grateful in all my life; I never loved my God so sincerely in all my life. I felt that I still had a friend.

When the old man finished, I found that my eyes were wet with tears. I approached and pressed his hand, and thanked him, and says I, "Now let us take a drink." I set him the example, and he followed it, and in a style too that satisfied me, that if he had ever belonged to the Temperance Society, he had either renounced membership, or obtained a dispensation. Having liquored, we proceeded on our journey, keeping a sharp lookout for mill-seats and plantations as we rode along.

I left the worthy old man at Greenville, and sorry enough I was to part with him, for he talked a great deal, and he seemed to know a little about everything. He knew all about the history of the country; was well acquainted with all the leading men; knew where all the good lands lay in most of the Western States, as well as the cutest clerk in the Land Office; and had traced most of the rivers to their sources. He was very cheerful and happy, though to all appearances very poor. I thought that he would make a first-rate agent

for taking up lands, and mentioned it to him; he smiled, and pointing above, said, "My wealth lies not in this world."

THE LAST DAYS IN THE ALAMO

From Crockett's Diary.

MARCH 1. The enemy's forces have been increasing in numbers daily, notwithstanding they have already lost about three hundred men in the several assaults they have made upon us. I neglected to mention in the proper place, that when the enemy came in sight we had but three bushels of corn in the garrison, but have since found eighty bushels in a deserted house. Colonel Bowie's illness still continues, but he manages to crawl from his bed every day, that his comrades may see him. His presence alone is a tower of strength. The enemy becomes more daring as his numbers increase.

March 2. This day the delegates meet in general convention at the town of Washington, to frame our Declaration of Independence. That the sacred instrument may never be trampled on by the children of those who have freely shed their blood to establish it, is the sincere wish of David Crockett. Universal independence is an almighty idea, far too extensive for some brains to comprehend. It is a beautiful seed that germinates rapidly, and brings forth a large and vigorous tree, but like the deadly Upas, we sometimes find the smaller plants wither and die in its shades. Its blooming branches spread far and wide, offering a perch of safety to all alike, but even among its protecting branches we find the eagle, the kite, and the owl preying upon the helpless dove and sparrow. Beneath its shades myriads congregate in goodly fellowship; but the lamb and the fawn find but frail security from the lion and the jackal, though the tree of independence waves over them. Some imagine independence to be a natural charter, to exercise without restraint, and to their fullest extent, all the energies, both physical and mental, with which they have been endowed; and for their individual aggrandisement alone, without regard to the rights of others, provided they extend to all the same privilege and freedom of action. Such independence is the worst of tyranny.

March 3. We have given over all hopes of receiving assistance from Goliad or Refugio. Colonel Travis harangued the garrison, and concluded by exhorting them, in case the enemy should carry the fort to fight to the last gasp, and render their victory even more serious to them than to us. This was followed by three cheers.

March 4. Shells have been falling into the fort like hail during the day, but without effect. About dusk, in the evening, we observed a man running toward the fort, pursued by about half a dozen of the Mexican cavalry. The bee-hunter immediately knew him to be the old pirate who had gone to Goliad, and, calling to the two hunters, he sallied out of the fort to the relief of the old man, who was hard pressed. I followed close after. Before we reached the spot the Mexicans were close on the heel of the old man, who stopped suddenly, turned short upon his pursuers, discharged his rifle, and one of the enemy fell from his horse. The chase was renewed, but finding that he would be overtaken and cut to pieces, he now turned again, and, to the amazement of the enemy, became the assailant in his turn. He clubbed his gun, and dashed among them like a wounded tiger, and they fled like sparrows. By this time we had reached the spot, and, in the ardor of the moment, followed some distance before we saw that our retreat to the fort was cut off by another detachment of cavalry. Nothing was to be done but to fight our way through. We were all of the same mind. "Go ahead!" cried I, and they shouted, "Go ahead, Colonel!" We dashed among them, and a bloody conflict ensued. They were about twenty in number, and they stood their ground. After the fight had continued about five minutes, a detachment was seen issuing from the fort to our relief, and the Mexicans scampered off, leaving eight of their comrades dead upon the field. But we did not escape unscathed, for both the pirate and the bee-hunter were mortally wounded, and I received a saber cut across the forehead. The old man died, without speaking, as soon as we entered the fort. We bore my young friend to his bed, dressed his wounds, and I watched beside him. He lay, without complaint or manifesting pain, until about midnight, when he spoke, and I asked him if he wanted anything. "Nothing," he replied, but drew a sigh that seemed to rend his

heart, as he added, "Poor Kate of Nacogdoches!" His eyes were filled with tears, as he continued: "Her words were prophetic, Colonel!" and then he sang in a low voice that resembled the sweet notes of his own devoted Kate,

"But toom cam' the saddle, all bluidy to see,
And hame cam' the steed, but hame never cam' he."

He spoke no more, and a few minutes after, died. Poor Kate, who will tell this to thee?

March 5. Pop, pop, pop! Bom, bom, bom! throughout the day. No time for memorandums now. Go ahead! Liberty and independence forever.

[Here ends Colonel Crockett's manuscript]

JABEZ LAMAR MONROE CURRY

[1825—1903]

EDWIN ANDERSON ALDERMAN

JABEZ LAMAR MONROE CURRY was born in Lincoln County, Georgia, on June 5, 1825, and died in Asheville, North Carolina, on February 12, 1903. During his early childhood, his father, a wealthy planter, emigrated from Georgia to Alabama, and settled about six miles from Talladega in that State. His academic training was received at the University of Georgia, and his legal education at Harvard College, from which he was graduated in 1846 at the age of twenty-one. In 1847 he was elected to the Legislature of Alabama from Talladega County and began his great career as a public servant. For twenty years he served the State of Alabama with singular ability and distinction, as legislator, congressman, soldier and teacher, and though his later life was passed elsewhere, and his services belonged to the Nation, his heart and mind constantly reverted with tender loyalty to that great State, as the land of his young manhood and his home. This long life was a purposeful life, rich in experience of men and governments, and full of devotion, of service, of struggle and achievement. There was never a pause in its unceasing, virile activities, and when the end came I know no man of whom it could be more truthfully said that he had drunk honorable life to its lees. Doctor Curry had been a soldier in two wars, a maker of laws in state and Nation, a teacher and preacher, a writer of useful books, twice a representative of his government at the court of Spain, and a statesman of that truest sort whose faith in the perfectibility of men was unflinching, and whose ambition was to give to all men a chance to inherit the power, the beauty and the richness of life.

The intense, rich life of Doctor Curry covered an equally rich period of his country's history. Thomas Jefferson was still alive when he entered the world. The scene of his youthful activity was the isolated lower South; for, though born in Georgia, Alabama was the State which he served from his entrance into the Alabama Legislature in 1847 to his presidency of Howard College in 1868. He was well born and well educated, and he inherited a certain distinction of manner and presence that commended him well to the genius of his age and region. His young manhood was passed

amid the storm of a great argument, made necessary by the silence and indecision of the Constitution as to the nature of this Union. To our minds, cleared of the hot temper of the time, that age seems an unhappy, groping age; but it was a good age in which to be born, for men were in earnest about deep, vital things. It was, indeed, an age of passion, but of passion based on principles and enthusiasm and deep loyalties. The cynic, the political idler, the self-seeker, fled before those fiery-eyed men who were probing into governmental theories and constitutional interpretations, and who counted their ideas as of more value than their lives. The time had its obvious faults, and was doomed to fall before the avatar of progress; but there lived in it beauty and force, and a great central note of exaltation of personality above social progress. Around the fireside the talk did not fall so much upon the kind of man who forms the syndicate or corners the stock market, or who wages the warfare of trade around the world, but, rather, simple, old questions were asked which might have been asked in the Homeric age: Is he free from sordidness or stain? Has he borne himself bravely in battle? Has he suffered somewhat with courage and dignity? Has he kept faith with ideals?

Doctor Curry had reached his prime when the great drama, fate-driven and fate-determined, passed from argument into war, and he himself, caught in the grip of that same fate, notwithstanding all his gentleness and tenderness, played the part of a man and a soldier. He had reached the heights of middle age when the storm had passed and pain and despair had smitten so many souls. What is there for a strong man to do—a man of heart and courage, with a spirit unspoiled by hate or bitter memories, with a purpose unshaken by any doubt? This was the great interrogatory that faced him in the silence of his soul. There could be no bickerings for such men as he. There could be no crude racial scorn, no pettiness, no puerile obstinacy. His passion was for constructiveness. His supreme genius was for adaptability to environment. He saw his task lying before him—like a sunlit road that stretches straight before the traveler's feet. He was to walk in that path for all his remaining days. The quality of his mind, the sum of his gifts and graces, the ideals of contemporary civilization suggested forensic preferment, but no consideration of fortune or of self could swerve him from his course. The quiet man at Lexington who had borne the greatest burden of all saw the same vision that appeared to Curry. It was a vision of many millions of children standing impoverished and untaught amid new duties, new occasions, new needs; appealing to the grown-up strength of their generation to know why they should not have a country to love, an age to serve, a

work to do, and training for that work. The vision was life—unconquered, tumultuous, renewing, regenerative young life. The elders had had their day. Here stood undefeated youth asking a chance to live worthily in its world and time. George Peabody, away off in Massachusetts, saw the same vision. It did not matter to him that these youths were the sons of men who had been enemies to his cause. It did matter to him that youth which the Nation needed was springing up untrained; and, rising clear above small passions, he poured his great fortune into the stricken states. Our amazing democracy has nothing finer to show than the spectacle of these three men acting thus largely in a time of national passion and headiness.

The general agency of the Peabody and Slater boards came to Doctor Curry in 1881 as the opportunity of his life, and his last years were to be years of splendid youth wherein he was able to work resolutely for high national ends. The Peabody Fund came into the field of helpfulness, and during a period of thirty years, under the wise administration of great American citizens, and directed by the energy and insight of Barnes Sears and J. L. M. Curry, expended, in stimulating ways, the sum of two million, four-hundred and seventy-eight thousand, five hundred and twenty-seven dollars. No more impressive evidence of the influence of this fund and of the monumental work of Curry and Sears can be found than in a plain recital of facts.

In every one of the Southern States to-day there is a public system of schools more or less complete. To bring this to pass a war-stricken region has expended one hundred and sixty-five millions of dollars. Normal and industrial schools for both races, sustained by general and local taxation, exist in every state. Thirty great institutions of higher learning have been revived and established. Five thousand Southern boys are studying technological subjects where ten studied them in 1873. Practically every city or town of three thousand population maintains a school system from which boys and girls may pass into college. The percentage of illiteracy for the white race in the twelve Southern States has been reduced from 25 per cent. to 12.5 per cent., and the colored race from 87 per cent. to 47.5 per cent. And greater than all this, a generous and triumphant public sentiment has been aroused that will in another decade make these performances seem feeble. Can it be claimed that ever before in the history of the Republic so much good was accomplished as has been accomplished by the expenditure of two and one-half million dollars plus the heart and brain of men like Curry and Sears and their colleagues and followers? I do not claim, of course, that all this wonderful achieve-

ment was due solely to these boards and to their agents. That would be absurd. The efforts of these boards would have been farcical if they had not been projected upon the spirit of a self-reliant and unconquerable people. It was simply the meeting of a great idea with a great people, and there followed a great result. The task that confronted him, in its larger lines, was to democratize the point of view of an aristocratic society, to renationalize its ideals and its impulses, to preach the gospel of national unity to both sections, to stimulate the habit of community effort for public ends, to incarnate to young men the ideal of social service, and to set the public school, in its proper correlation to all other educational agencies, in the front of the public mind as the chief concern of educational statesmanship. His task, in its more technical aspect, was to reveal the public school as it should be—actually at work in a democratic form of society, with all of its necessities—trained and cultured teachers, varied curricula, industrial training, and worthy surroundings. From 1881 to 1895 his work was to be a battle for public opinion. And slowly that public opinion was born, and many earnest men gathered around this splendid figure, and under its influence young scholars had their creative instincts awakened and public men felt its stirrings in the air. Above it all and energizing it all stood this genuinely gifted man—I had thought to say old man, but there was never any suggestion of age about Doctor Curry. He met youth on its own grounds and asked no odds. As the things of sense faded from his sight there was vouchsafed to him that supremest good of life—an honest bit of creative work, well done and bearing fruit.

At the beginning of his work not a single Southern State had a system of free public schools. At his death there existed in every one of the Southern States a system of public schools more or less complete, and a wonderful activity in university, normal, technical and industrial education. And, greater than all this, a generous and triumphant public sentiment had been aroused that will never stop short of efficiency and perfection. It was given to him to see Southern governors turned into educational statesmen, and to behold the best brain and heart of the North and the South united in a common and intelligent purpose, to get at this great task right heartily.

His was the first voice to declare that the strategic point of this whole battle was the untaught white man and his child. He was among the first to declare that there was no place for a helot in our system, and that the negro should be properly trained for life in the Republic. He was among the first to urge common sense as against sentimentality in the education of the negro. He caused

the world to know something of the courage and patience and self-reliance of the Southern struggle for self-realization, and he made the world believe that there were strength and purpose enough in this people to solve their own problems with justice and wisdom. In the discharge of all these duties of the pioneer and propagandist, no man who has lived in America since Horace Mann has shown such energy and enthusiasm as J. L. M. Curry.

Personally, Doctor Curry was a man to enjoy and to love. He had the grand manner and the social instincts of the old order. He moved in a fine, lordly way among his fellows. But at his heart he was a democrat to the core, and an individualist in the structure of his mind and in his sublime patience with and belief in the unfailing rectitude of public impulse. He had the genius for giving himself out and the equipment of intellect and temperament necessary for his many-sided duties. The real genius of the man, as I have said, was for adaptability to his time and for sympathy and service on the side of its better forces. The most vivid characteristic of the man was his intense and complete Americanism. He had believed in his youth in the ethics, at least, of secession. He did not change that belief in his old age. Calhoun was second only to Aristotle in his regard; and yet I have never seen a man to whom the flag made such an appeal or to whom the great unrended Nation was so dear.

The unforgettable service of Doctor Curry was the development of an irresistible public opinion for the education of all the people in the Southern States. The great lesson of his life is the joyous fruitfulness of unselfish striving for high impersonal aims. His fame is secure, for it is the persistent fame of the teacher and reformer. Is it not our task—the task of the living—to press forward with patience and quiet resolve; not to be deterred, not to despair, nor fret, nor doubt? Surely this work we are in is the Nation's work, and this Nation is a great spiritual adventure, worth living for and working for, as well as dying for.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Edwin R. Alderman". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a long horizontal line extending to the right.

NATIONAL PERIL AND REMEDY

Delivered at Louisville, Kentucky, in September, 1883, before the Inter-State Educational Convention.

It is a fact of some interest that this Inter-State Educational Convention meets not very far from the centre of the population of the United States. It must be the earnest desire of all here assembled that influences for good may be set in motion which shall spread to the extreme limits of the Union."

Another auspicious circumstance is that we meet in Kentucky. In 1811, Stein, the great German statesman, the forerunner of Bismarck, said, while meditating a plan of emigration to America: "To enjoy rest and independence it would be best to settle in America, in Kentucky or Tennessee; there one would find a splendid climate and soil, glorious rivers, and rest and security for a century—not to mention a multitude of Germans. The capital of Kentucky is called Frankfurt." Seventy-two years ago the great German, with his prescience, did not dream of what our eyes see to-day. In the light of subsequent events America would have presented other attractions than gifts of Nature and furnished themes for profounder contemplation in her rapid growth of population, increasing 12,000,000 in ten years; in her enormous productive industries; in her fabulous applications of science; in her startling powers of recuperation; in her complex governments; in her vast and unparalleled agencies for education. For crushed and Bonaparte-ridden Germany he saw clearly that the only hope was education. Frederick William, after the bitter humiliation Prussia suffered, said: "Though territory, power, and prestige be lost, they can be regained by acquiring intellectual and moral power," and the general education subsequently secured to the people reversed, in the wars against Austria and France, the abasement of the Napoleonic period. It is the prime business and duty of each generation to educate the next. No legislation in the United States is more important than that which pertains to the universal education of our citizens. In the convention which framed the Constitution, Wilson, the most learned civilian of the body, said: "Property is not the sole nor primary end of government and of society; the improvement of the human mind is the most

noble object." President Garfield said: "Next in importance to freedom and justice is popular education, without which neither justice nor freedom can be permanently maintained."

This convention emphasizes the importance of education by giving especial prominence to the subject of aid from the General Government. Federal aid is reducible to a few very simple propositions, each of which is capable of indefinite illustration and argument.

The basis of free institutions is the intelligence and integrity of the citizen. This foundation is not simply indispensable to good government, but to the permanence and success of our Republic. Washington, in his farewell address, said: "In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened." Madison said: "It is universally admitted that a well instructed people alone can be permanently a free people." All our wisest patriots confirm the declarations of these two men, who were most influential in bringing about the Union and framing the Constitution. The "democratic ideal is that the many shall govern themselves." Self-government by the many is impossible, if the many be ignorant. They become dupes and slaves of the crafty few. The best government is that which governs least. The good and enlightened are a law unto themselves. "The maximum of education," says a profound thinker in Georgia, "is the minimum of government." The minimum of education is the maximum of restraint, interference, coercion. In a popular government an educated people is the best constitution. The more universally the people are educated, the greater the liberty which can be allowed. "The world is governed too much," is an old adage. The best limitation of government is right education. It secures a better selection of rulers, better watchfulness of agents, and is the best check on oppression, on corruption, on unwise and class legislation. Ignorance and despotism are always in partnership.

General intelligence reduces the need of harsh and external government; makes protection of person and property easier, surer, and more economical; gives readier mastery over narrowness and prejudice, the fruitful source of so much legislative wrong; and substitutes the teacher for the sheriff, the

workshop for the poorhouse, the school-house for the prison. "For every pound that you save in education," said Macaulay, "you will spend five in prosecutions, in prisons, in penal settlements."

Universal education, even approximately, is impossible, except through governmental direction and public revenues. "The best educated communities on the globe are those where governmental direction, in matters of education, is most constant and careful." There is no instance of an unenlightened people becoming cultured by spontaneous efforts or of general education through private or denominational agencies. Italy, Spain, and Austria show the inadequacy or insufficiency of parochial or sectarian schools. Prior to the war the wealth of the people of the South was greater per capita (slaves being excluded from the enumeration) and pauperism was less than in any country in the world. Flourishing academies and colleges existed, superior advantages for the elect few, both men and women, abounded; but there was no adequate provision for universal education, and of consequence there was deplorable illiteracy among the white people.

The resources of the South are wholly inadequate to meet the heavy burden which is upon her. In her present financial condition, universal education, without Federal aid, is distant—is impossible. In the most advanced and prosperous countries schools and their management are not upon a satisfactory basis. Governor Butler is reported as saying that even in Massachusetts ninety-two per cent of the children receive no education after they attain the age of fifteen years. On an average, our people do not get more than thirty months' schooling. This is true in highly prosperous localities; but the Southern States are poor. I am no pessimist or alarmist. The progress in mining and in manufactures has been great, but agriculture and tillage and common roads are not in a flattering condition. Excluding Delaware, Maryland, and Missouri, the assessed valuation of property in the remaining Southern States diminished between 1860 and 1880 \$2,432,730,524. The State of New York is said to be worth in taxable property as much as all the Southern States. Ignorant labor dooms to poverty. It is idle to be drawing roseate pictures of the "new South" until the laboring classes are far

ahead in intelligence and skill of present attainments. The loss from stupid or unskilled labor would educate a hundred times over every child in the South. With her sparse population, with means not half what they were in ante-bellum days with double the number of children to be educated, it is impossible for the South, by any tax short of confiscation, to provide education for the children within her borders.

Ours was designed to be a representative government. Representatives are not mere deputies. A representative is to think for his constituency, to give them the benefit of intelligence, patriotism, profound study of the Constitution, and political economy and statecraft. He is to enrich his mind by observation, travel, study of history, diplomacy, and biography, to discipline his powers by thorough training, and thus fit himself for his responsible duties.

Ignorant suffrage reverses all this, and puts in public councils the weak, vacillating, ill informed, corrupt. Fidelity to principle, courageous adherence to convictions, broad culture, ripe judgment, sage experience, will be of little worth; and the voice of the rabble becomes the interpreter of laws, the decider of contracts, the moulder of policy. The principle of inter-citizenship is, I believe, peculiar to our confederation. A citizen of one state is a citizen of every other state. Combine with this the far reaching results of the elective franchise, as affecting directly the election of President and Representatives and indirectly of Senators, and illiteracy assumes darker and broader proportions. An election in the most benighted congressional districts concerns every citizen of the Union and every interest dependent on taxation, the currency, or any general legislation. Not merely the South, but the whole Union is imperilled by ignorant and, therefore, controllable suffrage. In view of the inability of the South and of these perilous possibilities, the patriotism of the country makes an appeal to the Government for prompt and adequate relief.

The illiteracy of the negroes creates an imperative obligation. Unlike other immigrants, they came to America by compulsion, under circumstances of peculiar hardship and cruelty. Their servitude was recognized and guaranteed by State and Federal Constitutions, by international treaties, by congressional legislation, by judicial decisions. The Govern-

ment of the United States suddenly emancipated the slaves; as suddenly raised them to citizenship and made them voters. They possessed no property to make them conservative, no habits or traditions of self-government, no education to qualify them for the duties and privileges of freemen and citizens. Cunningly and systematically misled and inflamed, they have become the tools of demagogues and the prey of the wicked. Manumission and enfranchisement create an obligation on the part of the Federal Government to fit them for the temptations and responsibilities of citizenship, and save them and our institutions from the perils of ill understood liberty and ignorant and reckless use of the franchise. Negroes are free, but as the distinguished Commissioner of Education (than whom no American is doing more for the cause of popular enlightenment) has tersely said: "The slavery of ignorance remains."

Negroes are the wards of the Nation. Philanthropy, humanity, party success, and fanaticism all wonderfully combine for their elevation and education. There are, however, thousands of illiterate men and women of our own race, our own kith and kin, for whom our special sympathies are awakened and who make no appeal to partisan or sectarian selfishness. The danger of illiteracy of the black voters is perhaps no greater than the danger of illiterate white voters. The consequence of the illiteracy of white women may be more alarming, because more far reaching. Whatever is said about the elevation of "our brother in black" appeals to my heart and judgment and has my ready coöperation, but the white people are in peril, too. Slavery is abolished, God be praised; but the negro remains in the South in the closest contact with the Caucasian, and putting aside all questions of ethnology, of comparative capability, he is a blind simpleton or a madman who does not see, and tremble while he sees, that the presence on the same soil of two populous and distinct races, ineffaceably marked by opposite colors, with centuries of traditions and habits behind each not easily forgotten or adjusted, is a problem and a peril that statesmen, philosophers, and philanthropists seem not to have begun to study. Superadd to race prejudice and chasm-producing traditions, deep poverty; derangement of labor system; slow and painful adaptation to a

different, even if a better civilization; the current of immigration flowing anywhere rather than to the South, notwithstanding the genial climate, pure and abundant water, superior healthfulness, cheap and productive lands, exhaustless and varied mineral products—and the patriot and the Christian may well have his whole being stirred to the profoundest depths when he seeks to penetrate the dark future and interrogate as to the destiny of his home and his people. Often deeply concerned fathers and mothers ask me "What of the night?" I can only answer, Do what lies nearest in the light of duty and conscience and the Scriptures and leave results to God. If any safe solution there is it must be in the school-house and church-house, in education and in the gospel of Jesus Christ, bearing in mind that the object of education is not so much the imparting of knowledge as the developing of power and the building up of inward strength of character. Education is no catholicon, any more than freedom is; it does not cure social and political ills. It must be supplemented by and allied to the uplifting, renovating, regenerating power of the Christian religion.

Some nations have strong and dangerous neighbors and rivals. Self-preservation seems to require of them the maintenance of armies which, while furnishing the means of repelling external assaults, constitute a heavy drain on the productive industries of the population. Geography, or peculiarity of situation, determines their policy and forbids freedom and spontaneity of action. With our expanse of territory, with no rivals on our frontiers, our self-protection finds its sphere and duty in guarding against internal foes. We need school-houses rather than frowning forts, pupils rather than soldiers, an educated citizenship rather than armed battalions.

We are fortunately free from all treaties in reference to balance of power, all controversies as to succession, all negotiation as to roval alliances, all disputes as to adjustment of boundaries, all uneasiness as to disparity in armies and navies. The obligations to be safe and the precautions for security make European governments dangerous to subjects and formidable to neighbors. The strength to protect or resist begets the desire—tempts—to encroach, to use power selfishly and aggressively. Ability to resist external foes is acquired at

the expense and to the detriment of the people, and, as history shows, is almost always fatal to personal rights and popular liberty.

What is needful to save us from the perils of illiteracy, instead of being dangerous to the people at home or to nations abroad, will rather be beneficial to both. Our industry, resources, national wealth, commerce, exchanges, will be increased. Power, instead of being centralized, will be diffused. Instead of ignorant, transferable voters, dupes and tools of the wary and corrupt, we shall have intelligent men and women, loving liberty, jealous of arbitrary power, watchful of agents, and capable, by their own sustained and voluntary energy, of protecting and perpetuating our free institutions.

The biographer of Stein developed with minuteness the genesis and value of the idea of nationality as contradistinguished from loyalty to the State and influencing literature, politics, and sacrifices. To this he traces the remodelling of Italy and Germany and the rearrangement of the east of Europe. From it sprang the revolutions, the patience, persistence, resiliency, unconquerableness, which rescued Central Europe from the conquests of Napoleon. Fichte, in his inquiry for a comprehensive remedy for the evils which, in his time, afflicted Germany, found it in a grand system of national education. In our system of coequal and correlated states, a national system of education is undesirable, as is a national university, and the subordination of state school systems to Federal direction and control is contrary to the genius of our institutions. The separate states are not to be absorbed nor sunk into provincial dependencies. We seek the harmonious blending of the centrifugal and centripetal, liberty and union, local self-government and a Federal Government, all preserved in strength and orderly unity.

National aid to state schools will secure the benefits of a national education. A national tie, as distinct from a civic tie, springing from a common origin, from inbred instincts, from a common country, common literature, common struggles and triumphs, common hopes and aspirations, is capable of being formed and strengthened. Herder, Lessing, Wieland, and Goethe, in their zeal for humanitarian cosmopolitanism, may deride patriotism as at the utmost a heroic weakness, but pa-

triotism, love for the whole country, not to be confounded with fidelity to the state, is a potent factor of civilization, an essential element of national greatness and glory. There is a subtle, potential influence, springing from the proud consciousness of belonging to a great and honored country, which evokes manly self-respect and generates noblest deeds of daring and chivalry. To be an American is something quite distinct from being a New Yorker or a Kentuckian, and is a "well spring of character" such as exalted the Roman citizen in the days of his country's greatest glory. This broad patriotism can be enkindled or stimulated by a measure of relief which comes in an hour of need, and which shall conduce to the obliteration of sectional prejudices, to the unification of the people, and the preservation of our free institutions.

NEGOTIATIONS FOR THE ACQUISITION OF FLORIDA

From 'Constitutional Government in Spain.' Copyright, 1889, by Harper and Brothers.
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It is difficult to realize the vexatious vicissitudes which attended this long-drawn-out negotiation. In course of time it at last became apparent, even to Spain, that Florida must come under the sovereignty of the United States. The idea of its transference to another foreign power was not to be tolerated for a moment. Its continued retention by Spain, remote, proud, sensitive, jealous, involved in foreign wars and chronic internal turmoils, would generate ceaseless trouble and necessitate quasi-belligerent forces on the border. Indian incursions and depredations, unprevented by Spanish authorities, made it imperative to cross the line in pursuit, and for the punishment of the savages. "Masterly inactivity," a phrase borrowed by Mr. Calhoun, in his Mexican War speeches, from Sir James Mackintosh, was too feeble a policy. The vigilance of Erving and other ministers was unceasing. Efforts to purchase were thwarted. Negotiations were begun and suspended. Procrastination was pursued under specific instructions to that end. The patience and forbearance and moderation of the United States had been wonderful. Even Mr. Adams restrained largely his irritability of temper and vitriolism of pen; but

this patient submission was manifestly nearing an end. Mr. Onís, seeing that procrastination as a game and a policy was exhausted, sent, on October 24, 1818, to Mr. Adams, a proposition to cede all the property and sovereignty possessed by Spain in and over the Floridas, under certain conditions. The conditions were promptly rejected; a "final offer" on the part of the United States was made; matters grew worse, and belligerent measures seemed imminent. Mr. Adams, October 31, 1818, used this significant language: "The President is deeply penetrated with the conviction that further protracted discussion . . . cannot terminate in a manner satisfactory to our Governments. From your answer to this letter he must conclude whether a final adjustment of all our differences is now to be accomplished, or whether all hope of such a desirable result is, on the part of the United States, to be abandoned." After some letters, showing a wide divergence of views, on January 11, 1819, Mr. Onís announced that by a courier extraordinary from his Government he was authorized to give a greater extent to his proposals. On the ninth he submitted his *projet*, and Mr. Adams on the thirteenth responded by a counter *projet*. At this point Mr. Hyde de Meuville, the French Minister, at the request of Mr. Onís, "confined by indisposition," had an interview with Mr. Adams, and a full and free discussion of the two *projets*. Explanations and modifications were made, and on February 22, 1819, was signed in Washington "a Treaty of Amity, Settlement, and Limits," which provided for the cession of Florida and "the reciprocal renunciation of certain claims as adjusted by a joint commission." The commissioner had power to decide conclusively upon the amount and validity of claims, but not upon the conflicting rights of parties to the sums awarded by them. *Comegys v. Vasse*, 1 Peters, 193. The spoliation claims held by the United States against Spain were renounced, and the United States undertook to make satisfaction for the same to the amount of five millions of dollars.

The Rio Grande contention was given up, a majority of the Cabinet overruling Mr. Adams, and holding that the immediate acquisition of Florida was too important to be jeopardized, or "clogged by debatable demands for territory to the southwest." The intervening neutral territory, the uninhabited

desert, the impassable barrier between the two countries, which for so many years and so often was proposed and relied upon to prevent conflict of jurisdiction and of people, seems to have been quietly ignored. The Louisiana boundary was settled by following the Sabine, Red, and Arkansas rivers as far westward as the 42d degree of north latitude and pursuing that degree to the Pacific Ocean. In settling disputed boundaries, and, in fact, in making this treaty, the United States did not assent to the claim of sovereignty or ownership over the territory between the Mississippi and the Perdido. Both legislative and executive departments of the Government, prior to 1819, treated territory west of the Perdido as part of the territory acquired from France in 1803, and in *Pollar v. Files*, the Supreme Court declared as the settled doctrine of the judicial department of the Government that the treaty of 1819 ceded no territory west of the Perdido River.

The United States exonerated Spain from all demands in the future on account of the claims of her citizens, and undertook to make satisfaction for the same to an amount not exceeding five millions of dollars. It is commonly stated that the United States purchased Florida for that sum of money. In the negotiation the Spanish Minister objected to the article stipulating for the payment, on the ground that it would appear from it that in consideration of that amount Spain had ceded the two Floridas and other territories, when she would not have ceded them for \$20,000,000 but for her desire to arrange and terminate all differences with the United States. In 1805, Monroe and Pinckney, in their proposal to the Spanish Government for the cession of Florida, said that Florida was not valuable for its land, and suggested that the sum paid "for the whole of the province of Louisiana furnished a just and suitable standard" as to what would be proper in paying for Florida. The area of Florida is 56,680 square miles, and Mr. Jefferson paid \$15,000,000 for all the country west of the Mississippi not occupied by Spain, as far north as the British territory, and comprising, wholly or in part, the present states of Arkansas, Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, Oregon, and Colorado, and the Indian Territory, and the territories of Dakota, Idaho, Montana, Washington, and Wyoming.

The treaty, submitted to the Senate on the day it was signed, was at once unanimously ratified, thus giving additional lustre to the birthday of Washington. Before the adjournment of Congress, acts were passed authorizing the establishing of local governments over the acquired territory. John Forsyth, of Georgia, was appointed Minister to Spain, and he carried with him a copy of the treaty and minute instructions as to exchange of ratifications. So confident was the Government of early action, that the *Hornet*, which carried Mr. Forsyth, was ordered to remain at Cadiz a sufficient length of time to carry back the ratified copy. So anxious and so certain of speedy assent were the authorities at Washington, that instructions were sent to Mr. Erving that it might be expedient for him to exchange the ratifications, if by any accident the formal reception of Forsyth should be delayed "beyond a very few days." Fearing the absence of Mr. Erving, on account of the infirm state of his health, or the non-arrival of Mr. Forsyth, a special messenger, with duplicate copies of treaty and instructions, was sent to Mr. Thomas L. L. Brent, the Secretary of Legation, so that he might exchange the ratifications. After this twenty years of negotiation it was supposed that the trouble was ended; but he who measures a Spaniard by the ordinary standard will find himself, in the end, grievously disappointed.

Long experience has been condensed into a popular proverb, *Del dicho al hecho va mucho trecho*—From the saying to the doing is a great distance. The *Hornet* returned in the summer, not with the ratification, but with recriminatory despatches because of the unexpected and inexcusable delay. Spain did not give her assent. She offered various evasive excuses and pretexts. She might promptly have disavowed the treaty as in excess of her instructions. She did not. She consented to the negotiations. She knew what had been done, and seven months passed before she uttered a word of complaint. When it became known that Spain refused to confirm the contract and interposed frivolous excuses for her conduct, much indignation was aroused, and harsh measures had advocacy in the press and in Congress. It was well said the cession was no new thing, and that the agreement, from preliminary steps to final consummation, was as well known in Madrid

as in Washington, at least so far as substance was concerned. President Monroe said in his message that Spain had formed a relation between the two countries which would justify any measures on the part of the United States which a strong sense of injury and a proper regard for the rights and interests of the nations might dictate. Adams contended that Spain was under obligations of honor and good faith, and in a letter to the chairman of the Committee of Foreign Relations, Mr. Lowndes, of South Carolina—author of the phrase, "I had rather be right than be President"—asserted the "perfect right of the Government to compel a specific performance of the engagement and secure indemnity for the expenses and damages which grew out of the refusal of Spain to ratify. Intemperance of language and proposal was met by wise counsel, and the proposed immediate military occupation was defeated. After weary years of patience and of earnest effort to avoid war, very fortunately the country was not precipitated into it by the hotheads and hotspurs. It was well determined to await the logic of events, and not hazard the gaining of what must surely, like ripe fruit, fall into our hands. General Jackson once said, "Geography controls my politics," and so the geographical position of Florida made it inevitably a part of the Union. Count Aranda, when he was Prime Minister of Spain, as far back as 1783, distinctly foresaw and acknowledged the necessity of the acquisition.

The irritation felt at the repudiation of a solemn international compact excited general attention, and it was felt that a war might produce grave international complications, and transfer not only Florida but Cuba and Texas also to the United States. France and Great Britain remonstrated with Spain, and she realized that the temporizing and procrastinating policy must give way to positive and definite action. On October 24, 1820, the Cortes having previously authorized and advised, the King, Ferdinand VII, approved and ratified the treaty. Such was the slowness of communication in those days, that four months elapsed before the ratification was known in Washington. (I have received instructions from the State Department by post in eleven days.) The time fixed for joint ratification, six months, having expired, the treaty was resubmitted to the Senate, and ratified a second

time, February 19, 1821. On the twenty-second—again connecting the hallowed day with Florida—the House of Representatives gave their assent to the necessary legislation.

Thus an acquisition long sought for, essential to our internal quiet and to save us from foreign intermeddlings, strifes, and conspiracies, was consummated. For nearly a quarter of a century the negotiations were pursued in Spain or in Washington—sometimes interrupted by fretful suspension of diplomatic intercourse, by the revolutionary disturbances in Spain, by English and French wars, by Spanish tenacity for American possessions, and the incurable propensity not to do to-day what can be deferred until to-morrow. No one can read the correspondence in full without a high appreciation of the patriotism and ability of Madison, Monroe, Pinckney, Adams, and Erving. Their State papers show patience, forbearance, courtesy, dignity, tact, power of argument, familiarity with international jurisprudence, and intense loyalty to our institutions. It is not easy to comprehend the disadvantages under which our able negotiators labored in the earlier periods of our history, when our rights as a member of the family of nations were ignored or grudgingly conceded. The credit of the Florida success is enhanced when we consider the personal and national characteristics of the Spaniards. With unquestioned courage, chivalry, scrupulous observance of etiquette, they are vain, proud, sensitive, distrustful of foreigners, obstinate in their own opinions, and possessed of a most patience-wearing disposition to procrastinate. The stoical fatalism of the Moor seems in some of its forms to have been bequeathed to his conqueror.

This protracted negotiation is a noble tribute to American diplomacy. The general public sees the external work, the final result, the actors in the last scene of the historic drama, and is ignorant or unobservant of the quiet secretary or Minister, in his office, at official interviews, in social intercourse, watching for opportunities, seizing propitious occasions, removing prejudices, presenting arguments in every possible aspect, and removing protean objections. It is he who prepares for the ultimate victory. George W. Erving, far away in Madrid, did more to acquire Florida than every senator who voted to ratify the treaty. It is a pleasant reflection and honoring to

our country and civilization that although we were often on the ragged edge of war, yet without a drop of blood the question was settled, boundaries were determined, conflicting claims were adjusted, and a large territory was added to our national domain.

SOUTHERN CONSERVATISM

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THE principles, policy, and necessity of the South led her to rigid conservatism. A thoughtful scholar notes as a striking antithesis that "a feudal aristocracy like that of slave-holding Virginia produced the most pronounced and inveterate type of *democratic* politics that has ever existed in our party formations," and that after the Declaration of Independence "the socially aristocratic and prelatical State of Virginia hastened to declare religious liberty." One has not far to go to find solution for these seeming paradoxes. Purest freedom and strongest restraint are in entire harmony. A denial to the Federal Government of a right to resort to and use undelegated powers, and an insistence upon an adherence to the imposed limitations, naturally reacted in favor of State rights and home rule and the individual liberty of the citizen. This home rule, and slave-holding, and personal freedom created a sentiment of individualism, of self-control, of local government, of opposition to interference of government with individual and property rights, of manly, chivalrous independence, of family sacredness, of voluntarism in action, of freedom of conscience. In the Southern States, under the old system, there had been less yielding to popular clamor, more consistency in political action, firmer support of public men, less variation from year to year in elections, and more concern for principle than for mere expediency. The Northern States revised their constitutions, or made new ones, much oftener than did the Southern States. "No hardier Republicanism," says Gladstone, "was generated in New England than in the slave states of the South which produced so many of the greatest statesmen of America." A Justice of the Supreme Court says that the

basis of the enigma of the so-called slave power lay in the cool, vigorous judgment and unerring sense applicable to the affairs and intercourse of men, which the Southern mode of life engendered and fostered. The South was a barrier against libidinous democracy. In the Revolutionary War, and the nascent, formative period of the Federative Republic, there were no mutinies, no Shay rebellions, no Arnolds, as since there were, up to the reconstruction period, and later, no strikes nor labor complications. The great change wrought by the Statesⁱⁿ in resuming their sovereignty, and in forming the Confederate States Government, was attended by no anarchy, no rebellion, no suspension of authority, no social disorders, no lawless disturbances. Sovereignty was not, for one moment, in suspension. Conservatism marked every proceeding and public act. The object was to do what was necessary and no more; and to do that with the utmost temperance and prudence. St. Just, in a report to the Convention of France in 1793, said: "A people has but one dangerous enemy, and that is Government." The seceding States, where there was an unparalleled universality of conviction as to the necessity and rightfulness of resistance, adopted no such absurdity. In nearly every instance the first steps were taken legally, in accordance with the will and prescribed direction of the constituted authorities. The people were not remitted to brute force, or to natural law, or to the instincts of reason. The charters of freedom were scrupulously preserved. As in the English Revolution in 1688, and ours of 1776, there was no material alteration in the laws beyond what was necessary to redress the abuses that provoked the secession. No attempt was made to build on speculative principles. The effort was confined within the narrowest limits of historic precedent and constitutional right. The controversy turned on the records and muniments of the past. The States had their Governors, General Assemblies, and Courts; the same electors, the same corporations, "the same rules for property, the same subordinations, the same order in the law and in the magistracy." The States, when assembled in council, did not make but sought to prevent a revolution.

Being in the minority having a "peculiar institution," African slavery, and schooled from the beginning in the States-Rights theory, the Southern States naturally tended to conser-

vatism in politics, to making much of protective guarantees, and to holding the General Government within the limitations of the Constitution. Slavery had been recognized in the written compact or compromises as a basis of representation, and by a mandate for the delivery of fugitives. That instrument attributed to the individual States the exclusive right to determine the status of American citizenship, and of the freedom of slavery of the persons domiciled in them. When slaves ceased to be held at the North as property, "the history of the times in which the framework of the common Government was reared, the mutual concessions made by the parties to it, the fixed resolves as to what should not be surrendered from the custody of the states themselves," were all forgotten, the anti-slavery sentiment became more violent and aggressive, and awakened more acute apprehensions at the South. The Constitution, amendable, as was supposed, only by prescribed and dilatory methods, was clung to as furnishing a breakwater against the mad waves of fanaticism and wrong, and as a security for solemnly guaranteed property. It was well known from oft-repeated historical precedent that officials, even the most honest, are inclined to a liberal construction of their own powers, and to hostility to popular or community rights, but it was not for a long time dreamed or suspected that the Constitution was to be readily suspended whenever it stood in the way of personal ambition, or party exigency, or sectional passion. The habit, however, of strictly construing the contract, and seeking to restrain the delegated powers within the defined boundaries, became operative as a principle and rule of action, and, when adverse attacks were made, consolidated the South into an unbroken phalanx for the defence of the Constitution. Prior to the crisis of 1860 to 1865, it was a favorite method of political and sectional attack to ridicule Southern statesmen as abstractionists. In reality this was a compliment, because such abstractions imply the highest inductions of political philosophy, the results of the profound study of the science of politics, of the history of governments, of civil experiments under most varied circumstances. The student of our constitutional history will be constantly struck with the marked and characteristic divergence of opinion and action between the North and the South, in adherence to the

Constitution and the recognition of its binding force. The debates in Congress show constant reference on the one side to the Constitution, and equally constant ignoring or contempt on the other. Books on constitutional law and decisions of courts show a studied purpose on the one side to enlarge the scope of Federal power and minimize the reserved powers and the rights of the States, and on the other to define closely the enumerated powers and to maintain for the States respectively or the people thereof the great residuary mass of undelegated powers.

REVENUES OF THE CONFEDERACY

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It has sometimes been sarcastically or censoriously asked, what evidence of statesmanship was furnished by the Confederate States. The reply is obvious. The energies of the Confederacy were absorbed in the effort to preserve its life and protect its territory from hostile aggression. There was little opportunity or occasion for civic ability. The Constitution, when prejudices shall have subsided, will be regarded as a great American contribution to the science of government. The Congress discharged its duty when troops were raised and officered and adequate equipments were furnished. Armories for army and navy, guns and ammunition, transportation, food and clothing were what pressed most heavily on the government. The blockade of ports (which contributed so largely to the final overthrow of the Confederacy), increasing occupancy of the territory within the seceded states, absence of factories for making clothing, and such like hindrances made it no easy task to supply the needs of soldiers, especially when military service took away from their homes and business a very large proportion of all males over eighteen years of age. An extended frontier by land and sea, of thousands of miles, gave the enemy, with numerous vessels and an organized, well-equipped army of over a million of men at the close of the first year of the war, frequent opportunities for successful incursions and for contracting our seven hundred thousand square miles.

The financial system became the question of gravest concern. Customs-duties were a slim reliance when incoming vessels had to run a watchful and ever-strengthening blockade. Foreign students of Confederate history are strongly of the opinion that the blockade, in excluding arms and munitions and other necessities of war from a country without means of supply, was the most fatal of all the causes which conspired for our defeat. A war tax, very burdensome, was cheerfully paid. Loans and bonds and treasury notes and call certificates were resorted to. Partial relief was found by levying a tax in kind upon farm products, such as corn, wheat, oats, rye, potatoes, peas, beans, sugar, molasses, tobacco, rice, cotton, wool, hides, as well as upon beef, pork and bacon. At the surrender there was on the line of the railways and rivers, between Jackson, Mississippi, and Montgomery, Alabama, enough corn to supply the demand for breadstuffs for a year or more. Abundant as was the supply of corn, the people were put to "great straits" to get salt and sugar and coffee and medicines. As indicative of the worthlessness of the currency, I paid \$1,250 for two mules and \$100 for two pairs of cotton cards. The farmer or planter was allowed to retain fifty bushels of sweet and Irish potatoes, one hundred bushels of corn or fifty bushels of wheat, twenty bushels of peas or beans and a certain amount for raising hogs. Horses and mules were impressed, and slaves also, for working on fortifications. There lie before me, as I write, personal receipts for such taxes levied on the produce of my farm in Alabama. These receipts are on brown paper and have a dingy, archaic appearance. Nearly all official papers, the school and other books, printed during the war, as well as bonds and currency, were on very inferior paper. A distinguished Alabama lawyer in November, 1863, said that no apology, on account of scarcity of paper, was needed for his use of a leaf torn from a blank book.

All the expedients the critical situation suggested and required could not prevent ruinous depreciation of notes. Efforts were made to retire from circulation some of the issues of Treasury notes by funding them in bonds, but the manifest and implacable purpose of subjugation and the certainty of a long and impoverishing struggle made it impossible for the

Government to pay interest in specie, or to redeem at maturity. The premium on coin went up to dizzy heights. All agricultural products and articles of merchandise were inflated to fabulous prices. Those who held a surfeit of notes could find no objects of investment. Under these irremediable conditions, which only substantial and decisive victories could change for the better, the credit of the Confederacy failed, promises to pay had no valid basis, and the precedents of our colonies and of the Revolutionary France found new illustrations in the Confederacy. Her notes became as valueless as Continental currency, or as French assignats, or as Kruger's "South African Republic" paper money. On the first of October, 1864, when the end was rapidly approaching, the public debt was \$1,126,381,025.

There was in those days a prevalent opinion, partially well-founded, that Cotton was King. The Southern States had a monopoly of this important staple. The manufacturing districts of England and of the world were dependent on this Southern product. The foreign and Northern press wrote much on the growth and supply of cotton, the capabilities of India and Egypt, and a Liverpool journal declared this the greatest question of the civilized world. Many of the leading men of the South trusted in the commercial and industrial supremacy of cotton, a power as great as armies and navies, and relied on it as a political factor to "force the hand" of Great Britain and secure the recognition of the Confederate States as an independent power. It did not seem an overstrained judgment to rely on the efficiency of cotton to compel European intervention. Soon the manufacturing districts in England began to feel the pressure of a meagre supply. Looms, which had consumed forty thousand bales in a week, could not hope for more than four thousand. Prices went up to a half crown a pound and remained at that high figure. Disturbances were serious and operatives were thrown on parishes for relief.

The cotton famine of 1861-1863, when from 1,500,000 bales the supply diminished to 11,000, produced most serious distress in Birmingham, Manchester, and other manufacturing centers, and the want of employment and consequent loss of wages were distressing. In spite of these evil consequences, cotton failed, in this most critical period, to demonstrate su-

premacy. If it had been susceptible of being used promptly and unitedly, it is difficult to say what might not have been its influence on the conflict. Perhaps no subject, apart from military campaigns, elicited warmer discussion or wider differences of opinion among Congressmen, newspapers, and those who, not in public station, gave serious thought to measures for public safety. The decreasing supply of cotton stimulated efforts at production in other temperate latitudes and a facilitating export by government permission or connivance, by running the blockade, or by hurrying it on railroads to places where it could be transported North. To use this lever in every possible way the Confederate Congress put a discriminating tax on its production, and legalized destruction whenever it was about to fall into the hands of the enemy. The distressing condition of operatives in England and France, the danger of strikes and internal revolution, the suspension of large factories, seemed likely to compel foreign succor to the government, and thus hindered the Confederate authorities from conceding through treaty negotiation commercial privileges and advantages. A considerable amount of cotton was from time to time accumulated as a basis of credit, or to pay for needed supplies. Governor Vance said that, at the surrender of General Johnstone, North Carolina had on hand 11,000 bales of cotton and 100,000 barrels of rosin, most of which fell into the hands of Federal officers. The brutal avidity with which some of these officers, after the surrender, used the means at their command to "loot" farms and enrich themselves by seizure of cotton gave striking illustration of human depravity.

How to deal with cotton and make it most available as an auxiliary to the Southern cause, as stated, did not secure a concurrence of judgment or consistent and effective action. Some urged that all cotton be seized by the Government and held as security for bonds or Confederate money; others, more wisely, the export to foreign countries and storing for the same purposes; others the pledging of all to Great Britain if recognition and material aid would thereby be secured. Others, with much earnestness, insisted that there should be absolute free trade with all nations except the United States; or, what was a more favorable project, that there should be an agreement with

Great Britain by which she should have a monopoly, or the exclusive benefit of the Southern trade for a period of twenty years.

ANGELS AND MINISTERS

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AFTER the battle of Manassas up to Appomattox, Richmond and other cities were freely used as homes for sick and wounded soldiers. In Richmond, and the same was true elsewhere, tobacco factories were turned into hospitals, provided with cots, bedding and other comforts, and doctors and nurses and preachers were in constant and helpful attendance. A list, printed in the *Whig* newspaper in 1862, gives the name and location of thirty-five public and private hospitals in Richmond. Supplies were sent from all the states as well as by individuals and women's organizations. Women, the most refined, the noblest and best cultured in the land, left their homes, took up their residences adjacent to hospitals and became Florence Nightingales, daughters of the Red Cross, for all who needed care or comfort. It is reproachfully said by alien writers that the Southern women are more "unreconstructed rebels" than the men. It is certainly true that they did as much as the men in winning the battles, and they are now foremost in building monuments and preserving the record of immortal deeds.

As the years went on leaden-footed, the greater was the number of those who returned no more and the severer became the privations of home life, with scantier lists of comforts and "shortened tale of hopes." Transportation, mills, factories, were monopolized for government uses, the circulating medium became hourly more worthless in purchasing power; medicines, luxuries, and even necessities were shut out by the blockade. No house had an idler, hands of the aged and of children were busy in the field, in the garden, in the kitchen, at the spinning wheel and the loom, and all were helping in works of charity and patriotism. For coffee a substitute was found in toasted corn and wheat and potatoes; for tea, in sassafras; sorghum supplied sugar and molasses, and

earthen floors of smoke-houses, saturated by the dripping of bacon, were dug up and boiled for necessary salt.

We hear and read much of delicately pampered "females" in ancient Rome and modern Paris and Newport, but in the time of which I speak in this Southland of ours womanhood was richly and heavily endowed with duties and occupations and highest social functions, as wife and mother and neighbor, and these responsibilities and duties underlay our society in its structure and permanence as solid foundations. Instead of superficial adornments and supine action, the intellectual sympathies and interests of these women were large, and they undertook, with wise and just guidance, the management of households and farms and servants, leaving the men free for war and civil government. These noble and resolute women were the mothers of the Gracchi, of the men who built up the greatness of the Union and accomplished the unexampled achievements of the Confederacy. Knowing no position more exalted and paramount than that of wife and mother, with the responsibilities which attach to miniature empire, the training of children and guidance of slaves, each one was as Cæsar would have had his companion, above reproach and above suspicion, and whose purity was so prized that a violation of personal dignity was resented and punished, by all worthy to be sons and husbands and fathers of such women, with the death of the violater. "Strength and dignity were her clothing; she opened her mouth with wisdom, and the law of kindness was on her tongue. She looked well to the ways of her household, and she ate not the bread of idleness. Her children rose up and called her blessed; her husband also."

Our "peculiar institution" of domestic African slavery in *ante-bellum* days created and nurtured a class of women never surpassed in the world. A plantation was a little kingdom, presided over by husband and wife, betwixt whom there existed mutual respect, deference, admiration and love. In the household gathered respectful, obedient, loving children. Near and around were dependents, who did not claim social equality, but rendered cheerful obedience and service and were cared for tenderly from cradle to coffin. Those who dominated were intelligent, masterful, patriotic, loving home, kindred, state and country, dispensing a prodigal hospitality, limited only by

the respectability and behavior of guests. Among girls, refinement, culture, modesty, purity and a becoming behavior were the characteristic traits; among boys, courtesy, courage, chivalry, respect to age, devotion to the weaker sex, scorning meanness, regarding dishonor and cowardice as ineffaceable stains. Their education was respect for women, riding, hunting, speaking the truth. Poetry and romance have yet to portray, in truthful colors, the attractions and beauties of the Southern home, now of the irrevocable past. When inequality was threatened and states were to be degraded to counties, and the South became one great battlefield, and every citizen was aiding in the terrific conflict, the mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, with extraordinary unanimity and fervor, rallied to the support of their imperilled land. While the older women from intelligent conviction were ready to sustain the South, political events and the necessity of confronting privations, trials, and sorrows developed girlhood into the maturity and self-reliance of womanhood. Anxious women with willing and loving hearts rushed eagerly to every place where sickness or destitution or the ravages of war invaded, enduring sacrifices, displaying unsurpassed fortitude and heroism. Churches were converted into hospitals or places for making, collecting, and shipping clothing and needed supplies. Innumerable private houses, near or adjacent to battlefields, were filled with the sick and the wounded. It was not uncommon to see grandmother and youthful maiden engaged in making socks, hats and other needed articles. Untrained, these women entered the fields of labor with the spirit of Christ, rose into queenly dignity and enrolled themselves among the immortals. Energies, time, lives were given to the alleviation of the suffering, cheering of the homesick, and to the inspiration of the hopeless and the despairing. With active courage, resolute endurance, cheerful self-restraint and exulting self-sacrifice, they imparted fresh courage to the brave, quickened response of the laggard and poured shame and contempt on him who shirked or sought the bomb-proof. Day and night these ministering angels seemed as if they had made an exodus from Heaven. Boundless patriotism, courageous endurance, surprising elation of thought and action were exhibited. Feminine tenderness was broadened and deepened by this self-sacrificing ministry. Su-

peradded to these trials and duties were the necessary supervision of servants and farms and the performance of duties which hitherto had devolved upon the men. Hanging over homes and hearts were ceaseless apprehensions and the weary absence of the loved ones.

One of the most interesting books, written on a high plane of Christian sympathy and principle, is "Christ in the Camp," whose author is well known as "the fighting chaplain." Full of intelligent zeal and saintly curiosity, besides what he saw and shared in, Dr. Jones has gathered thrilling incident and holy example from camp and hospital, principally from the armies east of Mississippi. It is not claiming too much to say that the Southern people were an unusually religious people, free from heresies and isms and trusting implicitly in an inspired Bible and in the religion of Christ. This involved a reliance on Providence more marked in that day than this. The early movements at the South were invariably associated with religious ceremonies, and autograph letters from Jackson show that he opposed Sunday mails and urged the appointment of chaplains for the army. With the first regiments went out regimental chaplains, Protestant and Catholic, who were generally neighbors and friends and well known to "the boys." In camp, on the march, these spiritual advisers were not strangers nor alien in thought and feeling, but in fullest sympathy with the soldiers, having known many from childhood and being intimate with their parents. When battles occurred they were near the firing line, ready with canteen and needed supplies to minister to the wounded or to assist to the hospital in the rear.

Not infrequently the warrior spirit was awakened and chaplains forgot themselves and seized a musket to repel, or make successful, a charge. Churches gave up their pastors and theological seminaries suspended their work that students might go to the front. One famous Richmond preacher found pulpit on a caisson or in the end of a wagon, and was not regarded as heterodox when, on the invitation of a clerical brother, he took his place within the chancel, minus a clerical gown and even in his shirt sleeves. It was a camp rumor, too much in keeping with their piety to be denied, that Generals

Jackson and Gordon held torches so that the preacher might read the Scriptures.

When in winter quarters the soldiers would construct wooden tents, in which worship was conducted sometimes for weeks, and the best preachers of the states were glad to officiate. Revivals were frequent, and the different denominations had their membership much enlarged by faithful converts. Dr. Jones estimates conversions at 15,000 in Lee's army; Dr. Bennett puts the number in all the Confederate armies at 50,000. The names of the preachers and colporteurs not holding official appointments are legion, but I recall Bishops Early, Quintard, McFerrin, Marvin, Pierce, and Doggett; Palmer, the Hoges, Jeter, Burrows, the Rylands, Cobb, Broadus, Minnigerode, Edwards, Duncan, Renfroe, Father Ryan, Tichenor, Haygood, Dickinson, Slaughter, the Taylors, Prichard, and scores more.

The pulpit furnished some of the best officers. The most conspicuous was Bishop Polk, who became a lieutenant-general, and not far from whom I was standing when he was killed. Several generals were on the brow of a hill making observations when they attracted the fire of the enemy. All withdrew a few paces, except the bishop, and he, lingering, received a fatal wound, which threw the army in North Georgia into deepest sorrow. From the ministry came also such officers as Lowry, Evans, Pendleton, Capers, Mell, Talbird, Smith, Shoup, Dabney, Harrison, Willis, Peterkin, Chapman, Kelley, Hiden, and others. Hundreds of preachers were in the ranks.

In several of the states were interferences both by military and civil authorities with churches and worship. In Alexandria, Virginia, one preacher was made to ride on a "cow-catcher" so as to keep Mosby's men from firing on the Union soldiers, and he was forbidden to preach or to celebrate marriages. Professor Shaler says that ministers of the Gospel were required to swear allegiance before they could legally perform the marriage rite. "In fact, it came about that even loyal people could hardly get through the activities of a day without at least once or twice swearing allegiance to the State and Federal Government." "In his ordinary contacts with the people, an officer was constantly engaged in swearing men and women

as to what they had done in the past or would do in the future."*

This degradation of religion was illustrated in Alabama, when General Woods issued an order by which Bishop Wilmer and his clergy were suspended from their functions and forbidden to preach or to perform divine service. In Missouri, the tyranny was carried to such an extreme as to close all churches. Protestant and Catholic, whose ministers or members were not in active sympathy with the Union.

*Shaler's 'Kentucky,' page 322.

ROBERT LEWIS DABNEY

[1820—1898]

J. GRAY McALLISTER

FOUR names stand out like mountain peaks when one thinks of that part of the Presbyterian Church which lies within the territory of the South—the names of James Thornwell, of South Carolina, Robert L. Dabney and Moses D. Hoge, of Virginia, and Benjamin M. Palmer, of Louisiana. Of these four, Thornwell and Dabney were eminent as theologians, Hoge and Palmer as pulpiteers. All have been fortunate in their biographers. Dr. Palmer has written ably of Dr. Thornwell; Dr. Peyton H. Hoge has given us a fine portrait of his uncle, Dr. M. D. Hoge, and Dr. Thomas Cary Johnson has done work of conspicuous merit in presenting the lives of the other two men in this group of four. In his 'Life and Letters of Robert Lewis Dabney,' this virile student and teacher of history portrays an eventful life, one that begins in the golden age of ante-bellum Virginia, develops through the stress of war and the humiliation or reconstruction, and ends with the better days of a closing century. It is the portraiture of a massive man, the life-story of one who came to distinction in half a dozen lines of worthy work, and who, now that we may cast up the proportion of the man and his finished service, must without doubt take rank with the largest men the South has yet brought forth.

Robert Lewis Dabney, A.M., D.D., LL.D., was born at his father's mill-place on the South Anna River, Louisa County, Virginia, March 5, 1820. He came of staunch English stock, which did not need to mingle with its own the strain of the Meriwethers and the Randolphs to gain ample heritage of blood. The father of Robert Lewis Dabney was Charles Dabney, Jr., a soldier of the War of 1812, colonel of militia in Louisa County and member of the Legislature of Virginia, a man of the highest standing and of unblemished Christian character. When Dr. Dabney was a mere lad his father moved to his farm on Cubb Creek, Louisa County, and there the boy received, in an old-field school, his preparation for entering Hampden-Sidney College in 1836. Here the acknowledged leader of his class, he studied through two summer sessions and a winter session until September, 1837. His favorite teacher in the faculty was the celebrated Dr. John William Draper, pioneer

in photography and voluminous writer on physical and political science; and among his college-mates and close friends were Thomas S. Bocock, the future Speaker of the Confederate Congress; Moses Drury Hoge, later the prince of Virginia preachers, and William T. Richardson, for many years editor of the *Central Presbyterian*, of Richmond. Young Dabney left Hampden-Sidney expecting to return after a year of teaching, but within the year, which was spent in work in a quarry, and in helping to build with his own hands the cabin in which for some months he taught school, he accepted the offer of his aunt, Mrs. Reuben Lewis, of Albemarle County, to attend the University of Virginia by riding in from her home, and in 1842 he became a Master of Arts of that institution. The two years following were spent in managing the farm, teaching school, reading and corresponding; the next two years at Union Theological Seminary, Hampden-Sidney, where he graduated in 1846, the most distinguished student in his class. His preparation for life secured, there can be given but an outline of his long and varied service: missionary in Louisa County for a year; pastor of Tinkling Spring Presbyterian Church, Augusta County, Virginia, 1847-1853; Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Polity in Union Theological Seminary, Hampden-Sidney, Virginia, 1853-1859; Professor of Theology in the same institution, 1859-1883; Adjutant-general and Chief of Staff to Stonewall Jackson, April to September, 1862, a post he resigned, on the urgent advice of Surgeon Walton, after a long and all but fatal spell of camp fever; Professor of Philosophy in the University of Texas, and founder there of Austin Theological Seminary, 1883-1894; lecturer and writer, 1894-1898. He died at Victoria, Texas, January 3, 1898, and was buried in the cemetery belonging to Union Theological Seminary at Hampden-Sidney, Virginia.

The literary work of Dr. Dabney has been by far the greatest, in bulk and value, produced by any writer of the Southern Presbyterian Church. This work began early and continued through the whole of his long life, his last service, on the morning of the day he died, being the dictation for a page of the *Union Seminary Magazine*, of a brief sketch of Dr. Francis S. Sampson, a friend and former colleague, a memoir of whom he had published in 1854. and whose 'Commentary of the Epistle to the Hebrews' he had edited in 1855-1856. He was from the first a great letter-writer, keenly observant, often humorous, always independent. His earlier letters reveal a rare maturity and his later letters an almost startling blazing through to principles. His famous letter to the Rev. S. I. Prime, D.D., on "The State of the Country" (1861), written when absent from home, and as a single effort, illustrates his mastery of thought

and breadth of information and deserves to rank with the noblest defences of Virginia in casting in her lot with the Southern Confederacy. The list of his published writings shows that he was a frequent, it need not be said a valued, contributor to the religious and secular press of his day, the *Richmond Enquirer*, the *Watchman and Observer*, the *Central Presbyterian*, the *Christian Observer*, the *Presbyterian Quarterly*, and the *Southern Presbyterian Review* being among the periodicals in which his contributions were seen most frequently. He was one of the founders and constant supporters of the *Presbyterian Critic*, which lived a brief but brilliant life from 1855 to 1857, and for a number of years he was co-editor of the *Southern Presbyterian Review*. His work in authorship proper began with the preparation of his 'Defence of Virginia and the South,' written while at home in 1862-3, a book which the Confederate Government determined to have printed and circulated abroad, but the publication of which was delayed until 1867. Dr. Dabney's 'Life of General (Stonewall) Jackson' next laid tribute on his powers and industry, a work of 750 pages, that was undertaken at Mrs. Jackson's request soon after the death of General Jackson on the tenth of May, 1863. The book was finished just before the war closed and was published first in London and then, in 1866, in New York. From the nature of the case it could not be as complete as biographies written years later, when access could be had to detailed reports from combatants on both sides; but its ability is unquestioned, its style is forceful and easy, and both traits and events are presented in such a way as to hold the attention of the reader and leave with him a clear picture of this genius in war, and the stirring life in which he bore his part. Colonel Henderson, in the preface to his own great life of Jackson, speaks of Dabney's work as "powerful," the events as "vigorously described," and the writer as a man of "conspicuous ability." A book on 'Sacred Rhetoric' appeared as the product of his pen in 1870, a work of sustained vigor, and, with few exceptions, of noble style; and in 1871 appeared the first edition of his 'Theology,' the second edition, a work of 900 pages, appearing in 1878. This book, dealing at points with subjects, the profoundest that can engage our thinking, is marked throughout by tireless research, titanic wrestling, and rugged style. In this great work, as in others, the style is but the servant of the thought, and even in passages of beauty the writer does not hesitate to use the less elegant word "crowd" for "group" when the truth would thereby be driven further home. In 1875 Dr. Dabney made the world of thought his debtor by the publication of another great work, 'The Sensualistic Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century Considered,' to be issued in a second, and an

enlarged edition in 1887, and to win justly the rank of "one of the greatest philosophic philippics ever penned." The year 1896 saw the issue of another book from his pen, his 'Practical Philosophy.' The very arrangement shows the sweep and the logic of the work, which is in four books, the first of which takes up "The Psychology of the Feelings"; the second, "The Will"; the third, "Ethical Theories," and the fourth, "Applied Ethics." This Dr. Dabney himself regarded as the best work of his life. It is the product of a master. In the following year, 1897, his friend of many years, the talented Dr. Clement Read Vaughan, himself an author, brought out the fourth volume, thus completing the set of Dabney's 'Discussions,' a book made up of the stream of articles that for many years had been pouring from his pen. All of these articles are able, and many are worthy of especial mention; such, for example, as "The Believer Born of Almighty Grace"; "The Christian Soldier"; "The Christian's Best Motives for Patriotism"; "The Duty of the Hour" (1868); "Ecclesiastical Equality of Negroes" (1869); "The New South" (1882); "The Philosophy Regulating Private Corporations"; "The Sabbath of the State"; "Monism"; "Stonewall Jackson." Dr. Dabney's last book, 'Christ our Penal Substitute,' was published soon after his death. Less pretentious than any of his works, it yet betrays no abatement of the vigor that always marked the man.

Dr. Dabney's fame in literature will rest, and justly so, on his work in prose, yet in leisure hours he turned aside to poetry and produced verses, some of which are not unworthy of preservation as witness the opening lines of his poem, "The San Marcos River"

Mysterious river! Whence thy hidden source?
 The rain-drops from far distant field and fell,
 Urging through countless paths their darkling course,
 Combine their tiny gifts thy flood to swell.
 What secrets hath thy subterranean stream
 Beheld; as it hath bathed the deepest feet
 Of everlasting hills, which never beam
 Of sun or star or lightning's flash did greet?
 Over what cliffs rushed thou in headlong fall
 Into some gulf of Erebus so deep
 Thy very foam was black as midnight's pall;
 And massive roof of rock and mountain steep
 Suppressed thy thunders, so that the quick ears
 Of fauns recumbent on its lofty side
 Heard not; and grass-blades laden with the tears
 Of night dews, felt no quiver from thy tide?

Through days and weeks uncounted by the sun,
Thy waters in abysmal caves have lain
In slow lustration, ere they sought to run
Forth to the day, purged from earth's least stain.
Pallas-Athene of the rivers, thou!
Who leapest adult in thy glittering might
From yonder hoary mountain, Zeus's brow,
Whose cloven crags parted to give thee light.
Thou teachest us, wise virgin; as through caves,
Sad and tear-dropping, steal thy sobbing waves,
Then flash to day; so Virtue's weeping night
Shall surely break into the dawn's delight.

At the bier of this man, whose work is destined to abide, Dr. M. D. Hoge, his friend since early manhood, spoke eloquently of "Regnant Men"—men of the type of him whose loss they mourned—and in strictest truth declared that "Such men are the acknowledged leaders of the State; they are the lights and landmarks of the Church; they are the grand pillars in the temple which God is rearing in the world to the glory of His grace."

J. G. McAllister.

OPEN LETTER TO DR. S. IRENÆUS PRIME

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DR. DABNEY, in common with large numbers of his fellow-citizens of the South, was a Union Democrat, and with them maintained a strenuous and long continued opposition to the war between the states. The coercive measures of President Lincoln changed all this, and "in this paper the writer changes his tone from one of solemn and affectionate entreaty to one of stern defiance. It was a vindication of Virginia's right to go to war against the Federal Government at Washington. Constitutional Union men accepted it as their defence for turning into war men . . . It was thrown off in a single impromptu effort, but it was nevertheless the outcome of indefinite pondering. As defining his position, and that of such men as Lee and Jackson and Jefferson Davis and Alexander Stephens, *et id omne genus*, constitutional men," says his biographer, "it deserves reproduction."

APRIL 20, 1861.

REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER:

I took occasion, as you will remember, in lifting up my feeble voice to my fellow-Christians on behalf of what was once our country, to point out the infamy which would attach to the Christianity of America if, after all its boasts of numbers, power, influence, and spirituality, it were found impotent to save the land from fratricidal war. You have informed your readers more than once that you feared it was now too late to reason. Then, I wish, through you, to lay this final testimony before the Christians of the North, on behalf of myself and my brethren in Virginia, that the guilt lies not at our door. This mountainous aggregate of enormous crime, of a ruined Constitution, of cities sacked, of reeking battle-fields, of scattered churches, of widowed wives and orphaned children, of souls plunged into hell; we roll it from us, taking the Judge to witness, before whom you and we will stand, that the blood is not upon our heads. When the danger first rose threatening in the horizon, our cry was "Christians to the rescue." And nobly did the Christians of Virginia rally to the call. Did you not see their influence in the patriotic efforts of this old Commonwealth to stand in the breach between the angry elements? Yes, it was the Christians of Virginia,

combined with her other citizens, who caused her to endure wrongs, until endurance ceased to be a virtue; to hold out the olive branch, even after it had been spurned again and again; to study modes of compromise and conciliation until the very verge of dishonor was touched; to refuse to despair of the republic, after almost all else had surrendered all hope, and to decline all acts of self-defence, even, which might precipitate collision, until the cloud had risen over her very head, and its lightnings were about to burst. So long-suffering, so reluctant to behold the ruin of that Union to which she contributed so much, has Virginia been, that many of her sons were disgusted by her delays, and driven to fury and despair by the lowering storm and the taunts of her enemies. And those enemies (woe to them for their folly) mistook this generous long-suffering, this magnanimous struggle for peace, as evidence of cowardice! They said the "Old Mother of States and Statesmen" was decrepit; that her genius was turned to dotage; that her breasts were dry of that milk which suckled her Henrys and her Washingtons. They thought her little more than a cowering beldame, whom a timely threat would reduce to utter submissiveness. And thus they dared to stretch over her head the minatory rod of correction! But no sooner was the perilous experiment applied than a result was revealed, as unexpected and startling as that caused by the touch of Ithuriel's spear. This patient, peaceful, seemingly hesitating paralytic flamed up at the insolent touch like a pyramid of fire, and Virginia stands forth in her immortal youth, the "unterrified Commonwealth" of other days, a Minerva radiant with the terrible glories of policy and war, wielding that sword which has ever flashed before the eyes of aggressors, the *Sic semper tyrannis*. Yes, the point of farthest endurance has been passed at length. All her demands for constitutional redress have been refused; her magnanimous, her too generous concessions of right, have been met by the insolent demand for unconditional surrender of honor and dignity; her forbearance has been abused to collect armaments and equip fortresses on her border and on her own soil for her intimidation; the infamous alternative has been forced upon her either to brave the oppressor's rod or to aid him in the destruction of her sisters and her children,

because they are contending nobly, if too rashly, for rights common to them and to her; and, to crown all, the Constitution of the United States has been rent in fragments by the effort to muster new forces, and wage war without authority of law, and to coerce sovereign states into adhesion, in the utter absence of all powers or intentions of the Federal compact to that effect. Hence, there is now but one mind and one heart in Virginia; and from the Ohio to the Atlantic, from the sturdy mountaineers and her chivalrous lowlanders alike, there is flung back in high disdain the gauntlet of deathless resistance. In one week the whole State has been converted into a camp.

Now once more, before the Titanic strife begins, we ask the conservative freemen of the North, For what good end is this strife? We do not reason with malignant fanatics, with the mob whose coarse and brutal nature is frenzied with sectional hatred. But we ask, Where is the great conservative part, which polled as many votes against Abraham Lincoln as the whole South? Where are the good men who, a few weeks ago even, held out the olive branch to us, and assured us that if we would hold our hands, the aggressive party should be brought to reason? Where is that Albany Convention, which pledged itself against war? If it is too late to reason, even with you, we will at least lay down our last testimony against you before our countrymen, the church, and the righteous heavens.

Consider, then, that this appeal to arms, in such a cause, is as dangerous to your rights as to ours. Let it be carried out, and whatever may have befallen us, it will leave you with a consolidated federal government, with State sovereignty extinguished, with the Constitution in ruins, and with your rights and safety a prey to a frightful combination of radicalism and military despotism; for what thoughtful man does not perceive that the premises of the anti-slavery fanatic are just those of the agrarian? The cause of peace was then as much your cause as ours; and if war is thrust upon us, you should be found on our side, contending for the supremacy of law and constitutional safeguards, with a courage worthy of the heroes of Saratoga and Trenton.

How horrible is this war to be, of a whole North against

a whole South! Not to dwell on all its incidents of shame and misery, let us ask, Who are to fight it out to its bitter issue? Not the tongue-valiant brawlers, who have inflamed the feud by their prating lies about the "barbarism of slavery;" these pitiful miscreants are already hiding their cowardly persons from the storm, and its brunt must be borne by the honest, the misguided, the patriotic men of the North, who, in a moment of madness, have been thrust into this false position.

How iniquitous is its real object—the conquest and subjugation of free and equal states! We have vainly boasted of the right of freemen to choose their own form of government. This right the North now declares the South shall not enjoy. The very tyrants of the Old World are surrendering the unrighteous claim to thrust institutions on an unwilling people. Even grasping England, which once endeavored to ruin the Colonies she could not retain, stands ready to concede to her *dependencies* a separate existence, when they determine it is best for their welfare; but the North undertakes to compel its *equals* to abide under a government which they judge ruinous to their rights! Thus this free, Christian, Republican North urges on the war, while even despotic Europe cries, Shame on the fratricidal strife, and turns with sickening disgust and loathing from the bloody spectacle!

Let it not be replied that it is South Carolina which has first gone to war with you, and that Virginia has made herself *particeps criminis*, by refusing to permit her righteous chastisement. This is what clamoring demagogues say; but before an enlightened posterity, as before impartial spectators, it is false; and here let us distinctly understand the ground the conservative North means to occupy, as to the independence of the states in their reserved rights. If you do indeed construe the federal compact so that a ruthless majority may perpetrate unconstitutional wrong, may trample on the sacred authority of the Supreme Court, and may pervert all the powers of the Federal Government, instituted for the equal good of all, to the depression of a class of rights as much recognized by the Constitution as any other, and the minority have no remedy except submission; if you mean that sovereign states, the creators by their free act of these federal author-

ities, are to be the helpless slaves, in the last resort, of their own servant; if you mean that one party is to keep or break the compact as his arrogance, caprice or interest may dictate, and the other is to be held bound by it at the point of the sword; if you mean that a sovereign state is not to be the judge of its own wrong and its own redress, when all constitutional appeals have failed, then we say that it is high time that we understood each other. Then was this much-lauded federal compact a monstrous fraud, a horrid trap, and we do well to free ourselves and our children from it at the expense of all the horrors of another revolutionary war. The conservative party in the North declared, with us, that the platform of the Black Republican party was unconstitutional. On this their opposition to it was based. They proclaimed it in their speeches, they wrote it on their banners, they fired it from their cannon, they voted it at the polls, that the Chicago platform was unconstitutional; and now that this platform has been fixed on the ruins of the Constitution, and its elected exponent has declared, from the steps of the Capitol, that the last barrier, the Supreme Court, is to be prostrated to the will of the majority; now that the Conservative party of the North has demonstrated itself (as it does this day, by its succumbing to this fiendish war-frenzy) impotent to protect us, themselves, or the Constitution (the Constitution overthrown according to their own avowals), are we to be held offenders because we attempted peacefully to exercise the last remaining remedy, and to pluck our liberties and the principles of this Constitution from the vandal hands which were rending them all, by a quiet secession? Nay, verily! Of all the men in the world, the conservative men of the North cannot condemn that act, for they have *declared* the Constitution broken, and they have *proved themselves* incompetent to restore it; and least of all should Virginia be condemned for this act, because she magnanimously forbore it till forbearance was almost her ruin, and until repeated aggressions had left no alternative. Yet, more, Virginia cannot be condemned, because, in the ordinance of 1788, in which she first accepted this Constitution, she *expressly reserved* to herself the right to sever its bonds, whenever she judged they were used injuriously to her covenanted rights.

It was on this condition she was received into the family of states, and her reception on this condition was a concession of it by her partners. From that condition she has never for once receded. (Witness the spirit of the Resolutions of 1798-1799.) And now, shall she be called a covenant-breaker because she judges that the time has come to exercise her right expressly reserved? Nay, verily.

If, then, we have the right of peacefully severing our connection with the former confederation, and the attempt has been made by force to obstruct that right, *they who attempted the obstruction are the first aggressors*. The first act of war was committed by the Government of Washington against South Carolina, when fortresses intended lawfully, only for her protection, were armed for her subjugation. That act of war was repeated when armed preparations were twice made to reinforce these means of her oppression. It was repeated when she was formally notified that these means of her oppression would be strengthened, "peaceably if they could be, forcibly if they must." And then, at last, after a magnanimous forbearance, little expected of her ardent nature, she proceeded to what was an act of *strict self-defence*—the reduction of Fort Sumter.

But it is replied: the seceding states have committed the intolerable wrongs of seizing Federal ships, posts, property, and money, by violence! And whose fault was this? Had the right of self-protection outside the Federal Constitution been peacefully allowed us, after our rights had been trampled in the mire within it, not one dollar's worth would have been seized. All would yet be accounted for, to the last shoelatchet, if the North would hold its hand. The South has not seceded because it wished to commit a robbery. As for the forts within their borders, the only legitimate right the United States could have for them was to protect those states. When we relinquish all claims on that protection, what desire can the Federal Government have to retain them save as instruments of oppression? But you say they were forcibly seized! And why, except that the South was well assured (have not events proved the fear well grounded) that a purpose existed to employ them for her ruin? My neighbor and equal presumes to obstruct me in the prosecution of my rights,

and brandishes a dirk before my face; when I wrench it from his hand to save my own life, shall he then accuse me of unlawfully stealing his dirk? Yet such is the insulting nonsense which has been everywhere vented to make the South an offender for acts of self-defence, which the malignant intentions disclosed by the Government of Washington have justified more and more every day.

But it is exclaimed, "The South has fired upon the flag of the Union!" Did this flag of the Union wave in the *cause of right* when it was unfurled as the signal of oppression? Spain fired upon the flag of France when Napoleon laid his iniquitous grasp upon her soil and crown. Did this justify the righteous and God-fearing Frenchman in seeking to destroy Spain? Let the aggressor amend his wrong before he demands a penalty of the innocent party who has only exercised the right of self-defence.

It is urged again: If the Union is not maintained, the interests of the North in the navigation of the Gulf and the Mississippi, in the comities of international intercourse, in the moneys expended in the Southern States for fortifications, may be jeopardized. I reply, it will be time enough to begin to fight when those interests are infringed. May I murder my neighbor because I suspect that he may defraud me in the division of a common property, which is about to be made, and because I find him now more in my power? Shall not God avenge for such iniquity as this?

But it is said, in fine, "If the right of secession is allowed, then our government is only a rope of sand." I reply, demonstratively, that the government of which Virginia has been a member has always had this condition in it as to her—for her right to go out of it whenever she judged herself injured by it was expressly reserved and conceded from the first. Her reception on those terms was a concession of it. If you say that the people of the North are not aware of this, then the only reply we deign to give is, that it is no one's fault but yours that you have allowed yourself to be misled by rulers ignorant of the fundamental points in the history of the government. Now, my argument (and it is invincible) is this: That the connection of Virginia with the Federal Government, although containing always the right of seces-

sion for an infringement of the compact, has been anything else, for eighty years, than a rope of sand. It has bound her in a firm loyalty to that Government. It has been a bond which nothing but the most ruthless and murderous despotism could relax; a bond which retained its strength, even when it was binding the State to her incipient dishonor and destruction. Surely it is a strange and disgraceful fact that men who call themselves *freemen and Christians* should assume the position that no force is a real force except that which is cemented by an inexorable physical power! Do they mean that with them honor, covenants, oaths, enlightened self-interest, affections, are only a rope of sand? Shame on the utterance of such an argument. Do they confess themselves so ignorant that they do not know that the physical power of even the most iron despotisms reposes on moral forces? Even a Presbyterian divine has been found to declare that if our federal compact has in it any admission of a right of secession, it is but a *simulacrum* of a government. Whereas, all history teaches us that if the basis of moral forces be withdrawn from beneath, the most rigid despotism becomes but a *simulacrum*, and dissolves at the touch of resistance. How much more, then, must all republican government be founded on moral forces, on the consent, the common interests, and the affections of the governed. While these remain, the government is strong and efficient for good; when they are gone, it is impotent for good, and exists only for evil. As long as the purposes and compacts of the federal institutions were tolerably observed by the North, that government knit us together with moral bands indeed; yet they were stronger than hooks of steel. The North has severed them by aggression, and they cannot be cemented by blood.

Why, then, shall war be urged on? No man is blind enough to believe that it can reconstruct the Federal Union on equitable terms. It is waged for revenge, for the gratification of sectional hate, to solace mortified pride, to satiate the lust of conquest. From these fiendish passions let every good man withdraw his countenance. It is a war which the Constitution confers no power to wage, even were the secession of the South for no sufficient cause. The debates of the fathers who framed it show that this power was expressly

withheld—even the Federalist, Hamilton, concurring strenuously. This war has no justification in righteousness, in any reasonable hope of good results, in constitutional law. It is the pure impulse of bad passions. Will the good men of the North concur in it?

I desire through you, my dear brother, to lay down this last protest on that altar where the peace of the land is so soon to be sacrificed. I claim to be heard. If the reign of terror exercised by the mobs of your cities has indeed made it dangerous for you to lay before your fellow-Christians the deprecatory cry of one who, like me, has labored only for peace, then tell those mobs that not you, but I, am responsible for whatever in these lines is obnoxious to their malignant minds, and bid them seek their revenge of me (not of you) at that frontier where we shall meet them, the northernmost verge of the sacred soil of Virginia. And if you find that the voice of justice and reason is no longer permitted to be heard in the North, that the friends of the Constitution cannot lift their hands there with safety in its defence, then we invite you, and all true men, to come to this sunny land, and help us here to construct and defend another temple, where constitutional liberty may abide secure and untarnished. For you we have open arms and warm hearts; for our enemies, resistance to the death.

Yours in the bonds of the gospel,

R. L. DABNEY.

THE MORTAL WOUNDING OF GENERAL JACKSON

From 'Life of Lieutenant-general Jackson.'

HE (General Jackson) had now advanced a hundred yards beyond his line of battle, evidently supposing that, in accordance with his constant orders, a line of skirmishers had been sent to the front, immediately upon the recent cessation of the advance. He probably intended to proceed to the place where he supposed this line crossed the turnpike, to ascertain from them what they could learn concerning the enemy. He was attended only by a half dozen mounted orderlies, his signal officer, Captain Wilbourne, with one of

his men, and his aide, Lieutenant Morrison, who had just returned to him. General A. P. Hill, with his staff, also proceeded immediately after him, to the front of the line, accompanied by Captain Boswell of the Engineers, whom General Jackson had just detached to assist him. After the General and his escort had proceeded down the road a hundred yards, they were surprised by a volley of musketry from the right, which spread toward their front, until the bullets began to whistle among them, and struck several horses. This was, in fact, the advance of the Federal line assailing the barricade, which they were attempting to regain. General Jackson was now aware of their proximity, and perceived that there was no picket or skirmisher between him and his enemies. He therefore, turned to ride hurriedly back to his own troops; and, to avoid the fire, which was, thus far, limited to the south side of the road, he turned into the woods upon the north side. It so happened that General Hill, with his escort, had been directed by the same motive almost to the same spot. As the party approached within twenty paces of the Confederate troops, these, evidently mistaking them for cavalry, stooped and delivered a heavy fire. So sudden and stunning was this volley, and so near at hand, that every horse which was not shot down recoiled from it in panic and tried to rush back, bearing his rider toward the approaching enemy. Several fell dead upon the spot, among them the amiable and courageous Boswell; and more were wounded. Among the latter was General Jackson. His right hand was penetrated by a ball, his left forearm lacerated by another, and the same limb broken a little below the shoulder by a third, which not only crushed the bone but severed the main artery. His horse also dashed, panic-stricken, toward the enemy, carrying him beneath the boughs of a tree which inflicted severe blows, lacerated his face, and almost dragged him from the saddle. His bridle hand was now powerless, but seizing the reins with the right hand, notwithstanding its wound, he arrested his career and brought the animal back toward his own lines. He was followed by his faithful attendant, Captain Wilbourne, and his assistant, Wynn, who overtook him as he paused again in the turnpike, near the spot where he had received the fatal shots. The firing of the Confederates had

now been arrested by the officers; but the wounded and frantic horses were rushing without riders through the woods, and the ground was strewn with the dead and dying. Here General Jackson drew up his horse and sat for an instant gazing at his own men, as if in astonishment at their mistake, and in doubt whether he should again venture to approach them. To the anxious inquiries of Captain Wilbourne, he replied that he believed his arm was broken; and requested him to assist him from his horse, and examine whether the wounds were bleeding dangerously. But before he could dismount he sunk fainting into their arms, so completely prostrate that they were compelled to disengage his feet from the stirrups. They now bore him aside a few yards into the woods north of the turnpike, to shield him from the expected advance of the Federalists; and while Wynn was sent for an ambulance and surgeon, Wilbourne proceeded, supporting his head upon his bosom, to strip his mangled arm, and to bind up his wound. The warm blood was flowing in a stream down his wrist; his clothing impeded all access to its source, and nothing was at hand more efficient than a pen-knife to remove the obstructions. But at this terrible moment he saw General Hill, with the remnant of his staff, approaching; and called to him for assistance. He, with his volunteer aide, Major Leigh, dismounted, and taking the body of the General into his arms, succeeded in reaching the wound, and stanching the blood with a handkerchief. The swelling of the lacerated flesh had already performed this office in part. His two aides, Lieutenants Smith and Morrison, arrived at this moment, the former having been left at the rear to execute some orders, and the latter having just saved himself, at the expense of a stunning fall, by leaping from his horse, as he was carrying him, in uncontrollable fright, into the enemy's ranks. Morrison, the General's brother by marriage, was agitated by grief; but Smith was full at once of tenderness, and of that clear self-possession, which is so valuable in the hour of danger. With the skilful direction of General Hill, they now effectually arrested the hemorrhage, and adjusted a sling to support the mangled arm.

It was at this moment that two Federal skirmishers ap-

proached within a few feet of the spot where he lay, with their muskets cocked. They little knew what a prize was in their grasp; and when, at the command of General Hill, two orderlies arose from the kneeling group, and demanded their surrender, they seemed amazed at their nearness to their enemies, and yielded their arms without resistance. Lieutenant Morrison, suspecting from their approach that the Federalists must be near at hand, stepped out into the road to examine; and by the light of the moon saw a field-piece pointed toward him, apparently not more than a hundred yards distant. Indeed it was so near that the orders given by the officers to the cannoneers could be distinctly heard. Returning hurriedly, he announced that the enemy were planting artillery in the road, and that the General must be immediately removed. General Hill now remounted and hurried back to make dispositions to meet this attack. In the combat which ensued he was himself wounded a few moments after, and compelled to leave the field. No ambulance or litter was yet at hand, although Captain Wilbourne had also been sent to seek them; and the necessity of an immediate removal suggested that they should bear the General away in their arms. To this he replied, that if they would assist him to rise, he could walk to the rear; and he was accordingly raised to his feet, and leaning upon the shoulders of Major Leigh and Lieutenant Smith, went slowly out into the highway, and toward his troops. The party was now met by a litter, which some one had sent from the rear; and the General was placed upon it, and borne along by two soldiers, and Lieutenants Smith and Morrison. As they were placing him upon it, the enemy fired a volley of canister-shot up the road, which passed over their heads. But they had proceeded only a few steps before the discharge was repeated, with a more accurate aim. One of the soldiers bearing the litter was struck down, severely wounded; and had not Major Leigh, who was walking beside it, broken his fall, the General would have been precipitated to the ground. He was placed again upon the earth; and the causeway was now swept by a hurricane of projectiles of every species, before which it seemed that no living thing could survive. The bearers of the litter, and all the attendants, excepting

Major Leigh and the General's two aides, left him, and fled into the woods on either hand, to escape the fatal tempest, while the sufferer lay along the road, with his feet toward the foe, exposed to all its fury. It was now that his three faithful attendants displayed a heroic fidelity, which deserves to go down with the immortal name of Jackson to future ages. Disdaining to save their lives by deserting their chief, they lay down beside him in the causeway, and sought to protect him as far as possible with their bodies. On one side was Major Leigh, and on the other Lieutenant Smith. Again and again was the earth around them torn with volleys of canister, while shells and minie balls flew hissing over them, and the stroke of the iron hail raised sparkling flashes from the flinty gravel of the roadway. General Jackson struggled violently to rise, as though to endeavor to leave the road; but Smith threw his arm over him, and with friendly force held him to the earth, saying: "Sir, you must lie still; it will cost you your life if you rise." He speedily acquiesced and lay quiet; but none of the four hoped to escape alive. Yet, almost by miracle, they were unharmed; and, after a few moments, the Federalists, having cleared the road of all except this little party, ceased to fire along it, and directed their aim to another quarter.

They now arose, and resumed their retreat, the General leaning upon his friends, and proceeding along the gutter at the margin of the highway; in order to avoid the troops who were again hurrying to the front. Perceiving that he was recognized by some of them, they diverged still farther into the edge of the thicket. It was here that General Pender of North Carolina, who had succeeded to the command of Hill's division upon the wounding of that officer, recognized General Jackson, and, after expressing his hearty sympathy for his sufferings, added, "My men are thrown into such confusion by this fire, that I fear I shall not be able to hold my ground." Almost fainting with anguish and loss of blood, he still replied, in a voice feeble but full of his old determination and authority, "General Pender, you *must* keep your men together, and hold your ground." This was the last military order ever given by Jackson! How fit was the termination for such a career as his, and how expressive of the resolute

purpose of his soul! His bleeding country could do nothing better than to adopt this as her *motto* in her hour of trial, inscribe it on all her banners, and make it the rallying cry of all her armies.

General Jackson now complained of faintness, and was again placed upon the litter; and, after some difficulty, men were obtained to bear him. To avoid the enemy's fire, which was again sweeping the road, they made their way through the tangled brushwood, almost tearing his clothing from him, and lacerating his face, in their hurried progress. The foot of one of the men bearing his head was here entangled in a vine, and he fell prostrate. The General was thus thrown heavily to the ground upon his wounded side, inflicting painful bruises on his body, and intolerable agony on his mangled arm, and renewing the flow of blood from it. As they lifted him up, he uttered one piteous groan—the only complaint which escaped his lips during the whole scene. Lieutenant Smith raised his head upon his bosom, almost fearing to see him expiring in his arms, and asked, "General, are you much hurt?" He replied, "No, Mr. Smith; don't trouble yourself about me." He was then replaced a second time upon the litter, and under a continuous shower of shells and cannon-balls, borne a half mile farther to the rear, when an ambulance was found, containing his chief of artillery, Colonel Crutchfield, who was also wounded. In this he was placed, and hurried towards the field hospital near Wilderness Run. As the vehicle passed the house of Melzi Chancellor, Dr. McGuire met the party. Colonel Pendleton, the faithful adjutant of General Jackson, upon ascertaining the misfortune of his chief, had taken upon himself the task of seeking him, and bringing him to the General's aid. Indeed, one of the first requests made by the latter was to ask for this well-trying friend; and he was, therefore, summoned from the rear, where he was busily engaged organizing the relief for the numerous wounded from the battle. Upon meeting the sad cavalcade, Dr. McGuire obtained a candle, and sprung into the ambulance to examine the wound. He found the General almost pulseless, but the hemorrhage had again ceased. Some alcoholic stimulant had been anxiously sought for him, but hitherto only a few drops could be obtained. Now,

through the activity of the Rev. Mr. Vass, a chaplain in the Stonewall Brigade, a sufficient quantity of spirits was found, and the patient freely stimulated. They then resumed their way to the field hospital near Wilderness Run, Dr. McGuire supporting the General as he sat beside him in the carriage. To his anxious inquiries he replied that he was now somewhat revived, but that several times he felt as though he were about to die. This he said in a tone of perfect calmness. It was, doubtless, the literal truth, and during the removal he was indeed vibrating upon the very turn between life and death. The artery of his left arm was severed; and, in consequence of the inexperience and distress of his affectionate assistants, and yet more of the horrible confusion of the battle, he had nearly bled to death before his wound was stanchd. Arriving at the hospital, he was tenderly removed to a tent which had been erected for him; where he was laid in a camp bed, and covered with blankets, in an atmosphere carefully warmed. Here he speedily sank into a deep sleep, which showed the thorough prostration of his energies.

The melancholy scene which has now been simply and exactly described, occupied but a few minutes; for the events followed each other with stunning rapidity. The report of the discovery of the deserted barricade by Colonel Cobb, the order to General Rhodes to occupy it, the attempt to restore the order to his line of battle, the advance of the General and his escort down the road, his collision with the advancing enemy, his hurried retreat, and the fatal fire of his own men, all followed each other almost as rapidly as they are here recited. While he lay upon the ground, assisted at first only by Captain Wilbourne and his man, and afterwards by General A. P. Hill and the officers of the two escorts, the battle was again joined between Hooker and the Confederates; and it was just as the difficult removal of the General was made, that it raged through its short but furious course. General Hill had scarcely flown to assume the command of his line, in order to resist the onset, and protect General Jackson from capture, when he was himself struck down with a violent contusion, and compelled to leave the field, surrendering the direction of affairs to Brigadier-generals Rhodes and Pender. Colonel Crutchfield, chief-of-artil-

lery, and his assistant, Major Rogers, attempting to make an effective reply to the cannonade which swept the great road, were both severely wounded. In the darkness and confusion, the Federalists regained their barricade, and pushed back the right of the Confederates a short distance; but here their successes ended; and the brigades of Hill stubbornly held their ground in the thickets near the turnpike. The fire now gradually died away into a fitful skirmish, which was continued at intervals all night, without result on either side.

While General Jackson lay bleeding upon the ground, he displayed several traits very characteristic of his nature. Amidst all his sufferings, he was absolutely uncomplaining; save when his agonizing fall wrung a groan from his breast. It was only in answer to the question of his friends, that he said, "I believe my arm is broken," and, "It gives me severe pain;" but this was uttered in a tone perfectly calm and self-possessed. When he was asked whether he was hurt elsewhere, he replied; "Yes, in the right hand." (He seemed to be unconscious that the other forearm was shattered by a third ball: nor did the surgeons themselves advert to it, until they examined it in preparing for the amputation.) When he was asked whether his right hand should not also be bound up, he replied: "No, never mind; it is a trifle." Yet two of the bones were broken, and the palm was almost perforated by the bullet! To the many exclamations touching the source of his misfortune, he answered decisively, but without a shade of passion: "All my wounds were undoubtedly from my own men;" and added that they were exactly simultaneous. When he was informed, in answer to his first demand for the assistance of Dr. McGuire, that that officer must be now engaged in his onerous duties far to the rear, and could not be immediately brought to him, he said to Captain Wilbourne, "Then I wish you to get me a skilful surgeon." On the arrival of General Hill, the anxious inquiry was made of him, where a surgeon could be most quickly found. He stated that Dr. Barr, an assistant surgeon in one of the regiments of Pender, which had just come to the front, was near at hand; and this gentleman being called, promptly answered. General Jackson now repeated in a whisper, to General Hill, the question: "Is he a skilful

surgeon?" He answered in substance, that he stood high in his brigade; and that at most, he did not propose to have him do anything until Dr. McGuire arrived, save the necessary precautionary acts. To this General Jackson replied: "Very good;" and Dr. Barr speedily procured a tourniquet to apply above the wound; but finding the blood no longer flowing, postponed its application. When General Jackson's field-glass and haversack were removed, they were preserved by Captain Wilbourne. The latter was found to contain no refreshments: its only contents were a few official papers, and two gospel-tracts. No sooner had friends began to gather around him, than numerous suggestions were made concerning the importance of concealing his fall from his troops. While he was lying upon General Hill's breast, that officer commanded that no one should tell the men he was wounded. General Jackson opened his eyes, and looking fixedly upon his aides, Smith and Morrison, said, "Tell them simply that you have a wounded Confederate officer." He recognized, on the one hand, the importance of concealment; but on the other hand, he was anxious that the truth should not be violated in any degree, upon his account. With these exceptions, he lay silent and passive in the arms of his friends; his soul doubtless occupied with silent prayer. As he was led past the column of Pender, the unusual attention paid him excited the lively curiosity of the men. Many asked: "Whom have you there?" and some made vigorous exertions to gain a view of his face. Notwithstanding the efforts of Captain Wilbourne to shield him from their view, one or two recognized him; and exclaimed, their faces blanched with horror and grief: "Great God! it is General Jackson." Thus the news of the catastrophe rapidly spread along the lines; but the men believed that his wounds were slight: and their sorrow only made them more determined.

About midnight, Dr. McGuire summoned as assistants, Drs. Coleman, Black, and Walls, and watched the pulse of the General for such evidences of the reaction of his exhausted powers, as would permit a more thorough dealing with his wound. Perceiving that the animal heat had returned, and the pulsations had resumed their volume, they aroused him; and on examining the whole extent of his in-

juries, were convinced beyond all doubt, that his left arm should be immediately removed. Dr. McGuire now explained to him that it seemed necessary to amputate his arm; and inquired whether he was willing that it should be done immediately. He replied, without tremor: "Dr. McGuire, do for me what you think best; I am resigned to whatever is necessary." Preparations were then made for the work. Chloroform was administered by Dr. Coleman; Dr. McGuire with a steady and deliberate hand, severed the mangled limb from the shoulder; Dr. Walls secured the arteries, and Dr. Black watched the pulse; while Lieutenant Smith stood by, holding the lights. The General seemed insensible to pain, although he spoke once or twice, as though conscious, saying with a placid and dreamy voice: "Dr. McGuire, I am lying very comfortably." The ball was also extracted from his right hand, and the wound was dressed. The surgeons then directed Smith to watch beside him the remainder of the night; and after an interval of half an hour, to arouse him, in order that he might drink a cup of coffee. During this interval, he lay perfectly quiet, as though sleeping; but when he was called, awoke promptly, and in full possession of his faculties. He received the coffee, drank it with appetite, and remarked that it was very good and refreshing. This was, indeed, the first nourishment which he had taken since Friday evening. He now looked at the stump of his arm; and comprehending its loss fully, asked Mr. Smith: "Were you here?" (meaning when the operation was performed.) He then, after a moment's silence, inquired whether he had said anything when under the power of the chloroform; and continued, after being satisfied on this point, in substance thus: "I have always thought it wrong to administer chloroform, in cases where there is a probability of immediate death. But it was, I think, the most delightful physical sensation I ever enjoyed. I had enough consciousness to know what was doing; and at one time thought I heard the most delightful music that ever greeted my ears. I believe it was the sawing of the bone. But I should dislike above all things, to enter eternity in such a condition." His meaning evidently was, that he would not wish to be ushered into that spiritual existence, from the midst of sensations so thoroughly physical and

illusory. He afterwards exclaimed to other friends; "What an inestimable blessing is chloroform to the sufferer!" His condition now appeared to be every way hopeful; and Mr. Smith exhorted him to postpone conversation, and to resign himself to sleep. He acquiesced in this, and being well wrapped up, soon fell in a quiet slumber, which continued until nine o'clock in the Sabbath morning.

* * * * *

On Saturday morning, while he was suffering cruelly from fever and restlessness, and tossing about upon his bed, Mrs. Jackson proposed to read him some psalms from the Old Testament, hoping their sublime consolations would soothe his pains. He at first replied that he was suffering too much to attend, but soon after added, "Yes, we must never refuse that; get the Bible and read them." In the afternoon he requested that he might see his chaplain. He was then so ill, and his respiration so difficult, that it was thought all conversation would be injurious, and they attempted to dissuade him. But he continued to ask so repeatedly and eagerly, that it was judged better to yield. When Mr. Lacy entered, he inquired whether he was endeavoring to further those views of Sabbath observance of which he had spoken to him. On his assuring him that he was, he entered at some length into conversation with him upon that subject. Thus, his last care and labor for the Church of God was an effort to secure the sanctification of His holy day. As the evening wore away, his sufferings increased, and he requested Mrs. Jackson to sing some psalms, with the assistance of his friends around his bed, selecting the most spiritual pieces they could. She, with her brother, then sung several favorite pieces, concluding, at his request, with the 51st Psalm,* sung to the "Old Hundredth." The night was spent by him in feverish tossings, and without quiet sleep. During all its weary hours, the attendants sat by his side, sponging his brow with cool water, the only palliative of his pain which seemed to avail. Whenever they paused, he looked up, and by some gesture or sign, begged them to continue.

Thus the morning of Sabbath, the tenth of May, was ushered in, a holy day which he was destined to begin on

* "Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive."

earth, and to end in heaven. He had often said that he desired to die upon the Sabbath; and this wish was now about to be fulfilled. His end was evidently so near that Dr. Morrison felt it was due to Mrs. Jackson to inform her plainly of his condition. She remembered that he had often said, when speaking of death, that although he was willing to die at any time, if it was the will of God, he should greatly desire to have a few hours' notice of the approach of his last struggle. She therefore declared that he must be distinctly informed of his nearness to death; and agonizing as was the task, she would herself assume the duty of breaking the solemn news to him. He was now lying quiet, and apparently oppressed by the *incubus* of his deep prostration. She went to his bedside and aroused him, when he immediately recognized her, although he did not appear at first to apprehend distinctly the tenor of her announcement. The progress of the disease had now nearly robbed him of the power of speech. She repeated several times: "Do you know the doctors say, you must very soon be in heaven? Do you not feel willing to acquiesce in God's allotment, if he wills you to go to-day?" He looked her full in the face, and said, with difficulty: "I prefer it." Then, as though fearing that the intelligence of his answer might not be fully appreciated, he said again, "*I prefer it.*" She said: "Well, before this day closes, you will be with the blessed Saviour in His glory." He replied with great distinctness and deliberation: "I will be an infinite gainer to be translated."

He had before requested that the chaplain should preach, as usual, at his headquarters, but he now seemed to be oblivious of the fact. When Colonel Pendleton, his adjutant, entered the room, he greeted him with his unfailing courtesy; and then asked, who was preaching at headquarters. When he was told that the chaplain was gone to do it, he expressed much satisfaction. Mrs. Jackson now determined to employ the fleeting moments, to learn his last wishes; first asking for one final assurance more, that his Saviour was present with him in his extremity. To this he only answered with a distinct "Yes." His wife asked him whether it was his will that she and his daughter should reside with her father, Dr. Morrison. He answered "Yes, you have a kind father;

but no one is so kind and good as your Heavenly Father." She then inquired where he preferred that his body should be buried. To this he made no reply. When she suggested Lexington, he assented, saying: "Yes, in Lexington;" but his tone expressed rather acquiescence than lively interest. His infant was now brought to receive his last embrace; and as soon as she appeared in the doorway, which he was watching with his eyes, his face was lit up with a beaming smile, as he motioned her toward him, saying fondly: "Little darling!" She was seated on the bed by his side, and he embraced her, and endeavored to caress her with his poor, lacerated hands—while she smiled upon him with infinite delight. Thus he continued to toy with her, until the near approach of death unnerved his arm, and unconsciousness settled down upon him.

In his restless sleep, he seemed attempting to speak; and at length said audibly: "Let us pass over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees." These were the last words uttered. Was his soul wandering back in dreams to the river of his beloved valley, the Shenandoah (the "river of sparkling waters"), whose verdant meads and groves he had redeemed from the invader, and across whose floods he had so often won his passage through the toils of battle? Or was he reaching forward across the River of Death, to the golden streets of the Celestial City, and the trees whose leaves are for the healing of the nations? It was to these that God was bringing him, through his last battle and victory; and under their shade he walks, with the blessed company of the redeemed.

His attendants, now believing that consciousness had finally departed, ceased to restrain his wife; and she was permitted to abandon herself to all the desolation of her grief. But they were mistaken. Bowing over him, her eyes raining tears upon his dying face, and covering it with kisses, she cried: "Oh, doctor; cannot you do something more?" That voice had power to recall him once more, for a moment, from the very threshold of heaven's gate; he opened his eyes fully, and gazing upward at her face, with a long look of full intelligence and love, closed them again forever. His breath then, after a few more inspirations, ceased; and his laboring breast was stilled. And thus died the hero of so many battles,

who had so often confronted death when clothed with his gloomiest terrors; with his last earthly look fixed upon the face which was dearer to him than all else, except that Saviour, whom he was next to behold in glory.

ON STYLE

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THE first requisite for good writing or speaking is good thinking. Clear, discriminating and careful thought must precede the attempt to compose. Let the matter to be expressed exist distinctly in the mind, and it will clothe itself in its most appropriate verbal dress, provided the speaker's taste and memory have been trained by the reading of good models and by exercise. I would recommend, then, that after satisfying yourself of the ideas which you desire to express, you shall suffer them to utter themselves, as nearly as may be. In the act of composition, let not your minds concern themselves chiefly about the verbal dress of the thought, but about the thought itself. The clear and just conception will not fail to clothe itself in lucid words. Language is only a *medium* for the transmission of ideas. The glass which is most transparent is the best. It is only when we look through it without perceiving it, as though the aperture were vacant, illuminated space, when the light passes through it without colour or refraction, when we are obliged to resort to tactual sensation to verify its presence, that we call the window-pane a perfect *medium*. So that style is best, which least attracts the hearer's attention from the thought itself. If there were a perfect orator, men would come away from his discourse without having any conscious recollection concerning the qualities of his style; they would seem to themselves to have been witnessing, by a direct spiritual intuition, the working of a great mind and heart. It follows also that, in the act of composition, the pen should be allowed to move as rapidly as the mind craves. I do not assert that only rapid composition can be nervous; for the speed which is natural to one mind is very different from that of others. What I would urge is, that you should not halt in the career of thought

to debate the propriety of a term or a construction, to cast about for words or tropes, to scan the effect of the phrase which suggests itself. Correctness or elegance thus acquired would be won at too heavy a cost. The ardour of the mind would be effectually chilled by so many harassing cares; the inspiration, the *afflatus* of enthusiasm generated by the heat of the soul's action expands and exalts all its powers. Give way, then, to the propitious gale when it begins to breathe, and be assured that the language will be as happy, in which your mind will clothe its teeming ideas at such an hour, as its thoughts will be fruitful and nervous. If your investigation and meditation have been thorough and your training in composition diligent, write as rapidly as the impulse prompts. Do you suspect that a loose construction or inelegant word has dropped from your pen? Do not regard it then, but sweep onward with the gale: the time for correction comes afterwards.

This remark suggests the great importance of revision. When the writing is completed, it should be subjected to the most searching and laborious examination. This work is irksome, because the *afflatus* is now gone and the charm of novelty is no longer felt. But he who would become a correct and elegant writer or speaker must bend himself with determination to the repulsive task. Every thought should again be considered. Every clause should be scanned. The style should be dissected, first, with reference to grammatical purity and perspicuity, then with an eye to elegance, energy and rhythm. In one place, you will detect a faulty construction. Correct it. In another you will find a pronoun with an ambiguous reference. Make it as lucid as the sunbeam. There you will find a harsh word. Replace it by a euphonious synonym. You will perceive that a given sentence has its meaning suspended or unnecessarily inverted. Reverse the statement, and make the expression of the thought direct. Another sentence will be seen to contain two elements of thought really independent. Divide it. Here is a trope or illustration which suggests an association out of harmony with your subject. Suppress it. There is a redundant epithet, a pleonasm, or repetition. Erase it. Here a mixed or broken metaphor has intruded itself. Let it be moulded into harmony.

There a figure or an illustration suggests itself as truly apt. Insert it.

Remember that the object of this painful revision is not mainly nor chiefly the perfecting of the composition in hand; your aim is to acquire thereby a ready accuracy in the employment of language for all future compositions. The work is, in this aspect, a species of literary *post mortem* autopsy. When the physician dissects the corpse of his deceased patient, in order to verify or correct his diagnosis and to test the manner in which the remedies have operated, he does not propose any benefit to the subject. For him means are too late; he is dead. But the practitioner seeks thereby to prepare himself for treating more successfully many future patients. Such will be your chief aim in the dissection of what you have composed. You will acquire, for subsequent efforts, mastery over the elements of a good style. It may have seemed to you that I imposed on you contradictory obligations. On the one hand, I told you that a perfect style was the result of attention to many varied and delicate points, affecting not only every thought, but every word. On the other hand, I forbade you to pause over these *minutiae* in writing. The reconciliation is found in this labour of revision. By it the powers will be so disciplined that art will become easy, and accuracy and elegance will become natural to you. The mind will be drilled to the habit of right expression. Just in proportion as its exaltation and fire increase, will the nicest refinements of true style suggest themselves spontaneously. A pure style will become the easiest and most native dress of vigorous thought.

Nothing has caused more embarrassment to young speakers than the unfortunate notion that public speaking must be generically different from talking. Many have been the pupils of the rhetorical art, who have experienced the fate of *M. Jourdain* in Molière's "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*." He had been speaking prose from his childhood without effort, and without knowing prose from verse. After his learned master had taught him technically, he could only speak it ill and with labour. So men do not know that speaking is but talking; they could do the latter very well and naturally until they attempted to do it by artificial rule. Now one experiences

no difficulty in stating or narrating, after his own customary way, what he thoroughly comprehends. Why should rhetorical discourse be less easy, except as the embarrassment of publicity agitates the powers at the outset? It is because of the perverse idea which is adopted, that when one speaks he must need employ a contracted phraseology, a different structure for his sentences, an opposite turn of expression, to all which he is unaccustomed. I affirm that speaking is but serious, earnest, correct and elevated talking. The facile, direct, unpretending structure of sentences which we employ in our conversation is the proper one for the oration. The thing which we have to do is not to cast this, our wonted method, away, and attempt one perfectly antipodal and unwonted, but to purify and ennoble that which is natural to us. You are embarrassed in your rhetorical style, because you are David in King Saul's armour. The free and graceful limbs of the mountain boy are unaccustomed to move in greaves. Take, then, your own crook and your sling and smooth stones out of the brook. You will not advance to the combat slouched, nor halting, nor with clownish antics, for the scene and occasion are august, but you will move with that very freedom which you learned in the fields at home. When one desires to pass from one point to another, what is easier to him than to walk? But if you were mounted upon the *cothurni* of ancient tragedy, you would move awkwardly and would perchance trip yourself and fall ludicrously before the spectators. Strip off your *cothurni*, descend from your stilts, let your mind advance in that mode which nature has taught it, remembering only the decorum and seriousness proper for one who moves to a sacred object, and in the presence of the great King.

Let me not be understood as sanctioning by this precept a style meanly colloquial, familiar or low. The natural style and phraseology must be purged of all looseness of syntax, of all familiar abbreviations and provincialisms, of every groveling allusion. The language of the pulpit should never be undignified, and it is well that it should have in appropriate places elevation, solemnity, grandeur. But these are the opposites of artificial pomp. The noblest passages in the

English classics will be found to be the most simple in structure and the least inflated in expression.*

In style, as in action, the best teachers are good examples. You should, therefore, form yourselves by the study of the great models, both in prose and poetry. There are in our day, so much printing, and so much reading, and so much of that which we read is as mean and crude in style as it is worthless in sentiment, that we are in constant danger of having our taste corrupted by infection. We must dwell much with the great masters, in order that we may inhale with them a more healthy atmosphere. We should read them with the closest attention both to their thought and expression. Our aim should not be servile imitation, but a knowledge of the proper application of the principles of style, and an infusion of their elevated simplicity, warmth and strength.

*See, for example, the speech of Satan in the 'Paradise Lost':

"What though the fields be lost,
All is not lost. The unconquerable will
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me," etc.

See a still nobler instance in Psalm LXXXIX, 7-9.

DANSKE DANDRIDGE

[1864—1914]

WAITMAN BARBE

MRS. DANDRIDGE'S poetry speaks for itself and for its author with so much delicacy and with such rare distinction that outside comment seems a sort of profanation. To drag a dweller of fairyland out into the light of common day is an ungracious and dangerous thing to undertake. Many readers of her exquisite verses have wondered if, indeed, she were not a brownie or a red-capped kobold or perchance Titania herself singing amidst the rosebrake. But whatever kinship her spirit may claim, in the flesh she lives in a fine old house set among the trees just outside of Shepherdstown, West Virginia, and is the wife of Honorable A. S. Dandridge, one of the prominent citizens of the State.

Danske (Bedinger) Dandridge is the daughter of Honorable Henry Bedinger, at one time United States Minister to Denmark, and was born in Copenhagen in 1864. Her parents died during her childhood, and she was brought up by her maternal grandfather, Honorable John W. Lawrence, of Flushing, Long Island. After her marriage to Mr. Dandridge she came to West Virginia to reside. She has been a contributor of poetry and of articles on flowers and gardening to many of the most important magazines. Her poetry is collected into a volume called 'Joy and Other Poems,' bearing the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

A glance at the table of contents of this little volume shows where her field of interest lies. Wood demons, dryads, fairy camps and fairy fare, glamour-land and folly-land, dead moons and primroses pale, rainbows and redbirds, and all the ethereal things which delighted the soul of Keats are her daily poetic food, and furnish her a perpetual midsummer-night's dream. And when one turns to the poems themselves he finds that even the poems of love and friendship are expressed in terms of nature. But she is not a nature-poet at all in the sense which that word has carried since the time of Wordsworth; she is the poet, rather, of nature's blossoms and birds and moonlight mysteries. To be the laureate of elfland and of rose-land requires a delicate touch, and hers is both delicate and sure. She is master of her art as well as of her elves, and her verses are, metrically considered, almost faultless. Such

exquisite workmanship is a delight. If a rose is her theme, the poem embodying it is as perfect as the rose. Her song-sparrows and her thrushes never sing out of rhyme.

That she has studied the Elizabethans and Robert Herrick and Shelley and Keats is quite clear; but it is much clearer that the woods and bushes about her home are filled with fairies and fays and folk of the wandering air, that she knows everyone of them by nature and by name, that the young moon tarries in her treetops to tell her what it has seen, and that Titania sits by her side under her favorite oak and tells her what to write. If you doubt it, read "The Wood Demon," "Fairy Fare," "The Fairies' Masquerade," or "The Dead Moon." If you want to know what the birds say and think, she can tell you, for she lives with them and she knows their speech. Read that exquisite thing "The Spirit and the Wood-sparrow," or "The Flicker."

But the book contains some surprises for the reader who is expecting only dainty fairy fare; there are three or four poems of this mortal life so tense in earnestness and so strong in purpose that they call the reader back to them again and again. "Parted," "The Struggle," "To My Comrade Tree," and "Fortitude," are worthy of being bound by themselves. They show what might have been in much larger measure if the fairies had let her alone.

Whatever her theme may be, she illuminates it with imagination and ideality, touches it with a healthy sentiment, and weaves it into rhyme with a fine and subtle art. She finds joy in the things which the dull of spirit do not comprehend, and joy it is to be led by so gracious a hand into the secret places of their mysteries.

Quite apart from the rest, yet noble in its simple dignity, and beautiful in its breath of peace and prayer, is her poem "On the Eve of War," written on Good Friday, 1898. While it is not typical of her poetic expression as a whole, it is characteristic of her artistic work.

Walter Parker

THE WOOD DEMON

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Within this wood there is a sprite:
He blows his horn both noon and night,
He blows his horn both night and day—
But once he blew my soul away.
He has a lyre, he has a lute,
He has a viol and a flute.

There are strange blossoms in the wood:
Their hue is as the hue of blood;
And in what nook those blossoms grow
There is no wight but him doth know.
He finds and plucks them stem by stem,
And wreathes his cap and horn with them;
Then sits and pipes beneath his tree,
Airily, O, airily!

Of all the women of my race
There is no fairer form or face;
None wedded to a braver man
Of all the women of my clan;
Of all the birds that sing and fly
None bore so light a heart as I.
One day I loitered in the glen,
Apart from sight and sound of men:
Afar I heard an elfin horn—
Alas that ever I was born!
I saw, as softly I drew nigh
What ne'er was seen by mortal eye:
I heard, and still, at times I hear,
What ne'er was heard by mortal ear:
But when I saw that blood-red flower
I felt the demon's eerie power,
And when I heard that luring strain
I knew I ne'er might rest again.

Sometimes, when dews of evening fall,
The message of the fairy horn
Upon the singing breeze is borne:
I leave my goodman in the hall,
I leave my home, my children, all,
To follow where it summons me,
Airily, O, airily.

When from the forest I return
My pulses throb, my temples burn.
"O mother dear, your eyes are wild!
You tremble!" cries my fairest child.
"Your face is drawn and pinched and old:
Your head is hot: your hands are cold.
O father, father, much I fear
It is not well with mother dear."

My goodman groans; he does not speak;
The piteous tears run down his cheek.
The children cluster round my knee
To hear a slumber song from me.
I rock the youngest on my breast,
And put an arm about the rest:
My fairest daughter stands aloof,
And reads me with her eyes of ruth.
I bring them blossoms from the wood;
But not the flower whose hue is blood.
I sing them songs of every bird;
But not a song of all I heard
That mocking pixie pipe to me,
Airily, O, airily.

When all the place is still in sleep.
By turns I laugh, by turns I weep.
By turns I sing, by turns I pray—
So wears the restless night away.
My step is slow; my cheek is pale;
I feel my vital forces fail.
Ere long I know that I shall lie
A captive 'neath a gleaming eye:

And as my breathbeats die away
His wildest weird that sprite will play :
And as I draw my feeblest breath
His sweetest strain will mock at death :
And when, at last, my spirit flies
He will not pause to close mine eyes,
But he will sing my threnody,
Airily, O, airily.

THE FAIRIES' MASQUERADE

Who hath not heard, when life was young,
At nurse's or at grandam's knee,
Enthralling stories said or sung
Of magic realms of faerie?
Of elves that sport beneath the moon,
Around the hazel or the thorn,
While crickets chirp a dancing tune
Till all the East is red with dawn ;
Of how they freak, with tricky plays,
Or slide adown the mooný rays ;
Now at their round stone table sit—
A dainty leaf their table-cloth
While firefly waiters round them flit,
They sup their steaming sweet-pea broth.

The meal is heaped upon the board ;
'Tis part the brown bees' cherished hoard ;
A salad of the watercress
Which with wild mustard seed they dress ;
With sour- and pepper-grasses, too.
And oil distilled from meadow rue.
They've butter in a buttercup,
Sippets of pollen dipped in dew ;
Wine in blue bottles bottled up
And cakes of violets dried with care ;
Bread of the flour the mignonette,
Wild strawberries in cordial wet
Of cherry juice, well spiced and rare :
Would I might taste the fairies' fare !

At peep of dawn they'd steal away,
And lurk amid the flowers all day:
But now, alas! throughout the night,
Beside the old witch-hazel tree,
We'd vainly watch till morning light
Nor hint of fairy frolic see.

And are they exiled from the earth?
In some remoteness of the star
Where no intrusive mortals are
They hold fantastic revelry;
With pranks and airy jollity,
With laughter shrill and antic mirth,
They trip around the favored tree:
There summer lasts the whole year long,
And life is like a cheery song.

And do they ne'er revisit the earth,
To view the haunts that gave them birth?
Ah, yes! but not in elfin guise,
But in some garb of insect dressed,
In shape as suits the fancy best,
Of motley moths, or shining flies;
Or some wild creature of the wood
May better please the wayward mood.

Yon bird, scarce bigger than a bee,
That darts about the tulip tree,
A radiant, many-colored thing,
Now poising on its humming wing,
May be a princess in disguise;
Or yonder troop of butterflies
That share with bird and bee, and sup
A draught from every flower cup;
And chase each other wantonly,
With many a freakish pleasantry;
That flutter o'er the clover heads,
And suck the sweets of lily-beds—
May be an errant, elfin band,
Bright mummers out of fairy-land,

To visit each accustomed place
 In beechen dell, or bosky glade,
And idle there a little space,
 To hold their frolic masquerade;
Then flitting through the pearly sky
Up to their new-found home they fly,
And bid the prosy earth good-bye.

THE DEAD MOON

We are ghost-ridden:
 Through the deep night
Wanders a spirit,
 Noiseless and white;
Loiters not; lingers not; knoweth not rest;
Ceaselessly haunting the East and the West.
She, whose undoing the ages have wrought,
Moves on to time of God's rhythmical thought.
In the dark swinging sea,
 As she speedeth through space,
She reads her pale image:
 The wounds are agape on her face.
She sees her grim nakedness
 Pierced by the eyes
Of the seraphs of God
 In their flight through the skies.
(Her wounds, they are many and hollow.)
 The Earth turns and wheels as she flies,
And this spectre, this Ancient, must follow.
When, in the æons,
 Had she beginning?
What is her story?
 What was her sinning?
Do the ranks of the Holy Ones
 Know of her crime?
Does it loom in the mists
 Of the birthplace of Time?
The stars, do they speak of her
 Under their breath:

"Will this Wraith be forever
Thus restless in death?"

On, through immensity,
Sliding and stealing;

On, through infinity,
Nothing revealing.

I see the fond lovers:

They walk in her light;

They charge the "soft maiden"

To bless their love-plight.

Does she laugh in her place

As she glideth through space?

Does she laugh in her orbit, with never a sound,

That to her, a dead body,

With nothing but rents in her round;

Blighted and marred;

Wrinkled and scarred;

Barren and cold;

Wizened and old—

That to her should be told,

That to her should be sung,

The yearning and burning of them that are young?

Our Earth, that is young,

That is throbbing with life,

Has fiery upheavals,

Has boisterous strife:

But she that is dead has no stir, breathes no air;

She is calm; she is voiceless; in lonely despair.

We dart through the void:

We have cries; we have laughter;

The Phantom that haunts us

Comes silently after.

This Ghost-lady follows,

Though none hear her tread:

On, on we are flying,

Still tracked by our dead;

By this white, awful Mystery,

Haggard and dead.

THE SPIRIT AND THE WOOD-SPARROW

'T was long ago;
The place was very fair;
And from a cloud of snow
A spirit of the air
Dropped to the earth below.
It was a spot by man untrod—
Just where
I think is only known to God.

The spirit for a while,
Because of beauty freshly made,
Could only smile:
Then grew the smiling to a song,
And as he sang he played
Upon a moonbeam-wired cithole,
Shaped like a soul.

There was no ear
Or far or near
Save one small sparrow of the wood
That song to hear.
This, in a bosky tree,
Heard all, and understood
As much as a small sparrow could
By sympathy.

'T was a fair sight—
That morn of spring
When, on the lonely height,
The spirit paused to sing,
Then through the air took flight,
Still lilting on the wing.
And the shy bird,
Who all had heard,
Straightway began
To practise o'er the lovely strain,
Again, again;
Though indistinct and blurred,
He tried each word,

Until he caught the last far sound that fell,
 Like the faint tinkle of a fairy bell.
 Now when I hear that song,
 Which has no earthly tone,
 My soul is carried with the strain along
 To the everlasting Throne,
 To bow in thankfulness and prayer,
 And gain fresh love, and faith, and patience there.

THE FLICKER

O the flicker! He is here—
 April's hardy pioneer!
 Soul of young hilarity!
 He's the bird, the bird for me!
 With his lispings infantile;
 Many a quirk and roguish wile;
 Whims of wooing in his pate,
 Toying, coying, with his mate;
 And his chucklings, loud and long,
 Richer than the richest song.

Through the sober trees he flies,
 Proper birds to scandalize.
 See him in his shambling flight
 On the serious Oak to light;
 Pass the laugh and pass the jest:
 "Let's be jolly, laughter's cheap!
 Oh, the joke's too good to keep!
 Tell it, tell it to the rest!"

Careless conqueror of care!
 Nature's motley he doth wear.
 When I hear his hearty call
 To the feast she spreads for all,
 To her revels jovial
 Forth I hie with right good will.
 To sup with her and sup my fill,
 Join the merry rollicking
 And celebrate the feast of spring.
 O the flicker, he is here,
 Drunk with new wine of the vear.

TO MY COMRADE TREE

"The tree is grown that shall yield to each . . . his 'last narrow house and dark.'"—*County Parson*.

Remote in the woods where the thrushes chant;
Or on some lonely mountain slope;
Or in a copse, the cuckoo's haunt—
With fingers pointing to the cope,
There stands a tree, there stands a tree,
Must fall before they bury me.

O waiting heart, where'er thou art,
At last thy dust with mine shall blend;
For though we spend our days apart,
We come together at the end;
And thou with me, and I with thee,
Must lie in perfect unity.

Within a cramped confine of space,
And owning naught of earth beside,
That heart must be my dwelling-place
For whom the world was not too wide.
A new-time Dryad, mine must be
The shape that shall inhabit thee.

Perchance in some lone wandering
On thine old roots I may have lain,
And heard above the wood-birds sing,
While God looked down upon us twain;
And did I feel no thrill, with thee,
Of fellowship and sympathy?

Is thy strong heart ne'er wearied out
With standing 'neath the overfreight
Of boughs that compass thee about,
With mass of green, or white, a-weight?
O patient tree, O patient tree!
Dost never long for rest, like me?

I know thou spreadest grateful shade
When fierce the noontide sun doth beat;
And birds their nests in thee have made,
And cattle rested at thy feet:
Heaven grant that I make this life of mine
As beautiful and brave as thine!

And when thy circling cloak is doffed,
Thou standest on the storm-swept sod
And liftest thy long arms aloft
In mute appealing to thy God:
Appeal for me, appeal for me,
That I may stand as steadfastly.

Let me fulfil my destiny
And calmly wait for thee, O friend!
For thou must fall, and I must die,
And come together at the end—
To quiet slumbering addressed;
Shut off from storm; shut in for rest.

Thus lying in God's mighty hand
While His great purposes unfold,
We'll feel, as was from Chaos planned,
His breath inform our formless mould;
New shape for thee, new life for me,
For both, a vast eternity.

PARTED

O that I stood in the presence of God;
In the palpable presence of God,
And had voice for one cry!
That my body were dead, and my soul were alive
In the light of that imminent Eye!

"God! give me one boon for my life!
That was patient and long;
For the waiting; the years—oh, the years!
For the hunger and tears;
For the hurt and the wrong:
God! grant me one boon for my life!
Somewhere—oh, Thou knowest the where—
In Thy worlds with their heavens and hells,
In the limitless space of air,
He *is*, and Thou knowest the where!
A boon, oh, a boon! Send me there!

"For I bore it, the worst that was sent;
The pitiless ache of the tears;
The loss, and the fierce discontent
And the horror and fears
Of that silence more hard than a wall!
And the fancies, so maddeningly sweet,
More cruel than all:
By the love that is deathless I call
As I fall at Thy feet."

Would I cry? Would the floods be unsealed
In that Presence, in the sight of the Thrones?
Would I jar the loud joy of the Saints
With my strenuous tones?
Or stand with my hand on my mouth
Unable to praise or to pray:
Just *feeling*, "Thou knowest it all;
What *is* there to say?"

THE STRUGGLE

"Body, I pray you let me go!"
It is a soul that struggles so.
"Body, I see on yonder height
Dim reflex of a solemn light;
A light that shineth from the place
Where Beauty walks with naked face;
It is a light you cannot see—
Lie down, you clod, and set me free.

"Body, I pray you, let me go!"
It is a soul that striveth so.
"Body, I hear dim sounds afar
Dripping from some diviner star;
Dim sounds of holy revelry:
It is my mates that sing, and I
Must drink that song or break my heart—
Body, I pray you let us part.

"Comrade, your frame is worn and frail;
Your vital force begins to fail:
I long for life; but you for rest:
Then, Body, let us both be blest.
When you are lying 'neath the dew
I'll come, sometimes, and sing to you:
But you will feel nor pain nor woe—
Body, I pray you, let me go!"

Thus strove a Being. Beauty-fain,
He broke his bonds and fled amain.
He fled: the Body lay bereft.
But on its lips a smile was left,
As if that spirit, looking back,
Shouted upon his upward track,
With joyous tone and hurried breath,
Some message that could comfort Death.

FORTITUDE

The trees are standing straight and bold;
Stripped for their wrestle with the cold.
The clouds are flying, torn and gray:
The restless birds have flown away.
The storm-swept soul has cast aside
The vestments of her summer pride.
Come ice and snow, come shrieking blast—
The soul, deep-rooted, standeth fast,
And bears, through winter's buffeting,
The secret promise of the spring.

THE WOOD-THRUSH

When to the inmost secret of the wood
I do betake myself, and therein find
A mossy seat, flower-broidered to my mind,
Whereon to muse of little understood
And vexing questions—whether God be good
To send such pain and toil to all mankind;
Or if the world be ruled by Nature, blind
And deaf and callous to her crying brood—
Sudden the silence breaks into a song
Such as to summer woodlands doth belong,
A song that hath a soul and speaks to mine
In heavenly parlance: by that holy sign
My faith that tottered is made strong and whole:
Nature is God if Nature hath a soul.

FAIRY FARE

Mabel, darling Mabel,
Dancing down the lane;
Flitting, like a butterfly,
Between the drops of rain!
Now the sun out-peeping
Gleams upon her hair,
Glitters in the drops that deck
Her little feet so bare.
Mabel, pretty Mabel,
So gentle and so wild;
She's not like other children,
She's half a fairy child—
Ever watching, listening,
So quick of eye and ear,
As though she saw what none could see,
Heard what none could hear.

In her bed at midnight,
By her sister's side:
"Tell me, Mabel darling,"
So the sister cried,
"Why are you so silent,
Who used to be so bright,
Whispering to yourself all day,
Wakeful half the night?
Tell me, for I love you,
What has changed you so?"
Then the little Mabel
Whispered, shy and low:
"Listen to my secret;
I will tell you, dear,
What no other creature,
None but you, must hear.

"Last midsummer morning,
At the dawn of day,
I rambled through the meadows
For a lonely play.

In the willow copses
We call the wilderness,
I found—but guess, dear sister—
No, you would never guess!
I found a fairy table,
Round, and draped in white,
Where the fairies left it,
Feasting overnight;
Heaped with tempting viands,
Dainty fruits and wine,
And sparkling crimson goblets,
All wreathed with partridge vine.”

“But oh, my little Mabel!”
The frightened sister spake,
“You did not taste the fairy fare,
Their bread you did not break?”
Alas, the pretty maiden,
She shook her curly head;
To her anxious sister,
Whispering low, she said:
“I sipped a sip of fairy wine,
I tasted fairy bread!

“I ate and drank,” said Mabel,
“And from that happy day
With mortal children, large and rough,
I do not care to play;
But I am ever waiting
The coming of a band
To follow, follow, follow,
Away to fairy-land:
And so I watch and listen
Until the elfins come
To take me for their playmate,
To make with them my home.”

Then up arose the sister,
And to the woods she went;
With the woodland creatures,
A summer day she spent:

Asked the woodland creatures,
 "Tell me I implore,
Must my little sister
 Live with us no more?"
Asked a squirrel racing
 Up a cherry tree,
"Tell me, pretty squirrel,
 Tell the truth to me."

But the squirrel chattered,
 Frisked and chattered on;
Ate a wild red cherry,
 Flung to her a stone;
Then away he frolicked,
 With a laugh went he,
Scampered down the cherry,
 Up another tree.

Then the sister wandered
 Onward, patiently;
Found a big bee buzzing
 Round a flowering vine,
Sucking clover blossoms,
 Quaffing scented wine;
Asked of him so humbly,
 Begged him so to say,
That he hummed around her,
 In his clumsy way:
When he found the maiden
 Was no monstrous flower,
Off he flew in dudgeon
 To his honey-tower.

Many birds and insects
 Flitted gayly by,
Pausing not to listen
 Nor to make reply:
Till a yellow flicker,
 Tapping on a tree,
Paused and listened gravely,
 Listened curiously;

Heard the mournful story
That the sister told,
Then, with many an antic,
Pert and overbold,
Answered, while he neatly
Preened his wings of gold:
"The child that feeds on fairy food
Never can grow old!"

"O flicker, pretty flicker,"
She said, with sob and sigh,
"You mean my darling Mabel,
My little pet, will die?"
He spread his wings so lightly,
So lightly flew away;
But the troubled sister
Wept the livelong day:
Until a vesper-sparrow,
Touched by her distress,
Lilted out his lyric,
Full of tenderness,
With a soothing message
Trilled the closing part:
"The child that feasts on fairy fare
Will keep a childlike heart."

OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

[18 —]

EDWIN WILEY

WITHIN the last few years a group of new writers has arisen whose work presages a new era in our literary history. They have flung aside the lyric of personal satisfaction or unrest; the tale of intricate plot; the character-study of mountain or lowland patois, and are concerning themselves with the fundamental issues of life. Forth from the bitter experiences of the past, and from the stress and complexity of the present, they are distilling the essence of a creative art hitherto unattained by Southern poets and novelists.

Yet the poem and the novel are not perfect vehicles for the expression of dramatic truth, and it is reasonable, therefore, to find the time-spirit seeking its rightful medium—the play. Viewed in this way, the two volumes of plays by Olive Tilford Dargan do not impress one with the immediate wonder of their performance. In the present conditions the appearance of plays by a Southern writer could have been anticipated reasonably, yet who would have dared prophesy that they would be written by a woman, would be great poems as well as dramas, and, above all, be marked by a grasp and a largeness of utterance that render them worthy to be classed with any creations of their type? Barring Elizabeth Barrett Browning, whose plays are theologic dreams rather than dramas, there has been no woman writer whose desire has been so universal or whose achievement so exceptional. Her failures, even, and those are evidenced in no small measure, are victories in comparison with lesser aims, and serve but to point out the splendid promise of the rest.

Mrs. Dargan comes from the purest strain of Southern blood. Her ancestors left Virginia just after the Revolution and joined in that most tremendous enterprise in American history, the settlement of the Valley of the Mississippi. In the wilderness of Kentucky, at the expense of infinite toil and menaced by dangers, they built their homes. To-day their names are a part of Kentucky history. To the student who seeks for the explanation of phenomena in their origins, the temptation to refer certain facts in Mrs. Dargan's career to ancestral sources is too strong to be resisted. It is true that there is a tendency of late to discount the influence of heredity; yet in this, as in many other seemingly inexplicable riddles of personality, it offers the most reasonable key. The hardihood of her

Kentucky ancestors, who dared and toiled for their ideal of freedom and for homes, seems to be repeated again in the struggle of Olive Tilford Dargan for self-expression and her vision of art. One inference may be drawn strongly from the outlines of Mrs. Dargan's life: what she has gained has come through infinite toil and sacrifice. She was not one of those, if such exist, to whom the richness and rewards of life come unsolicited; like many another delicate yet indomitable soul, she wrung them from illness, poverty and unkind conditions.

Olive Tilford was born in Grayson County, Kentucky. Her father, Elisha Francis Tilford, and her mother, Rebecca Day, were married in 1867, she being the second child. Both of her parents were teachers, and left Kentucky when she was ten years old to open a school in Missouri. At the end of three years, for the sake of her mother's health, they moved to Warm Springs, Arkansas, a resort in the Ozark Mountains. Olive Tilford was prepared for college at the age of thirteen, but lack of means forced her to become her father's assistant. At fourteen she began teaching alone, and after four years was in a position to enter Peabody Normal College at Nashville, Tennessee. After graduation she again took up teaching in southwest Missouri, but the climate so affected her health that she was forced to give up the work for a while, and make her home with her aunt, Mrs. Eden Leren Coombs, of Houston, Texas. Although welcomed and happy in these new surroundings, their allurements, and those of social distractions, could not satisfy a nature that must find activity of some sort. She therefore completed a course in a commercial college after which she filled a position in a bank for a brief period. An opportunity, however, came for her to take up her old work of teaching, and for two years she held a position in the schools of San Antonio, Texas. The year following was spent in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where she wisely took special work in English and Philosophy at Radcliffe College. A year or more after leaving Radcliffe, she spent in Canada, teaching part of the time in Wolfville, Nova Scotia. This she gave up to spend a year reading in the Boston libraries, supporting herself the while by stenography.

At this time the success of some articles contributed to periodicals led her to adopt literature as her life-work. True to her temperament, she labored so enthusiastically that she ignored the penalties of unrelieved mental effort, and the result was a serious break-down that forced her to leave work and seek the mountains of northern Georgia, where she hoped to find relief and leisure for literary labor. Here it was that she met Mr. Pegram Dargan, of Darlington, South Carolina, to whom she was married in 1898.

When Mrs. Dargan's 'Semiramis and Other Plays' appeared in 1903 it failed to attract from the reviewers the attention that it richly deserved. Everything, apparently, conspired to give these dramas to silence. The professional critic has, in general, an unconcealed contempt for poetry, unless it be a distillate of vapid sentimentality and sensuousness; and as for closet-dramas, he assumes in advance that they are unworthy, and simply passes them by—unless they bear the name of some famous writer, or the imprint of a publisher who is generous in his advertising. Hence it is only just to presume that 'Semiramis' was unread; indeed, to have ignored the work after careful reading would have been a confession of critical prejudice or inadequacy quite beyond belief.

Yet in spite of the few printed notices it received, the book gained an audience through a medium less perfunctory and far more sincere than that of the professional critic—the word of one person of discernment passed on to another. Appreciation gained in such way is of lasting sort, and it is an especial delight to those who perceived the quality and promise of the first book to witness the unusual distinction granted to the second.

'Semiramis and Other Plays,' Mrs. Dargan's first volume, is a trilogy of poetic dramas, which, while manifestly 'prentice work, nevertheless, barring all their faults of conception and execution, form one of the most remarkable initial efforts of their kind ever written. Their crudities are so far overshadowed by their manifest virtues that to call attention to them would be captious; and again, it must be confessed that the writer has set herself the most difficult task of all literary creation, inasmuch as the poetic drama demands, in addition to its lyric and epic qualities, characterization and development of plot harmonized into a close-textured and convincing whole. These desiderata we can scarcely hope to find in first work, and when Mrs. Dargan's plays are compared with the initial efforts of other writers their remarkable qualities stand revealed.

The first, "Semiramis," is perhaps the most adequate of the three as a play, and with a few modifications would doubtless prove a splendid success were it placed upon the stage. With the instinct of the artist, she has caught the passion and color of antique Assyria and has formed it into a moving pageant, full of power and beauty. Out of the legend of Semiramis, who has come down to us as a mythical figure half goddess and half amazon, Mrs. Dargan develops her heroine, making her twice heroic by laying no stress upon her supernatural birth, and humanizing her so that the reader enters in full sympathy with her struggle for self-realization when the choice is given her between personal attainment and renunciation.

"Carlotta," which concerns itself with the unhappy fate of Maxi-

milian, Emperor of Mexico, follows rather closely the historic events connected with the characters, and in doing so has worked a measure of violence against dramatic unity; for the scene shifts rapidly, and sometimes abruptly, from widely separated places, resulting in a multiplicity of characters whose intrusion not seldom obstructs the movement of the play. Again, it is to be questioned whether the highest dramatic powers could take the characters of Maximilian and Carlotta and, following them literally, render them really tragic. They were the victims rather than the masters of external conditions, and though Carlotta rises at times to a certain tragic height, still we are always aware that being a woman, and denied a man's opportunities for action, she is without the power necessary for solving the problem confronting her. Consciously or unconsciously, Mrs. Dargan seems to have been aware of these facts in writing the play, for the reading of it reveals that she was so much absorbed by the beauty of the setting and so held by the charm of lyric interludes, that as a whole it loses in strength what it gains in poetry.

In "The Poet" Mrs. Dargan attempts a dramatic solution of the mystery of Poe. She is clearly in love with her theme, and her handling of material so refractory is little short of a triumph. The profound duality of Poe's character, his subjection to moods of exaltation and despair, his eternal collision with circumstance and the deficiencies of an unregulated self, she has endeavored to harmonize into a dramatic whole. The psychological portrayal of a man of genius will ever remain the touchstone of creative art. The broad and simple outlines demanded by the characterization of the man essentially of action, prove inadequate in the case of a personality as obscure as that of Poe. Two masters have acknowledged the almost insuperable difficulties of the problem in "Hamlet" and "The Return of the Druses," so rather than question how well "The Poet" is done, we should marvel that it was done at all. Of all the plays in the book it is the most convincing and the most human. The scene in Act IV in which Poe discovers his wife's fatal illness is perhaps the most effective in the volume. With sure touch she reveals the sinister gift of genius which brings forth its beauty out of pain, is cruel to the thing it loves, and cruel most of all to itself.

Whether or not Mrs. Dargan gives a correct interpretation of Poe, she at least gives one that satisfies conditions, and one that justifies those who feel that back of his aloofness from humanity there throbbed a heart that yearned with supreme tenderness for the perfection of love as well as a perfected art—yet was ever destined to have both vanish in the stress of unkind circumstance, or through his own morbid suspicions.

The promise indicated in Mrs. Dargan's first book has been real-

ized in her second. That she has the genuine spirit of the artist is revealed by her endeavor to avoid some of the faults of technique noticeable in the earlier plays, and in addition there is a distinct growth in conceptive power and grasp of dramatic verities. Her unusual versatility is again shown by her choice of themes—the first play, "Lords and Lovers," being drawn from mediæval English history, the second from present-day Russia, and the third, "The Siege," being thoroughly Greek in theme and spirit.

The tendency to hark back to the past is an essential attribute of every poet endowed with an overpowering feeling for beauty. The crassness and nearness of the present either hide or negate its charm, so the subtle spirit finds its freedom in the loveliness of antique dreamlands. In some creative artists this mood is but a passing phase; with others, however, it persists, tending more and more to withdraw them in sympathy from the vital issues of the life around them. That such is not the case with Mrs. Dargan is evidenced by her play of modern Russia, "The Shepherd," which perhaps marks a new epoch in her creative life. The play, unlike her others, save "The Poet," is short, is vital, and is steeped in the spirit of the modern. At last she seems to have escaped the call of ancient things, the influence of Shakespeare and the other Elizabethans, nay, she shows indeed marks of those intense moderns, Ibsen and Sudermann. The poet is submerged in the humanist in its literal sense. Again, there is a larger symbolism and intensity of passion not to be found in her other plays. The character of Adrien Lavrov, the mystic and leader of the Russian peasantry, is perhaps too otherworldly for the task ordained him; yet, despite that, he is portrayed with unusual power and clearness. The symbol of the universal struggle between spirit and flesh, he is nevertheless in no circumstance of the many temptations that assail him, ever the victim of them; he yields all things, ease, fame, art, love, life, and even the cause for which he labors, to the imperative call of duty. The movement as a whole leads to a climax that has, added to its tragic power, that element of reconciliation and peace only to be found in quintessential art.

The background of awful cruelty against which the figures move is perhaps a bit too unrelieved, too dark, it may be, for truth; yet after all it is not improbable, even in this Twentieth Century of enlightenment. There are many noble spirits, Adrians of reality, who, like the pictured shepherd, yearn for the light of some peaceful and beneficent star.

In "Lords and Lovers," Mrs. Dargan reveals most of all her debt to Shakespeare and the Elizabethans, which is a debt the same, although she has borrowed nothing. That they have been deeply

and sincerely read by her this play leaves no doubt. The plot is concerned with early years of the reign of King Henry III, who is introduced as one of the leading characters. The spirit of the mediæval age is admirably caught, and the essential qualities of the mediæval man strongly depicted. The violent contrasts of a formative era, the devotion and exaltation that in its highest mood of chivalry almost realized the dream of an earthly empire of God, yet which in its lowest could attain inconceivable depths of hatred and cruelty. Margaret, the Scottish princess, in her splendid height, of love and sacrifice, contrasted with the sensuous and selfish Eleanor, is perhaps the play's best illustration of this antithesis.

The play, though almost too long for stage setting in its present form (which resembles that of Shakespeare's sequel dramas) could be easily cut down to modern requirements, and would make a thrilling and beautiful spectacle. The humor is more spontaneous than in the other plays, and the lack of any unusual lyrics is amply made up for in the almost epic quality of some of the passages. The death of Pembroke, in the first act, is masterly, and the scenes between Hubert and Margaret contain some lines nothing short of Shakespearian.

Her Greek play, "The Siege," while wholly lovely in setting and rich in delicate lyrics, lacks both the largeness of "The Shepherd" and the human qualities of "Lords and Lovers." Lovely beings, lovely even in sin, move against the hills of rose and olive like a band of nymphs and satyrs, wholly lacking the universal point of view, which the artist perhaps denied them in subtle understanding of the essential Greek spirit. Phillistus, the ambitious courtier who murders the father and mother of the woman he loves, is too wholly demoniac to seem real, while Aristocles, the Athenian philosopher, who has only his beauty and his brains to commend him, shows ill beside his friend whom he wrongs in his love for the other's wife. Dion, the husband, brave soldier and ideal patriot, is one of Mrs. Dargan's strongest and most exquisite characters, playing to the Pagan world about him the part which Brutus played through love of Pagan Rome. The climax of his death in which he gives his wife to his friend is the best of the play. The setting is delicate and beautiful, and the lyrics are of exceptional loveliness.

Edwin Wiley.

CARLOTTA

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ACT I. SCENE II.

JUAREZ.—Now monarchy has spread her gilded sails,
And from the East comes like another sun
To blind our eyes with wonder of a crown
While shackling us by hand and foot to earth.
But from these mountains will arise a queen,
The figure grey of ancient Liberty,
Mourning and wronged, but with the unpaling star
Of God's own favor set upon her brow!
These two shall meet—and that mock sun go down!

TREVINO.—You still have hope when Mexico deserts us?

JUA.—Dost read your country in the smile she shows
Her conquerors? She has a heart beneath!
Ay, sir, did she not prove it at Puebla?
Where dead fell on the dead with gun in hand
Still pointed to the French! Where, hope once lost,
And the enemy pouring through the shattered gates,
Our men blew up their city and themselves
To keep their souls free from Napoleon!
These men have brothers left, and sons,
And they are Mexico!

SOLDIERS.—El presidente!
Liberty and Juarez!

A SOLDIER.—(*Waving his sword*) We'll be revenged,
Or spill more blood than hell can drink!

SOLDIERS.—Down with the empire! Death to Maximilian!

JUA.—No, not revenge—but justice. That's enough.
We've but to wait—and strike. Yon mists now spread
Their fair illusion o'er the eternal mountains
'Till't seems they are the world, and the great hills
Are naught. But by to-morrow's noon-sun see
Their fortunes faded as a dream of night,
While the rock peak looks up as if to say,
From the foundation of the world I am!
So will this glamour o'er our godly cause
Pass as a breath, while all the world shall read
Our right and title to unbonded life

In our free bosoms founded and God-set!

A SOLDIER.—We'll die for freedom!

JUA.—Die? That's the one thing
We can not do. We may lie down in graves,
But from our living dust will spring new challenge
To make in noble minds continued war
Until our race be righted!

TREV.—Many fly

From our misfortunes. Amaldo and LeVal—

JUA.—Call't not misfortune that teaches us our friends.
Now are we sifted and the chaff is known!
...LeVal!.....But Diaz is true?

TREV.—On yonder mountain
His fires make answer for him.

JUA.—(*Looking into distance*) Forgive me, comrade!
I know you true, and sooner will yon moon
Make her last change and fall than you change once
From the full circle of a complete man.....
(*Turns and sees Ignacio*) My nephew here?

IGNACIO.— Just from the capital!

JUA.—Where you must back again. Rafael, too!
Both my young soldiers! My right arm and my left—
Though which is which I know not. Ignacio,
You saw the Austrian? No matter. He's but
The drift-piece of a rotten monarchy
That thinks to graft upon the living tree
Of our new-sprung republic! We'll shake him off
As a June oak a spray of winter wreck,
Nor ever know he clung upon our boughs!

IG.—The church is powerful vet, and seeks to join
Her cause with his.

JUA.—The church? Say not the church,
But mockers in Christ's name, who steal the land
And drain its fruitage into Satan's purse,
Keeping the poor a race of hopeless slaves,
Who worship their own shackles! O, Ignorance,
Thou art the great slave-master! Thy very chains
Are vital and beget themselves; and he
Who strikes them seems the monster of the earth
To the poor serf who thinks it is himself

That bleeds! The church be with our foe, with us
 Be God, we'll ask no more. Hear me, my men!
 The great republic of the North's our friend.
 When her own war is done you'll hear her speak
 To France in cannon tones that will make quake
 Napoleon on his throne! That great mock-god,
 Who seeks to free all men that he may fit
 Their necks to his own yoke! (*With growing intensity*)

That adder who
 Would coil about the world! That serpent scruffed
 With white deceit and low ambition's slime,
 That crept into the garden of my dreams
 And cankered bud and root, nursed by my toil,
 Fed with my dearest blood! Ay, he will quake,
 And cry for mercy to a stony Heaven
 Whose pity-drops long since were drained upon
 The woe that he hath made! Ay, he—

TREV.—(*Touching him*) But now,
 My friend?

JUA.—(*Composed*) You're right. No more of that.
 Nephew!

IG.—Here, sir!

JUA.—Your place will be the capital.
 We must have eyes there, and a heart to serve us.
 This hour set out. Here are instructions. (*Gives paper*)

TREV.—Sir,
 He's had no rest.

JUA.—True..... true.....

IG.—And need none when

Juarez commands.

JUA.—(*Taking his hand*) Thou'rt still my son. My
 house

Will not fall down when I no longer prop it.

RAFAEL.—May I not beg this office, sir?

TREV.—Send him!

His heart is in the hills, and he'll come back.
 Ignacio's yet unanchored. Trust him not
 To high tides of a court.

JUA.—I trust them both.

But my own blood I know. (*To Ignacio*) Kneel for the oath.

(*Ignacio kneels. Murmurs around, then silence.*)

Juarez takes a crucifix from his bosom and holds it over Ignacio.)

JUA.—By this true image of the bleeding Christ,
May you be damned to everlasting fire
Nor prayers of saints lift up your soul from hell,
If you prove false in what you undertake
This night for Mexico!

IG.—By Christ's own blood,
I swear, and may that blood be powerless
To save me from the damned if I prove false!

JUA.—The stars that hold
The witness angels of the Lord have heard
Thy oath.

IG.—(*Rising and looking up.*) Let them record it.

ASEF.—(*Fearfully*) Ah!

TREV.—(*Holding out a brand*) The brand!

JUA.—Not that!

IG.—(*Baring his arm*) I choose it! (*Trevino quickly brands his arm with a cross. Juarez, too late, dashes the brand from his hand*)

IG.—(*Throwing up his arm*). Sealed to the cause!
(*Hurries to go.*)

JUA.—My boy! (*Ignacio returns for Juarez's embrace*)

IG.—(*Going*) Liberty and Juarez!

SOLDIERS.—Juarez!

Liberty and Juarez!

(*All but Juarez follow Ignatius out, cheering*)

Hurrah! hurrah!

(*Juarez draws his grey mantle about him and stands silent. The fires die down. The moon clouds. He looks up invoking*)

JUA.—Spirit of Montezuma, be thou here
And on thy son drop wisdom out of Heaven,
That these thy children he may lead to peace,
And this thy country give again to him
Who set his iron in the earth and said:
"Man, make thy weapon; there shall be no slaves!"

THE POET

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ACT III. SCENE II.

(Scene II: *Same room as before. Night. Virginia sits motionless in the dim firelight. Mrs. Clemm comes softly downstairs.*)

MRS. C.—Virginia?

VIR.—Naughty mamma! You said you would sleep.
What a story to tell your little girl!

MRS. C. (*Advancing*) The rain—wakes me. (*Comes to fire.*) Did Edgar take his cloak, dear?

VIR.—No, mother.

MRS. C.—Are you not cold in that dress, darling?

VIR.—O no—quite comfortable—and Edgar likes me in white, you know. (*A window rattles. Both look anxiously toward the door.*)

MRS. C.—What a gust!.....I wonder what winter is like at the north. (*Virginia looks at her quickly, and both drop their eyes*)....To think of him out on a night like this! And he has not been well lately. Had he no purpose? Did he say *nothing* when he went out?

VIR.—He said he was going to seek Truth.

MRS. C.—And what does he mean by truth, Virginia?

VIR.—O, I don't know. When he is talking I understand, but when he is gone it all fades and I know nothing about it.

MRS. C.—Nor does Edgar, mark me, dear. He is trying to know things that the wise God decreed should remain unknown to mortals. That is what makes him so unhappy....Did he eat his breakfast this morning, Virginia?

VIR.—No, mamma.

MRS. C.—Did he take any food yesterday?....Tell me daughter. I can not help you if I do not know. (*Virginia begins to sob*). There, there, darling! A little patience and we'll get him over this.

VIR.—O, mother!

MRS. C.—Come here, my little girl. (*Takes Virginia in*

her arms.) Now tell me! Don't let the heart go heavy when mother ears are waiting.

VIR.—He . . . goes . . . out at night . . . and I follow him because it kills me to think of his wandering alone. We were on Burney hill last night.

MRS. C.—Five miles! Then that is what these pale cheeks and dark eyes mean! And Edgar let you go!

VIR.—No! I *go*! I am not a child, mother. Ah, I knew you would not understand!

MRS. C.—Yes, yes, I do, Virginia. I know he suffers, but you—

VIR.—Don't speak of me! You shame me! Were I to lie down on those coals my tortures would be less than his. Remember that, mother. When you doubt, as you surely will, remember that I told you, and I know. His mind is a *living* thing, throbbing through his body and leaving him no shield of flesh. O, mamma, help him! Promise me! You will never forsake him?

MRS. C.—Never, my love.

VIR.—I would not have told you, but my strength is gone, and somebody must know—somebody who is strong. (*A gust shakes the window.*) O, my darling! Out in that blackness alone! And if I were there I could say nothing. That is the pity of it, mamma. I have no words, and thought without tongue is nothing so long as we are mortal and wear these bodies. Some day it may be enough just to *be* a soul, but not now—not now!

MRS. C.—O, my daughter!

VIR.—Promise me, mamma, that if I die you will find Helen. She could help him!

MRS. C.—(*Rising*) Virginia, if you say another word like that I shall think you are mad—or I am! (*Bursts into weeping.*)

VIR.—Darling, darling mother! Now I have given you all my burdens, you will grow weak under them, and I want strength by my side!

MRS. C.—(*Calm*) You must go to bed, dear. I will wait for Edgar.

VIR.—No, no.

MRS. C.—I will coax him to eat something.

VIR.—(*Smiling sadly*) Coax him, mamma?

MRS. C.—Yes, dear. Go now.

VIR.—I can not.

MRS. C.—I command you, my daughter.

VIR.—Please do not command me. You have never had to pardon disobedience in me.

MRS. C.—Nor shall I have cause now. Obey me, Virginia.

VIR.—Would you send me into hell, mother?

MRS. C.—Daughter!

VIR.—That is what a bed is to me when Edgar is out like this.

MRS. C.—You make too much of these wanderings. Night and day are alike to him.

VIR.—Ah, it is not the night that I fear! . . . Go, mamma! It is you who must rest. O, how we need these strong arms—this clear head! I shall nod in my chair, for the thought of you getting your needed rest will bring the winks to my own eyes. Come! (*Draws her toward stairway*) I promise you that I will sleep in the big chair as snug and tight as kitty herself. (*Kisses her.*)

MRS. C.—(*On the stairs*) I can not leave my sick child to watch. You ask me to do an inhuman thing, Virginia. I will not go.

VIR.—Mother! Do not let me hurt you. . . . the dearest, the most unselfish of mothers. . . . but it is better for me to meet my husband alone.

(*Mrs. Clemm turns and goes slowly upstairs. Virginia goes back to fire.*)

VIR.—Watch and pray! I can but watch and pray! . . . He said 'twas love he wanted. . . . and I brought him that. . . . love that shakes but with the globe itself. But it does not help. . . . 'twas all wrong. . . . all wrong! (*Weeps. Rises, and busies herself about an oven on the hearth.*) Three times I have prepared his supper that it might be fresh enough to tempt him. But now. . . . I am so tired. I must try to keep this warm. The sight of it may make him angry. . . . But I must try. (*Arranges some clothes on a chair.*) He will be so wet with the rain. Ah, I can do nothing. . . . nothing. (*Looks towards the door.*) He is coming. Strength, strength. O my God!

(*Poe throws door open. Turns and speaks as if to companions outside.*)

POE.—Goodnight, goodnight, brave Beauty's fearless angels! (*Comes in.*) Well, Dame Venus, what thoughts for your hobbling Vulcan?

VIR.—(*Brightly*) My Hermes, you mean. I'm sure you're feather-footed, you go so far and fast.

POE.—Why, sweet-mouth, a kiss for that! (*Kisses her.*)

VIR.—O, my love, you are dripping with rain.

POE.—Well, and so are the trees. Not a leaf out there but is shaking her pearls. Who flies from nature but man? Let her be terrible, glorious, worthy of his eyes and his heart, and forthwith he takes to his hole.

VIR.—I hate her to-night. She kept me from following you.

POE.—Virginia. (*Seizes her hands, crushing them in his, and gazing at her with fierce earnestness.*) Never do that again! Never again! (*Lets her hands fall, and turns toward door as if he must go out. Her eyes follow him eagerly, but she tries to speak carelessly.*)

VIR.—Here are your dry things, dear, and I've kept something hot for your supper.

POE.—(*Turning*) Yes....this is a very valuable skin of mine. Make it comfortable. But what of me, Virginia? That something here burning with fire that would brighten Olympos' head! Have you no welcome for me? (*Virginia silent.*) Why are you so pale? Light all the lamps! You should not sit in the dark. There are no stars in this den!

VIR.—(*Hurriedly lighting lamp.*) I'm sorry, love, but last night you wanted the dark—don't you remember?

POE.—No, I don't remember. Memory is a hyena, always scratching up our dead selves! You must not remember, Virginia!

VIR.—Yes, dear.

POE.—Forgive me, love. O, I am driving myself mad! Selling myself to the devil of prose that I may bring in that fool's litter—money, money, money—and for what? That we may feed the flesh that devours our souls, and hang such rubbish as this on our backs! (*Sweeps garments from chair.*) O, Virginia, if you were brave enough we would forget these

rag of the body and go like spirits to meet our brothers of the night! They are all out there! Will you go with me, my bride?

VIR.—O, Edgar!

POE.—Ha! You would rather ask them in to have something dry and something hot! But I must have the air! (*Throws door open. Lightning flashes on falling rain. Virginia shrinks from the wind.*) Hear those winds! Gathering lost souls to the bosom of Night! Feel those drops! Every one of them the tear of a fallen god! O, it is nothing but rain? Ha! ha! ha! (*Virginia coughs. Poe closes the door hastily. She coughs again.*)

POE.—Don't, Virginia!

VIR.—Yes, dear.

POE.—My angel! (*Embraces her. She coughs.*) O, it is these wet clothes! (*Throws off coat, picks up dressing gown from the floor and puts it on hurriedly.*)

VIR.—(*Eagerly*) Your slippers too, dear!

POE.—Yes, yes, my slippers! (*Puts them on. Sits in big chair, taking her on his knee, and embracing her tenderly.*) What made you cough, Virginia?

VIR.—O, 'twas nothing, dear. 'Tis all right now. Everything is all right.

POE.—Is it, little wisdom? O, ye gods!

VIR.—(*Concealing anxiety*) Darling?

POE.—What, my beautiful earth-bird?

VIR.—You will take your supper now?

POE.—(*Impatiently*) No, no! Is there any wine in the house?

VIR.—Yes, love, but—

POE.—I must have it! Quick! I shall faint.

VIR.—(*Rising*) No, Edgar, it is food you need.

POE.—(*Rising*) Where is it?

VIR.—O, my dearest!

POE.—Tell me, Virginia! (*Goes toward a closet.*)

VIR.—(*Getting before him*) If you were reaching for a cup of poison, Edgar, I would risk my life, ay, risk your love, to dash it from you. And wine is your poison. I can not let you drink death.

POE.—Death! It is all the life that is left to me, and you deny it!

VIR.—Be quiet, love. You will wake our mother.

POE.—Down, gods, and let the lady sleep!

VIR.—She is not well, Edgar.

POE.—But she will be well to-morrow, and I—I am immortally sick and you deny me a drop of wine.

VIR.—O, my poor boy! I'm so sorry for you!

POE.—And is that all, O Heaven? I'm her poor boy, and she is so sorry for me! Why, here's a heart that loosens in its throbs the birth-song of new stars! Come strike thy chime with mine, and though all bells upon the planets jingle, in us will still be music!

VIR.—O, Edgar!

POE.—Well?

VIR.—I can not speak.

POE.—Virginia, Virginia! I pour out my soul to you! I keep back no drop of its sea! From the infinite, shrouded sources of life I rush to you in a thousand singing rivers, only to waste, to burn, to die on the sands of silence! (*She remains motionless, her head bowed.*) . . . It is so still upon the eternal peaks. Will you not come up with me and be the bride of my dreams? You need not speak. . . . you need not say a word. Only put the light of poesy in your eyes and let me see that through the channel of their beauty course the mysteries that begin with God and end not with time! (*She looks at him. He gazes into her eyes.*) . . . Tears. . . . only tears. (*Turns away.*) Can a soul's eyes be dumb? (*She sits weeping silently*) Come then. . . . talk of what you will. Only talk! You have read a little Byron to-day? The new magazine came? And you have made me a handkerchief? (*She sobs. He looks at her remorsefully, crosses the room, gets her harp and brings it to the fireside.*) Come. . . . sing to me. Virginia. You can do that.

VIR.—(*Taking the harp*) What shall I sing, dear?

POE.—Something to charm the very heart of Æolus! That will turn a tempest into a violet's breath!

VIR.—Ah, my love!

POE.—O, sing—sing anything!

VIR.—(*Sings.*)

Great and calm, cool-bosomed blue.
Take me to the heart of you!
Not where thy blue mystery
Sweeps the surface of the sea,
Leaving in a dying gleam
Living trouble of a dream;
Not where loves of heaven lie
Rosy 'gainst the upper sky
Burning with an ardent touch
Where an angel kissed too much;
But where sight and sound come not,
All of life and love forgot,
All of Heaven forfeited
For thy deep Nirvana bed.
Wide and far enfolding blue,
Take me to the heart—

(*Her voice breaks suddenly.*)

POE.—Virginia! (*She coughs.*) Don't (*Her cough increases. She puts her handkerchief to her lips. Poe takes it from her hand and looks at it.*) Blood! (*Throws handkerchief into the fire, and stands as if paralyzed, gazing at Virginia. Falls at her feet and begins kissing her skirt.*) My angel! my angel! I have killed my little bride!

VIR.—(*Urging him gently up.*) No, dear. I was marked for this from birth. My doom was written by Heaven, not by you.

POE.—Not doomed, my Virginia! (*Rising*) I will save you, my darling! You shall have everything! With the sickle of a wish you shall harvest the earth! We will sail southern seas! We will follow the Spring as she flies! I will knock at the orient gates and bring thee the health of morning! I'll make the world so bright for thee, Hyperion's self shall wear new gold and shame remembered suns from chronicle! Spring from perfection's heart shall pluck her buds, and set such gloss on Nature she may laud her old self in one violet's requiem! O, I'll sing the world into a flower for thy bosom! My love, my love, my love! (*She coughs restrainedly. He hides his face till she stops.*) Even the senseless oak velvets its rude sides to the tender vine! But I—a man—O, beast too vile for hell! too low to be damned!

VIR.—Edgar!

POE.—Do not touch me! Is not the mark here? (*Touching his brow*) O, where shall I hide it?

VIR.—(*Drawing him to her*) On my bosom, Edgar. (*Presses him to the large chair and sits on the arm of it, caressing him.*) This forehead is as pure as heaven-lit ivory of angels' brows!

POE.—O, golden heart! (*Kisses her over her heart*) I will work so hard, Virginia! We shall be rich, and I will take you to some wonderful land where beauty can not die! Will you forgive me then when you are bright and strong in some happy isle of roses?

VIR.—I will forgive you now, dearest, if you will do one thing for me.

POE.—O, what, my darling?

VIR.—Eat the poor little supper I have cooked for you.

POE.—Yes—yes—I'll eat it though it be hell's coals!

VIR.—Now that's a compliment to your cook, isn't it? (*Takes food from oven and puts it on table. Poe eats, at first reluctantly, then hungrily.*)

POE.—It is late—so late! O, my Lenore, you kept up for me! Your weary eyes would not close until they had found their lover! O, can you forgive me, and take me back to your heart? You will love me again?

VIR.—Ah, Edgar, if love were enough we should always be happy.

POE.—Love me, love me, dear! I want no more! And this cough . . . we shall stop all that, darling! O, how weary you must be, and you tried to have everything so beautiful for me! How pretty your dress is! You look like a Naiad smiling out of a lily. But it's too cold! Here, I will wrap you! (*Puts a shawl about her.*) Ah, little wife, little wife, what evil power locked your gentle heart with mine? Bear with me, love. It will all be different soon. I shall try so hard the gods for pity will not let me fail! See how I have eaten! You may give me more, love. You did not cook this, I know. You stole it from Jove's kitchen.

VIR.—(*Getting food*) Yes, I did, and Jove caught me, but he let me go when I told him it was for a poet.

POE.—Little witch! (*Kisses her*) How happy we shall

be, Virginia, as soon as I have money. I shall go to New York for a year! It will take only a year. Then I shall come back bringing the lady Fame with me, and you must not be jealous of her.

VIR.—(*Slowly*) You—would not—take me?

POE.—Why, the north wind would blow the Spring from my little girl's cheek! Just a year! That is the first step—a cruel one—but we shall be happy when it is over. Just a year, sweetheart! I must take no chances now! I *must* win!

VIR.—You shall not leave me! A year will not hurt me, Edgar! But it would kill me to be left here—and not know—every minute—

POE.—Do you care so much, Lenore? Then we will both stay here. It will take longer, but I will work harder—

VIR.—Enough for to-night. We are too happy for to-morrows, Edgar. Now, you must have a long, long sleep—

POE.—No, no! No bed for me to-night! I must work!

VIR.—No bed, indeed! I did not say bed, my lord! You are going to sit down here (*Places him on footstool*) and I shall sit here, (*settles in chair*) and your head in my lap—my hands on your head—and the crooningest of little songs will bring you the sweetest snatch of sleep that you ever, ever had!

POE.—O, 'tis heaven, Virginia! But you are too tired, my angel. *You must sleep.*

VIR.—And so I shall when my lord shows me the way. (*Poe drops his head on her lap. She turns down light. He falls asleep as she sings softly.*)

Like a fallen star on the breast of the sea

My lover rests on the heart of me;

The lord of the tempest hies him down

From his billow-crest to his cavern-throne,

And 'tis peace as wide as the eye can see

When my lover rests on the heart of me.

(*Silence. Virginia droops in sleep. No light but dull red coals.*)

SEMIRAMIS

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PART OF ACT IV.

SEM.—Alone—on foot—and through a hostile country!
 I'll overtake thee, Khosrove; ere thou'st reached
 Thy throne among the stars! Thou goest from love,
 And wilt look back and weep from every cloud;
 I on thy track shall pause not till our wings
 Stir the same air and lock in kisses flying!
 . . . So pay my scorn? How then hadst loved if heart
 Had brought to heart its swelling measure? Then
 Our rosy hours had been the pick of time,
 And hung a flower 'mong withered centuries
 When every age had brought its reckoning in!
 O, why will we, some cubits high, pluck at
 The sun and moon, when we have that within
 Makes us the soul and centre of Heaven itself?
 Ambition, thou hast played away my crown
 And life. That I forgive thee, but not this—
 Thou'st robbed me of the memory of his kiss.
 . . . Go, world! The conqueror's trump that closed my ears
 Unto the angel in a lover's voice
 Dies to a moan that fills but one lone heart.
 And soon 'tis silent. Ah, though woman build
 Her house of glory to the kissing skies,
 And the proud sun her golden rafters lay,
 And on her turrets pause discoursing gods,
 Let her not dare forget the stanchion truth—
 Immortal writ in every mortal face—
 "Thou art the wife and mother of the world!"

(*Sees Khosrove's cloak upon the floor, and kneels by it taking it in her hands.*)

My Khosrove! . . . Methought a god struck off my chains
 So strong and fair he seemed, yet strove to hide
 The beauty of his act, as might a star
 Shrink in its own sweet light!

(*Buries her face in the folds of the cloak.*)

O, noble prince,
 I might have kissed thy lips and not thy garment!

(Rises and wraps the cloak about her. Spurns with her foot her own robe, which has been left trampled.)
 Thou purple rag, lie there! Love's vesture shall

Enfold me as I go!

(Starts out) Alone....on foot....

But I've not far to journey. Foes are kind..

The first one met..well, I will thank him!....Cries?

It is the feast. A man may feast who had—

But has no son!.....*(Startled)*..'Tis not the feast!.....

I know

That noise confused—hoarse shouts—shrieks—pawing
 steeds—

And rumbling chariots! Those are the tones

Of battle! O, the bloody work! 'T is war!

Did it delight me once?....Assyrian cries!

My troops! My troops! They've rallied! How they
 cheer!

What brave heart leads them on?

(Cries come nearer) Poor creatures, they

Would save me, knowing not I died with Khosrove—

I will not live—

(The rear of the tent is torn away by an onslaught.

Assyrian troops enter, led by Artavan.)

ART.—Semiramis!

SEM.—My brother! You live!

ART.—And you!

SEM.—Praise Heaven, there is one

Will comfort my sad kingdom!

ART.—Nay, all's well!

The death of Ninus freed me from my prison;

I gathered troops and pushed hard after you,

To hear you had been taken; then I planned

This rescue. Thank great Belus, I'm in time!

SEM.—In time? Nay, thou'rt too late!

ART.—Too late? When thou

Dost live?

SEM.—I live? No! Thou'rt deceived!

ART.—O Heaven!

..She's dazed! Her troubles have bewildered her.

All's well, my sister! Husak has been taken.

Thy crown itself is in our hands. . . . The crown!

(*A Soldier hands it to him.*)

You see 'tis safe. (*She takes it idly.*)

SEM.—A crown. For such a thing
Wouldst give thy Sola?

ART.— She is dear to me,
But ay, by Heaven, I would!

SEM.— You would? I know
A greater thing than this.

ART.— What sister?

SEM.—(*Letting the crown fall.*) Love.

ART.—O, she is crazed! This is some evil work!
Bring the captive Husak! He shall speak!

SEM.—O, brother, once I thought thy love was truest
That ever husband gave to wife, but now
It showeth dark against my lover's truth!

ART.—Semiramis. . . . sweet sister. . . . What dost mean?
..I'll know the cause of this! Call in the prince
With Husak!

SEM.— Prince?

ART.—Ay—Khosrove, whom we found
In chains—I know not why—and I unbound him,
Recalling how he saved my life—but now
I'll know what thou hast suffered at his hands!

SEM.—You found him bound? I can not hear—or
see!

ART.—She swoons—she dies—O, true, we are too late!

SEM.—No, brother, thou'rt in time! I live! I live!
I am Semiramis! Give me my crown!
Now this small circlet seems to me the world,
And it is mine—to wear—or give away!
Is't not, good friends?

VOICES.— Ay, 'tis!

(*Enter soldiers with Husak and Khosrove, Husak in fetters.*)

SEM.—King Husak, hear!
Assyria and Armenia should be friends,
Joining true hands to bring a happy peace
O'er all the east. And in that dearest hope

I free thee. (*Unbinds him*). But thy son, the prince, must be Again my prisoner.

HUS.— O, queen, I've spent.
One childless hour, and rather would I die
Than know another. Take my life or his.

ART.—Dost thou forget, Semiramis, that once
He saved thy brother?

SEM.— I remember all,
But will not change his doom. He must be bound,
Nor from my fetters may he go alive.
These are his chains—(*Putting her arms about his neck*) his
prison deathless love,
And here I pray that he will wear this crown,
And hold with me the great Assyrian throne!
.....(*Calls*) My Chariot!

KHOS.— My queen! my queen!

SEM.— Wilt thou consent?

KHOS. (*Kisses her lips*) I answer here.

(*The royal chariot appears now, rear. They step in.*)

SEM.—(*Giving the reins to Khosrove*). To Nineveh!
(*Curtain*).

THE DEATH OF PEMBROKE

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ACT I.

Scene I. Room in the Earl of Pembroke's castle. Pembroke in bed. Richford and Albemarle attending.

PEM.—The king has come?

ALB.— He waits upon your grace

As a good servant; with demeanor speaks
True sorrow you are brought so low.

PEM.—(*Stoutly*) Ha! Low?

ALB.—Sir, but in body. Pembroke's mounting mind
Can never be struck down.

PEM.— He's sad you say?

ALB.—In tears, your grace. He weeps more like a son
Than sovereign.

PEM.— A son! Where is the son
Would weep for Pembroke?

RICH.—Here, my dearest father!
Here are the tears would water thy affliction
Till it be washed from thy endangered body.
Here is the heart would give its younger blood
To make thine leap with health. Without you, sir,
I am no more than is the gaudy bloom
Of some stout tree the ax has brought to ground.
O, wilt forgive the many pains I've cost thee?

PEM.—First touch my hand and swear by highest God
That you will serve the king.

RICH.— O, slight condition!
I take this noble hand that ne'er was raised
'Gainst country, throne or God, and by that God,
I vow to serve the king.

PEM.— For the last time
I'll trust and pardon you. If you make black
Your soul with violation of this oath,
I, safe beyond the stars, shall know it not,
Nor die again to think on't. Men, weep not
That ye lack sons, but weep when your wives bear them!

ALB.—I'll vouch for him, your grace.

PEM.— Thanks, Albemarle.

RICH.—Will you, my kindest father, say a word
To bring me to the graces of the king?

PEM.—Ay, son.

RICH.— Now, sir?

PEM.— Nay, I'm not dying yet,
And wish to keep my last words for his ears.
There's holy magic in the passing tongue
That stamps its truth unrasurable. So
Would I grave Henry's heart.

RICH.— But, sir—

PEM.— I'll wait
My hour. Who comes with him?

ALB.— The legate, Gualo,
To-day arrived from Rome.

PEM.— And I not told?
Already I am dead. These ears, that kings

Engaged, are now contracted to the worm
Permits no forfeiture. Well, well, his message?

ALB.—The Cardinal assures us that the Pope
Will cast his power with Henry. Though he loves
This praying Louis, well he knows our right.

PEM.—The Pope our friend? I thank thee, Heaven!
England, take up thy heart! Thou yet mayst hope!

(Enter Bishop of Winchester).

WIN.—God save great Pembroke!

PEM.— He alone can do it.

Lord Albemarle, and my new-gracèd son,
Will't please you walk within?

ALB.— We are your servants.

(Exeunt Richford and Albemarle, left).

PEM.—Now, Winchester?

WIN.— You sent for me, Your Grace.

I have made haste.

PEM.— Ay, you'd trot fast enough

To see me die.

WIN.— Nay, sir, I hope you've called
Me to your service.

PEM.— So I have, my lord.

A task unfinished I must leave to you.

Here is the key to yonder cabinet.

Pray you unlock it . . . and take out the packet
Your eye's now on.

WIN.— This, sir?

PEM.— Ay, that is it.

'Twas Henry Second, grandsire of this Henry,
Gave me that packet. Sir, you know the tale
Of Princess Adelais who journeyed here
As the betrothed of Richard, Henry's son.

Alack, she never was his bride. Some say
That Henry loved her . . . I know not . . . but she
Returned to France, her reason wandering.

"If she recover," said the king to me,

"Give her this packet; should she die, break seal
And learn what you shall do." She did not die,
Nor can I say she lives, so sad her state.

Her age was bare fifteen when she left England,
 Her face a lily and her eyes a flood;
 She now must be midway her fifth decade,
 A time, I've heard, when subtle changes work
 Within the mind. A beauteous soul! O God,
 Restore her now, or lift her e'en to thee!
 Take you the packet, and the king's command.
 But first your oath. Deceit has sapped my faith
 So oft I could believe the devil himself
 Wears gown and mitre. Peter des Roches, will you
 Be true?

WIN.—I swear by Heaven.

PEM.— That is done,
 As well as't can be done. Call in my son
 And Albemarle.

WIN.— My lords!

(*Re-enter Richford and Albemarle*).

PEM.— Now, let us talk
 Of England. O, this fleet, this fleet, rigged out
 By warlike Constance in monk Louis' name!
 I see it nearing now, leaping the waves,
 On, on, and none to meet it! Cowards all.
 What do ye here, ye three loitering about
 A sick man's bed? A man almost a corpse.
 I would not have a servant waste himself
 To give me drink while England needs his sword.

RICH.—My father lord, we have our men abroad
 Rousing the country for a stout defence.
 To meet the French with our poor ships were madness;
 But let them land we'll give them such a rap—

PEM.—What? Land your enemy? O, fools and cow-
 ards!

. . . . I've given my life for England. Now you'll cast
 My heart-dear bargain into Louis' hand
 As 'twere o snood slipped from an easy maid.
 Fool man! to puff his days out jousting Fate,
 Who waits but his bare death to start her mock
 Of horrid pleasantries. Then does she make
 Dice of the miser's bones, carousal cups
 Of the ascetic's skull, a hangman's scoff

Of clerics' prayer-fed sons; and proudest sires,
 Who sentried their blue blood, peer back through dust
 To see all Babylon pour to their line.
 And now she'll bid my war-ghost eyes behold
 The land held with my life become a field
 For foes at holiday!

WIN.—Compose yourself, your grace.

PEM.—Gualo has come, but where is he will set
 This power its task, and play it for this isle?
 I cannot say that wisdom dies with me,
 But I could wish more proof of sager mind
 Than e'er I've had from this small audience.
 Lord Bishop, you are left custodian
 Of Henry's ripening youth.

WIN.— Nor shall I fail
 To be your worthy heir in this high duty,
 For still I shall consult with your great spirit,
 Praying your ghost be mover of my deeds.

PEM.—I've spoken to the king. He'll give you love
 For love. But who shall be lord chancellor?
 There's little choice. And yet there's one, De Burgh,
 If camp and field could spare him—

ALB.— Sir, a man
 No older than our sons?

PEM.— By your good leave,
 Age is no patent to respect and place
 If virtue go not with it. Whitened hairs
 Make honor radiant, but vice thereby
 Is viler still. Ay, there are some—

RICH.— Peace, father,
 And save thy strength for us.

PEM.— Ah, son, I've been
 A careless holder all my life, and still
 With my last hour play spendthrift. Well, here be
 Three friends of England—Gualo makes a fourth—
 And trusting you I ease my bones to death.

*(Enter attendant with a letter, which he gives to
 Pembroke).*

PEM.—*(After reading).* De Burgh! O gallant soul!
 Now I am young!

With forty ships he'll meet the fleet of France!
 I live again, for courage is not dead!
 (*Sinking*) Nay—help—ah, I am gone. I'll hasten on
 And plead in Heaven for his victory.

(*Seems to die*).

ALB.—Ah....dead?

RICH.— In truth.

WIN.— I'll go and tell the king.
 (*Aside, going*). My joyful tears he will translate to grief,
 And think I weep a friend's death, not a foe's
 Whose only act of friendship was to die. (*Exit*).

ALB.—How now, my lord? Does your good purpose
 hold?

RICH.—It has the falling sickness, Albemarle,
 And now lies low as earth.

ALB.— Then set thy foot
 Upon it that it rise no more.

RICH.— 'Tis done.

ALB.—What fools are they who think that dying men
 Speak oracles to pivot action on,
 When death's decay so blurs each fading sense
 They know but darkly of the world about,
 And of realities all plain to us
 Build visions substanceless to gull our faith.
 Grant that they do take note of things unseen,
 'Tis with their faces to another world,
 And what they speak is strange and ill advice
 To us whose work is still 'mong men of earth.

RICH.—You need not clear your way to me. I've not
 A scruple in my soul would trip a gnat.
 Speak out your heart.

ALB.— You are great Pembroke now.
 But Richford took an oath to serve the king.

RICH.—And he—is Louis.

ALB.— Till we find hour fit
 To cast his yoke and take a sovereign
 Of our election.

RICH.—*Royal Albemarle!*

ALB.—Here we stand then. De Burgh we count as dead.
 Le Moine has orders to strike off his head

Soon as he's taken. Now we get the king
To Dover fort, on pretence to defend it.
There the beseiging French will take him prisoner,
And ship him straight to Calais—or to Heaven.

PEM.—(*Half rising*). Devils! dogs! beasts!

Now these devoted bones

Will never lie at present in English earth.
My country! Must the foreign foot be set
Once more upon thy neck, and thine own sons
Pour sulphur to thy wounds? The king! the king!
What, vipers, do you hear? Call in the king!

ALB.—We must not, sir.

PEM.— Ho, here, the king!

(*Rises from bed, starts forward and falls back speechless.*

Enter Henry, Gualo, Winchester, and attendants.

*Albemarle and Richford stand together. Pembroke
dies pointing to them and gazing at the king).*

HEN.—My lords, what does this mean?

ALB.—

This noble man

Wishes much to say a word of grace for me
And his foreign son. Alas, black death
Has stolen the balm that might have eased our way
Into your heart.

HEN.—Fear not, my lords. I'll trust you,
Even as he wishes. (*Kneels by bed*).

O, Pembroke, couldst thou leave me?

GEORGE DAVIS

[1820—1896]

C. ALPHONSO SMITH

SEVENTY years ago, George Davis, then only eighteen years of age, concluded his valedictory oration at the University of North Carolina with these significant words: "For us there is one consolatory thought that relieves in some slight degree the stinging pain and bitterness of this parting moment: It is the hope that we will leave behind us a not unremembered name—that we will still retain, though absent, a place in the memory of those whom we have loved with a brother's heart—whom we have clasped to our bosoms with more than fraternal affection. It is the hope that after we shall be no longer with you, when you tread those walks which we have loved, when you behold those fair scenes which used to gladden our eyes, some kind voice may whisper among you: 'I wish they were here.' This is our hope, this our prayer; for to be thus remembered is to be blessed indeed."

Looking back over his life of seventy-six years we now see that these words contained not only a farewell to college life but a prophecy of the larger life at whose threshold he then stood. If "to be thus remembered is to be blessed indeed"—and none will gainsay it—then Mr. Davis reaped a full measure of blessedness, for at his death he was the most eminent citizen and the best loved man in North Carolina.

He was born March 1, 1820, on his father's plantation at Porter's Neck, which was then in New Hanover County, but is now in Pender County, North Carolina. He graduated from the University of North Carolina (as valedictorian of his class) in 1838 and began the study of law in Wilmington. In 1840 he obtained his license and entered at once upon a career of usefulness and renown. He was a staunch Whig, but, though a leader of his party in North Carolina, he refused every tender of political office, preferring to devote himself to his growing practice and to the study and reading which his well-stored library made possible.

His oratorical powers developed early and his public addresses soon became notable events. If a national character like Henry Clay, or Robert E. Lee, or Jefferson Davis died, men looked instinctively to Mr. Davis to voice the feelings of New Hanover and

the surrounding counties. When Edward Everett came to Wilmington in 1860 to deliver his famous address on Washington. Mr. Davis's masterly introduction of the orator was compared not unfavorably with the effort of the New Englander himself. In 1868, when the blight of carpet-bag misrule lay upon the whole South, Mr. Davis's address in the old Opera House was pronounced by one of his biographers* "the most admirable political effort ever made in America." During the Tilden-Vance campaign of 1876 Mr. Davis delivered another address of which the *Morning Star* of Wilmington, in its issue of November fourth, said: "We have pigeon-holed that great speech in the escritoire of our mind, where we have stored but few of the productions of the men of our generation."

But Mr. Davis's power over an audience did not rest merely on oratorical gifts. The Christian character of the man, his open charity and large tolerance, the high social and civic ideals that he exemplified in his daily life—these have invested his memory with a love and tenderness that mere ability, however exalted, can never command.

Though a strong Union man, Mr. Davis believed that under the Constitution of the United States the Federal Government had no right to abolish slavery or to force one state to fight another. To the Peace Conference which met in Washington City, February 4-24, 1861, North Carolina sent her ablest and most conservative men. These were ex-Chief Justice Thomas Ruffin, ex-Governor David S. Reid, ex-Governor John M. Morehead, Honorable D. M. Barringer and George Davis. But the only alternative offered the delegates was to advise their State to fight with or against her sister states. They unanimously chose the former, and the Peace Conference was a failure.

On June 18, 1861, Mr. Davis and Mr. W. W. Avery were elected first senators from North Carolina to the Confederate Congress. This position Mr. Davis held by reëlection until January, 1864, when he was appointed by Jefferson Davis, Attorney-general for the Confederacy. The growing admiration and affection felt for Mr. Davis by the President of the Confederacy may be traced in many letters.† That the regard was mutual may be seen from the following paragraph in the address‡ delivered by Mr. Davis in honor of his dead chieftain, December 11, 1889: "Whatever was great in his public life—and there was much—whatever was memorable in his actions as soldier, scholar, orator, statesman, patriot, these things I relegate

*Mr. S. A. Ashe in 'The Biographical History of North Carolina,' Vol. II.

† See "A Memorial of the Honorable George Davis," Wilmington, 1896.

‡ See "In Memoriam: Wilmington's Tribute of Respect to ex-President Jefferson Davis," 1890.

to history. I desire only to utter a few simple words in loving remembrance of the chief I honored, of the man I admired, of the dead friend whom I loved. What manner of man was this for whom ten millions of people are in grief and tears this day? No man ever lived upon whom the glare of public attention beat more fiercely, no man ever lived more sharply criticised, more unjustly slandered, more sternly censured, more strongly condemned, more bitterly hated, more wrongly maligned; and though slandered by enemies, betrayed by false friends, carped at by ignorant fools, no man ever lived who could more fearlessly, like a great man who long preceded him, 'leave the vindication of his fair fame to the next ages and to men's charitable speeches.' Standing here to-day by his open grave, and in all probability, not very far from my own, I declare to you that he was the honestest, truest, gentlest, bravest, tenderest, manliest man I ever knew: and what more could I say than that? My public life was long since over; my ambition went down with the banner of the South and, like it, never rose again. I have had abundant time in all these quiet years, and it has been my favorite occupation to review the occurrences of that time and recall the history of that tremendous struggle, to remember with love and admiration the great men who bore their parts in its events."

As Attorney-general during the last days of the Confederacy Mr. Davis fully sustained his reputation for courage, ability and resourcefulness. Mrs. Jefferson Davis writes of him as follows:* "He was never dismayed by defeat, but never protested. When the enemy was at the gates of Richmond he was fully sensible of our peril, but calm in the hope of repelling them, and, if this failed, certain of his power and will to endure whatever ills had been reserved for him."

The same letter contains an interesting indication of Mr. Davis's wide reading: "His literary tastes were diverse and catholic, and his anxious mind found relaxation in studying the literary confidences of others in a greater degree than I have ever known in any other public man except Mr. Benjamin. Upon being asked one day how he was, he answered: 'I am much comforted and rested by Professor Holcombe's "Literature in Letters,"' which was one of the few books which came out during the Confederacy. One of the few hard things I ever heard him say was when some one asked him if he had read Swinburne's "Laus Veneris," and added: 'You know it is printed on wrapping paper and bound in wall paper.' Mr. Davis answered: 'I have never thought wall paper wholesome, and am sorry to know there was enough wrapping paper on which to print it.' He

*See "A Memorial of the Honorable George Davis," Wilmington, 1896.

was fond of tracing the construction of languages, and the variants from one root were a favorite subject of conversation with him."

At the close of the war Mr. Davis returned to Wilmington and entered again upon the practice of law. On the death of Chief Justice Pearson in 1877, men of all parties in the State turned to Mr. Davis as his successor. "As was natural," said the *Raleigh Observer* of December 22, 1877, "when the time came to look around for men to put upon the highest judicial tribunal in the State, and people everywhere began to seek out the ablest and the best, the people of North Carolina instinctively, and, we may say, almost with one consent, cast their eyes upon Mr. George Davis, of Wilmington. As pure as he is able, and as able as he is true and devoted to the land that gave him birth, North Carolina never had a more worthy, a more brilliant or more devoted son than he, nor one better fitted in all the qualities of head and heart for the high position to which people everywhere had expected him soon to be called."

Mr. Davis, however, declined the proffered honor because the salary attached to it did not permit him to make suitable provision for his family. He was married, November 17, 1842, to Miss Mary A. Polk, a great-granddaughter of Thomas Polk, one of the signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. Mrs. Davis died September 27, 1863. On May 9, 1866, he married Miss Monimia Fairfax, daughter of Dr. Orlando Fairfax, of Richmond, Virginia, who died July 27, 1889.

Upon receipt of his letter, declining the office of Chief Justice, Governor Vance wrote as follows:* "I desire to avail myself of this opportunity to say to you, in person, what I have often said and always thought in your absence, that you are one of the men who have steadily pursued principle for its own sake, spurning alike the temptations of office and the lures of ambition when they came not strictly within the utmost requirements of dignity and manly honor. As such there has come to me, as the result of my position, no greater happiness than the ability to testify my appreciation of your character and worth, and of the great service your example has been in shaping and toning the political ethics of our society. In attempting to honor you by the bestowment of that great office I have also attempted to show what is my own sense of State honor, as well as to give expression to the general voice of our people."

Mr. Davis's last appearance before a public audience was at the mass-meeting held in Wilmington, December 11, 1889, to honor the memory of ex-President Jefferson Davis. As one of the few

*"A Memorial of the Honorable George Davis," Wilmington, 1896.

surviving members of the Confederate Cabinet, his tribute to the Confederacy and its appointed leader was both eloquent and affecting. But the fear in the minds of many of his audience that they were listening perhaps for the last time to their own loved leader added its element of pathos to that of the subject. They saw before them the same imperial figure of other days, bent but not subdued by age; they heard the same rallying voice, softened now by weakness and failing breath; they recognized the same

“Choice word and measured phrase above the reach
Of ordinary men.”

But he spoke as one whose work lay behind him, whose eyes sought other scenes and other figures, and whose mind, though dauntless still, was habitually busy with

“Old, unhappy, far-off things
And battles long ago.”

During the years that remained to him he threw his influence in favor of complete reconciliation and readjustment. There was no weak plaint over an irrevocable past, but only brave words and high courage for the new duties that the new régime imposed. He died at his home in Wilmington, February 23, 1896.

In any just estimate of Mr. Davis as a writer and orator, three qualities will be found preëminent. There is first the mark of the trained historian in the accurate and exhaustive references to the best literature bearing on the subject in hand. It is not too much to say that in his address* on “The Early Men and Times of the Lower Cape Fear,” delivered in 1855, he brought the most romantic section of North Carolina permanently into history. And this he did, not merely by the vividness of his presentation, but more by his habit of minute reference to all available sources of information. This bibliographical instinct, which made him document every debatable position by detailed citations from histories, magazines, diaries, reminiscences, deeds, journals, memoirs, trials and epitaphs—furnished an invaluable example to the historians of a State that was just then beginning to feel the first strong stirrings of the historic consciousness.

In the second place Mr. Davis brought an interpretative imagination to bear upon every topic that he discussed. His mastery of facts was not an end in itself but merely a starting point. It was the coign of vantage from which he visualized the scenes and vitalized the

*This address was delivered before the literary societies of the University of North Carolina and published in the *University Magazine*, Vol. IV, 1855.

events that he sought to portray. It is this quality of mind that gives color, *locale*, and atmosphere to what would otherwise be mere abstract statement or unrelated fact. This vivifying power is not the exclusive dowry of the poet but distinguishes equally the orator from the mere talker, the historian from the mere annalist.

In the third place Mr. Davis had that rarest of gifts, the feeling for the right word in the right place. There was no straining after effect, but his style was always clear, strong and flexible. He could be dignified without being heavy, and playful without being light.

The following paragraph,* a model of its kind, illustrates his more serious style at its best: "A rich and well-stored mind is the only true philosopher's stone, extracting pure gold from all the base material around. It can create its own beauty, wealth, power, happiness. It has no dreary solitudes. The past ages are its possession, and the long line of the illustrious dead are all its friends. Whatever the world has seen of brave and noble, beautiful and good, it can command. It mingles in all the grand and solemn scenes of history, and is an actor in every great and stirring event. It is by the side of Bayard as he stands alone upon the bridge and saves the army; it weeps over the true heart of chivalry, the gallant Sidney, as with dying hand he puts away the cup from his parched and fevered lips. It leaps into the yawning gulf with Curtius; follows the white plume of Navarre at Ivry; rides to Chalgrove field with Hampden; mounts the scaffold with Russell, and catches the dying prayer of the noble Sir Harry Vane. It fights for glory at the Granicus, for fame at Agincourt, for empire at Waterloo, for power on the Ganges, for religion in Palestine, for country at Thermopylæ, and for freedom at Bunker Hill. It marches with Alexander, reigns with Augustus, sings with Homer, teaches with Plato, pleads with Demosthenes, loves with Petrarch, is imprisoned with Paul, suffers with Stephen, and dies with Christ. It feels no tyranny and knows no subjection. Misfortunes cannot subdue it, power cannot crush it, unjust laws cannot oppress it. Ever steady, faithful and true, shining by night as by day, it abides with you always and everywhere."

C. Alphonso Smith.

*From an address delivered May 14, 1856, before the Greensboro Female College, Greensboro, N.C. This paragraph is reprinted in "A Memorial of the Honorable George Davis," Wilmington, 1866.

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HENRY CLAY

"Eulogy on Henry Clay," delivered in Wilmington, North Carolina, July 15, 1852, and published by order of the Committee of Arrangements.

HE who has watched the sun in his bright course through the firmament, and seen it gradually decline until it went down in darkness beneath the horizon, can turn from the contemplation with no feeling of sorrow or regret; for he knows that the period of its absence, is mercifully ordained as a season of necessary repose to him and to all; and that the morrow will restore its beams to revive and reanimate all nature. But if the last declining ray which struck upon his eyelid had brought to him the conviction that he had gazed for the last time upon the sun in the heaven—that thenceforward there was to be no more rising nor setting, no morning nor evening, nor light nor heat—no effulgent day, with all its glorious beauties and excellencies; but night and darkness, unrelieved, save by the twinkling stars, were to be the law of earth forever; with what sensations would the poor wanderer view that last setting of the sun! With feelings somewhat akin to those I have imagined, we behold the death of the great and good whom we love and reverence. But now they were here, with all the generous impulses and ennobling virtues that dignify and adorn humanity, clustering thickly around them. We rejoiced in their presence; we were better under their benignant influence; we were happy in their smiles; we felt that it was day, and looked not into the future. They are gone. The places of earth shall know them no more forever. The mysterious law which loosens the silver chord, and breaks the pitcher at the fountain, penetrates the heart. The darkness and the thick night of desolation are upon us. But we have more than the pale rays of twinkling stars still left to guide and to cheer. By

the light of their lofty deeds and generous virtues, memory gazes back into the past and is content. By the light of revelation, hope looks beyond the grave into the bright day of immortality, and is happy. So with the consolations of memory and hope, let us take the lesson of the great calamity which has befallen our country.

Henry Clay is dead! "After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well." The stalwart warrior is fallen in his harness. The clarion-voice, ever the first to signal dangers to the Union, is silent forever. Cold and still is the high heart whose every beat was for his country's welfare and honor. The discords of the world, the applause of an admiring Senate, the warm greetings of his friends, the loud clamors of foes, cannot now disturb his repose. He has given his life to history. Let us read a few of its pages and profit by their teaching.

Seventy-five years ago, in an obscure part of Hanover County, in Virginia, a poor child was given to the world. Ennobled by no long line of ancestors, no pomp of heraldry, no glare of wealth, no glories of birth or state, surrounded and dignified the event. In his own language, long years afterwards, "the only inheritances to which he was entitled, were infancy, ignorance, and indigence." But mighty elements were at work about him. Concord, Lexington, and Bunker Hill had just spoken. The immortal Declaration of the Thirteen United Colonies had flung defiance in the teeth of a tyrant. Ploughmen had suddenly started into warriors, obscure citizens into great statesmen, weak and divided colonies into a mighty nation. The whole continent was in a blaze of enthusiasm, and the very atmosphere of his birthplace was filled with the genius, the eloquence, and the patriotism of Patrick Henry. I know not what mysterious influence the time and circumstances of their nativity may have upon the destinies and characters of men. Certainly none could be more propitious than these to form a patriot. "Every movement," says a learned writer, "is witnessing the birth, progress, and decay of thought. The opinions that are perishing in one mind are rising in another, and often, perhaps, at the last fading ray of the flames of genius, which may almost have dazzled the world with excess of brilliance, some star may be kindling which is to shine upon the intellectual universe with equal light and splendour." It is

pleasant to imagine that the poor and friendless child, born near the spot which gave birth to Patrick Henry, at a time when the great orator was in the high meridian of his splendid career, and growing to man's estate, as he faded from the world, may have caught from the altar of his expiring glory the rays which afterwards illuminated his own bright pathway.

Time will not allow me to trace out minutely the progress of his early years, fraught as they are with lessons of the deepest import to every young and ardent mind. It is the old story. You hear it repeated every hour of your lives, and it falls upon your ears as unheeded as the dripping of the rain upon the senseless rock. It is the old story of privations, toils, trials, struggles, neglect, poverty; of a brave young heart cast into the battle of life, where the blows fall thickest, while all untaught and unarmed for the conflict; of a lofty spirit, conscious of the divine essence within which prompts, and, under other stars, would enable it to soar to the empyrean, yet chained to earth by the inexorable law of circumstance. How he bore him in the battle, the story of his after life may tell.

Temptations assailed him; but they fell powerless before the shield of duty. Pleasures allured him; but, charmed they ever so wisely, they were harmless against the faith and fortitude of a man. And so he grew to manhood, purified by his early trials, which had hewn away the excrescences and imperfections of the quarried stone, and left, severe and naked, the perfect marble. The beautiful lineaments and tracery of the finished statue were to be worked out in after time. Just before maturity, he emigrated to Kentucky and joined the ranks of that profession which has given to mankind some of its greatest benefactors, and to liberty many of her holiest apostles. Success and eminence "followed as the night the day," and his reputation as a lawyer is only secondary, because it pales beside the lustre of his career as a statesman. Of this a proof is, that when in 1806, a prosecution was commenced in the United States Court in Kentucky, against Aaron Burr, for high treason, the accused, himself an eminent lawyer, eagerly sought out Mr. Clay, then quite young in his profession, and confided his destinies to his care.

But we have not now to do with his professional life. A genius as ardent as his, could not long, in our country, be kept

from the exciting arena of politics, and events were fast hurrying him to the scene of his grandest triumphs. In 1806, he was elected to the Senate of the United States for a vacancy of a single session. And it is worthy of remark, that his first speech in Congress was in favor of building a bridge over the Potomac River, at Georgetown, thus early committing himself to the policy of internal improvements by the general government, to which he steadily adhered during his long public service. How few among politicians die in the faith with which they entered life!

In 1807-8-9, he served in the Legislature of Kentucky. And in the last of these years, he made his celebrated report in the case of the contested election from Hardin County, which settled the American Law of Elections, that the ineligibility of the highest candidate vacates the seat, but does not confer it on the next highest, in opposition to the great authority of the decision of the British House of Commons, in the well-known case of John Wilkes. This report, universally followed as it has been, was of itself sufficient to make a great reputation. In 1809, he was again elected to the Senate for a vacancy of two years; and on the fourth of November, 1811, he took his seat as a member of the House of Representatives.

And now began a career of illustrious services and splendid triumphs unparalleled in the civic history of our country. The times, indeed, "were sadly out of joint." The British Orders in Council had placed American commerce at the mercy of British cruisers. Under the pretence of a violation of a paper blockade, they had seized our vessels upon the ocean, and at the very mouths of our harbors. They had ravaged our seas, plundered our commerce, impressed our seamen, insulted and violated our flag; and to finish the dark catalogue of abuses, an American frigate has been wantonly fired upon by a British cruiser in our own waters. And when respectful remonstrances (my blood boils at such a word!) were made against such gross and wanton outrages, they justified them by no high argument, by no irresistible appeal to ancient usages of international law; but tauntingly put themselves upon the law of might!

The good old rule, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can!

He who reads for the first time the history of that period, is shocked to learn, that under wrongs like these, any American bosom could beat with any other than American feelings. But the rancor of party hostility had made friends for Britain at the very heart of our Government, and the plans of Mr. Madison were bitterly opposed by all the force and talent of a strong and able party, led on by John Randolph and Josiah Quincy. And now the great issue was made, of submission or war. Submission of a free people to insult, wrong, dishonor—or war with the mistress of the seas, war with the mighty lion of England, whose power encircled the globe, and whose roar shook the nations of the earth. The occasion was grand, and grandly did the soul of the great patriot meet it. He stood in the van of the conflict, and clear and high his trumpet tones rang through the land, as he proclaimed “a free flag, free goods,” “free trade and seamen’s rights,” “millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute.” He rallied the shrinking Republicans, shamed the recreant Federalists, stirred the hearts of all. “What though we fail?” he said; “let us fail like men; lash ourselves to our gallant tars, and expire together in one common struggle!” He called back the memory of their gallant sires and their deeds of high renown; besought them to be true to their lineage, to stand up to the last for their country’s cause, and fight her second great battle for freedom—for freedom to sail upon God’s ocean.

The result is history. In the halo of our victories in the war which followed, and in the brilliant successes of our naval heroes, landsmen may forget the services which preceded them. But the poor tempest-tossed sailor, as he floats over distant seas, goes fearless to his rest, while the vindicated banner of the stars and stripes is waving above him; and as his last dreamy consciousness whispers a prayer to Heaven for home and wife and children, he mingles with it a soul-breathed blessing on the memory of Henry Clay.

Forced by the pressure of affairs at home, England at length consented to negotiations for a treaty. And he who had been the most strenuous advocate of war, became the most efficient minister of peace when war was no longer necessary for our honor and security. In the summer of 1814, with Russell, Bayard, Adams and Gallatin, he went as Commis-

sioner to Ghent. Untaught by many reverses, the British Commissioners attempted to treat as with a prostrate people suing for mercy. They demanded terms as disgraceful as impossible—that a portion of our territory be ceded—the exclusive possession of the great lakes surrendered—a boundary settled with their Indian allies, beyond which the United States should not purchase, and that the right to fish in British waters, secured by the treaty of 1783, should be abandoned. They little knew with whom they had to deal. Unanimously the American Commissioners refused to treat upon any such terms.

Meanwhile, Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, Champlain, Plattsburg, and Baltimore had rolled their thunders across the ocean, in an argument more persuasive than words—the “last argument of kings,” but the first of a free and insulted people. Thus pushed by the bayonet on the one hand, and the strong force of reason and justice on the other, and unable to answer either appeal, the British Commissioners hesitated, staggered, and then yielded. One by one their haughty demands were waived, and they fell back to their last position, demanding in return for the right of free fishery, the free navigation of the Mississippi River. And here they were nearly successful. A majority of the American Commissioners favored the cession. But again the genius and the large American heart of Henry Clay triumphed, and added another laurel to the chaplet on his brow. He took ground against the cession, and solemnly declared that he would never sign a treaty which threw open an American river to the free access of a foreign power. Negotiations were renewed; again the British Commission yielded, the treaty was signed, and the Father of Waters forever closed to British ships. Thus ended these celebrated negotiations which were conducted with the highest ability, the most consummate skill and prudence, and the most perfect devotion to the welfare and honor of our country; and the result of which drew from the bitter Tory, Lord Wellesley, the mortifying admission in the House of Lords, “that the American Commission had displayed an astonishing superiority over the British.” And through them all Henry Clay bore a conspicuous part.

Time presses, and we pass to another great epoch of his

life. Hitherto he had triumphed chiefly over foreign foes. He was soon to nerve himself for encounter with a more dangerous adversary, domestic dissension. At the session of 1819, arose the celebrated Missouri controversy. Ah, who that was then alive, does not shudder even now, as he recalls the perils of that fearful time! A bill was introduced into the House of Representatives, providing for the admission of Missouri into the Union, upon condition that all slaves born after the passage of the act, should be free at twenty-five years of age, and prohibiting the further introduction of slavery, thus practically asserting, for the first time, the right of Congress to prevent the admission of slave states into the Union. The bill passed the House; in the Senate the condition was stricken out; the House refused to accede, the bill was defeated, and so Missouri was for the time denied admission. At once there arose throughout the South a terrible agitation and alarm. A whirlwind of passion swept the land. Like the fiery cross, it sped from city to city, from mountain to mountain, from state to state, over the valleys and over the plains, seething and roaring, until it surged against the very base of the Constitution, and the sacred fabric tottered to its fall. Children of a common country became aliens in feeling. Brother armed against brother, and sire against son. The holiest ties of nature, the dearest affections of the heart, seemed shipwrecked in the chaos of passions. The friends of liberty throughout the world stood appalled, and the melancholy cry arose, that the last great experiment of representative government had failed! Serene and high amid the war of elements, the great Patriot alone stood, calm and undismayed. Firm in reliance upon his own tried powers, under the guidance of Providence, he trusted still. For, even in the angriest rush of the storm, there was a spirit that walked upon the waters, and seemed ever whispering at his heart: and it said, "Be of good cheer, it is I, be not afraid." Cheerily, he bent him to the work. He breasted the storm, he silenced the angry winds, he soothed the fearful passions; until chaos subsided and darkness fled, and peace and harmony once more smiled upon a happy land. A brave triumph! A most glorious victory! Not of the cannon or the bayonet; but of the gentle force of mutual concession and brotherly love; of the

golden rule of Christian morals, become the first law of Christian statesmanship. O, gallant heart! O, noble Henry Clay! For this one deed, if thou hadst lived in other ages, how would temples have risen, and altars blazed, and hecatombs been slaughtered, in thy name! And yet thy Christian country deemed it all unworthy of its grateful reward.

In this age, run mad after military glory, no services are prized that are not recorded in blood and tears. The fortunate soldier is the centre of all hearts. They glorify him, they strew flowers before him, they clothe him in purple and gold, and seat him in the high places, and he is crowned king of men. And the bloodier has been his pathway, the surer is his access to power. While he who averts a war, or saves his country by the arts of peace, though angels may sing his praises in Heaven, must look to history for his recompense on earth. Why should this be so? There is a grandeur far above any to which the mere soldier, however successful, can ever attain.

Look then abroad through nature to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense,
And speak, O, man! does this capacious scene
With half that kindling majesty dilate
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose,
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove,
When guilt brings down the thunder, called aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the Father of his country hail?
For lo! the tyrant prostrate in the dust,
And Rome again is free.

There are passages of moral sublimity in the life of Henry Clay, which will not suffer by comparison with the Roman's "crimson steel"; nay, are grander far. For Brutus, though a patriot, was a homicide; and the pages which embalm his memory, sanctify a crime. One such instance has just been cited. Others are before us. View him as he stood again between the hostile array of the North and South, upon the tariff, as the high priest stood between the living and the dead, when the plague was stayed. See how his tall form dilates and his eye

flashes with the mighty purpose of his soul, as he unfolds the principles of his great Compromise. Listen to the deep and thrilling tones of his voice, as he appeals to South Carolina in behalf of the Union, and paints in glowing colors the horrors of a civil war; then turns to the cold, stern men of the North, and tells them of the charity which "hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things." See how every eye is turned to him, the only hope of a distracted land; how the pulse of a great nation bounds to every cadence of his voice. And tell me where, amid the bloodiest of all war's bloody pictures, you will find a scene like this? "Blessed are the peacemakers!"

I have thus briefly glanced at a few of the most prominent events in the career of this illustrious citizen. To do full justice to his life would require volumes. His biography is the history of his country for more than forty years. Seven times Speaker of the House of Representatives, sixteen years a Senator, Secretary of State, father of the American system, protector of home industry, advocate of universal freedom, in every national difficulty the Great Pacificator, in every act of his life the true and honest man, he has filled a large space in the admiration of the world. Few have possessed so high a combination of rare and excellent qualities. A strong judgment, a keen discrimination, a far-reaching sagacity, mighty powers of logic, rich gift of eloquence, indomitable courage, unyielding firmness, and above all, the utmost singleness and purity of purpose—these are all qualities which he has shared in common with others. But seldom, if ever, have they been so fused and blended into one perfect and brilliant whole as in him. I once heard a distinguished politician, a bitter opponent of Mr. Clay, say of him, "He is the only public man I ever knew who never dodged a question and never shunned a responsibility." What an epitaph to be written by an enemy! In all the grave and complicated affairs of his long and arduous life, there was no concealment, no indirection, no tampering with opportunity, no paltering with friend or foe. He fixed his mark on high, and his course to it was right onward and direct. He so governed himself by the law of a consistent rectitude, that his position in any moral or political conjuncture could be calculated with as much certainty as the astron-

omer predicts the future motions and relations of the planetary system. In the discharge of his public duties, he was ever courteous, but dignified and severe. In the relaxations of social life, gentle and sportive as a child. To his enemies, terrible as the lightning; to his friends, warm and genial as the sunbeam. His large American heart cherished no sectional feelings. He "knew no North, no South, no East, no West." His devotion was to his whole country, and he loved every atom of her soil. And for all his great services and sacrifices in her cause, he sought no reward but the approval of his own heart. Was he not then ambitious? "Yes," he said, on a memorable occasion, "I have ambition—but it is the ambition of being the humble instrument in the hands of Providence, to reconcile a divided people, once more to revive concord and harmony in a distracted land—the pleasing ambition of contemplating a free, united, prosperous, and fraternal people!" He passed unscathed through trials that would have shaken a soul less firm than his. The great and the humble alike followed and fawned upon him. Worshipped by his friends, their homes, their fortunes, and their hearts were at his command. He moved in an atmosphere of social incense, and the world seemed honored in showering upon him its proudest distinctions. Gold had tempted him, place had tried him, the blandishments of power assailed him, the honied words of flattery cajoled him, the envenomed shafts of slander had been launched against him, but in vain! For with garments undefiled, he still passed on alike through sunshine and through storm, in the undimmed lustre of incorruptible integrity. Just, generous, and true in life, in death there is none to stand above his dust and say, "Thou didst me this wrong."

Our song of praise is ended, and its theme dies into a low and melancholy strain. We draw near now to the closing scene of this great life, the grandest of all—a triumph and a tragedy! Alas! for human triumphs. They glitter and they vanish. You build high your altars, you bind the victim and prepare the incense for an offering of great praise; and all unknown the harvest is ripe for the sickle, and the great Reaper is ready for his work. "The paths of glory lead but to the grave!"

At the session of 1850, the slavery agitation again arose

to an intense excitement, and again destruction menaced the land. Another Curtius was needed to close the yawning gulf, and he came. From the peaceful shades of loved and distant Ashland, from the bosom of his home and wife, from the solaces that weary years had made so dear, crowned by immortal flowers, wreathed by a people's love, he came. Again the tempest rages, and the lightnings flash, and the thunders roll, and the thick darkness is over the land. And again serene and high the patriot stands amid the storm, its conqueror still. But, oh, how changed! Age and disease have done their work. The stately form is bent by the snows of many winters, the bright eye is dimmed, the strong hand trembles. But the high heart and the stately soul, and the mighty will, and the unflinching nerve, and the patriotic love are there. His country is in danger. In sorrowing tones she calls upon his name, and he bounds to her rescue, like the war-horse with the trumpet in his ear. Again he breasts the storm, and again the tall form is erect, and the eye flashes, and the nerves are strung, and the soul finds utterance, and the burning eloquence pours. It is the last triumph! The storm passes—but the tall oak lies shivered and leafless in the dust. Peace hath another victory, but many such were worth a nation's birthright.

From the passage of the Compromise, his health declined, and physicians have declared that his efforts then were the immediate cause of his death. And so his life-long devotion to his country was crowned at last with martyrdom in her cause. His health continued to decline and soon he went no more to the Senate Chamber. Occasional walks for air and exercise brought him at times before the public, and wherever he went, tearful eyes and sad and anxious faces followed him. Confined at length entirely to the sick chamber, he passed his fleeting days in the society of his friends, and in the consolations of religion. He knew that one more struggle was before him, the inevitable, and the last; and with the calmness and fortitude of a Christian philosopher, he girt his loins to battle with the King of Terrors.

It is the twenty-ninth of June. Hush! Whisper low. Tread gently now. We are by the patriot's death-bed. That wasted form, that pallid cheek and sunken eye, are sad mementos of mortality. The lamp of life burns low. How solemn

is the stillness. Listen! He speaks. "Mother, my mother." Ah! gentle and pleasant memories of the far-off time are stirring at his heart. Again. "My dear wife." The sunshine of Ashland is on him now! And once again. Stoop lower, for the breath comes fluttering, faint, and feeble. "I am going home," he says—and the soul is fled.

Thus lived and died Henry Clay! So lived that he filled the world with his name, so died,

That when the mighty caravan,
Which halts one night time in the vale of death,
Shall strike its white tents for the morning march,
He will move onward to the eternal hills,
His foot unwearied, and his strength renewed,
Like the strong eagle's, for the upward flight.

There is mourning in the land, and the cry of distress goes up from the hearts of millions of freemen. From the silent halls of Ashland there comes no voice. Tearless and speechless in her great agony, a lone and gray-haired woman sits by the desolate hearthstone. Where is now the gallant Harry of her life's young prime? Who now shall be her staff, her pride, her comforter? May the great Father be merciful, bind up the broken heart, and take the thorns from the path of her pilgrimage.

JEFFERSON DAVIS

[1808 -1889]

WILLIAM JONES

JEFFERSON DAVIS, the only President of the Southern Confederacy, was born on June 3, 1808, in Christian County,* Kentucky. His father, Samuel Davis, of Georgia, a Revolutionary soldier, who had served first in the "Mounted Gunners," and afterwards as captain in the infantry, moved to Wilkinson County, Mississippi, during the infancy of Jefferson.

The boy was prepared for college in the county academy, and entered Transylvania College in Lexington, Kentucky. He had reached the senior class at the age of sixteen, when he withdrew to enter, by appointment, in September, 1824, the United States Military Academy at West Point. From the Military Academy, in which he took a high stand both in his studies and in his deportment, he graduated in 1828, with the rank of brevet lieutenant. He was given his commission as second lieutenant in the Sixth Infantry, but was soon transferred to the recently organized First Regiment of Dragoons. Lieutenant Davis especially distinguished himself in the "Black Hawk War," and at its end was put in charge of the noted chief, whom as a prisoner he treated with such kindly consideration as to win his esteem and affection. It was at this period that President Jackson threatened to order the United States Army to South Carolina to repress the Nullification Movement. Lieutenant Davis was already so fully imbued with the doctrine of State Rights that he had fully made up his mind to resign his commission rather than aid in coercing a sovereign State.

After serving for a time on the Western frontier, Lieutenant Davis resigned his commission in order to consummate his long standing engagement to Miss Sarah Knox Taylor, daughter of Colonel Zachary Taylor, afterwards President of the United States. It is not true, as has been represented, that this marriage was a "romantic elopement," for Lieutenant Davis wrote Colonel Taylor of the proposed marriage, which took place in 1835, at the house of an aunt of the bride near Louisville, Kentucky.

He now went to his plantation, Briarfield, given him by his older

*Now Todd County. The exact site of his birthplace is now occupied by the Fairview Baptist Church, to which Mr. Davis himself gave the lot.

brother, in the valley of the Mississippi, about twenty miles below Vicksburg. In a few months his wife died, and for some years he lived in great seclusion, but in valuable preparation for his future career, as his time was spent in wide reading, constant study, and deep thought.

Mr. Davis's entrance into political life was in 1843, when, just one week before the election, he was induced to become a candidate for the Legislature on the Democratic ticket. The county was overwhelmingly Whig, and he did not expect to be elected; but he made a notable canvass, and in debates with Sargent S. Prentiss, unquestionably one of the greatest orators of the country, he held his own, to the delight of his party and the admiration of all the people. Though not elected, he greatly reduced the usual Whig majority. In 1844 he was appointed one of the Electors on the Democratic ticket, and by his speeches all over the State gained wide reputation as an able and eloquent speaker.

In February, 1845, he was married to Miss Varina Howell, of Natchez, who, sharing his fortunes the balance of his life, survived him for some years, and in these years did honor to his memory in her excellent biography. In the same year he was elected to Congress as a representative from the State "at large" and took his seat in December. He at once rose to be one of the leaders of the House, and took a conspicuous part in the debates on the tariff, the "Oregon question," and the relations with Mexico growing out of the annexation of Texas. In the course of a speech on the "Oregon question" he gave utterance to the strong feeling against sectional animosity and to his devotion to the Union of our fathers, which he always manifested, saying, among other things: "As we have shared in the toils, so we have gloried in the triumphs of our country. In our hearts, as in our history, are mingled the names of Concord, and Lexington, and Plattsburg, and Chippewa, and Erie, and Moultrie, and New Orleans, and Yorktown, and Bunker Hill. Grouped all together they form a record of the triumphs of our arms, a monument of the common glory of our Union. What Southern man would wish it less by one of the Northern names of which it is composed? Or where is he, who, gazing on the obelisk that rises from the ground made sacred by the blood of Warren, would feel his patriot's pride suppressed by local jealousy?"

After the war with Mexico had begun Mr. Davis was elected Colonel of a Mississippi regiment of volunteers. Resigning his seat in Congress in June or July, 1846, he hastened to his regiment, overtook it at New Orleans, and joined General Zachary Taylor at Camargo. At the siege of Monterey Colonel Davis and his regiment greatly distinguished themselves, and with his friend, Colonel Albert

Sidney Johnston, he was sent into the city to receive the formal surrender of the Mexicans under General Ampudia. But it was at Buena Vista that Davis and his Mississippians covered themselves with glory, and it is not putting it too strongly to say that in that battle, in which Santa Anna, with some twenty thousand men, attacked Taylor's five thousand, the skill of Colonel Davis and the heroism of his men saved the day and gave victory to the American arms.

Colonel Davis was severely wounded in this fight, but refused to leave the field until the victory was assured. For a long time he was on crutches, and was compelled to go home, where a great ovation from his people awaited him. The President of the United States appointed him brigadier-general, but he declined the commission because he believed that the President had no right to make an appointment which belonged to the State. Soon after this the Governor of the State appointed him to fill a vacancy in the United States Senate, and the Legislature at its next meeting confirmed the appointment, which the overwhelming sentiment of the people of Mississippi heartily approved.

There were "giants in those days," when there were in the Senate such men as Salmon P. Chase of Ohio, R. M. T. Hunter of Virginia, Sam Houston of Texas, John Bell of Tennessee, John McPherson Berrien of Georgia, William R. King of Alabama, Thomas H. Benton of Missouri, W. P. Mangum of North Carolina, Pierre Soule of Louisiana, Lewis Cass of Michigan, Stephen A. Douglass of Illinois, Henry Clay of Kentucky, Daniel Webster of Massachusetts, John C. Calhoun of South Carolina, and Jefferson Davis of Mississippi. And among all of the intellectual giants who then graced the Senate, it is but simple justice to say that in ripe scholarship, wide and accurate information on all subjects coming before the body, native ability, readiness as a debater, true oratory, and stainless character, Jefferson Davis stood in the very front rank, and did as much to influence legislation, and leave his mark on the Senate and the country, as any man of his day.

At the earnest demand of his party he resigned his seat in the Senate and became candidate for Governor of the State, and though defeated, he reduced the majority to less than a thousand. In March, 1853, he accepted the appointment of Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Pierce; and while we have not space to go into the details of his administration, it is conceded by those competent to judge that he was one of the ablest secretaries that the War Department ever had. He introduced many reforms at West Point and in the Army which are blessing the service to-day. When his term as Secretary in the Cabinet of President Pierce expired the fourth of March, 1857, he reëntered the Senate, having been elected again by

the Legislature of Mississippi. In the autumn of 1858 Mr. Davis addressed immense audiences in Portland, Maine, Faneuil Hall, Boston, and in New York City, in speeches which were highly commended not only for their eloquence, but for their patriotic devotion to the Union and the Constitution. It was during this period of his senatorial career that he made most earnest efforts to preserve the Union under the Constitution of our fathers. We have not space for the details, but we refer the reader to Mr. Davis's 'Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government,' for his very able summary of facts to show that he was not only innocent of the charge frequently made against him that he was a "Secession Conspirator," but that he was an indefatigable worker for the preservation of the Union. But when the end came, and his State seceded from the Union, he retired from the Senate, after an eloquent farewell address, which has been pronounced one of the classics of the time.

He accepted the appointment of Commander-in-chief of the Mississippi troops, very decidedly preferring to serve the Confederacy in the army. But when the overwhelming voice of the people called him to the Presidency he could not decline.

To write his record as President of the Confederate States would be to write the history of the Confederacy, and we must be content with saying that while he has been denounced by Union writers and made a "scapegoat" by certain Confederates, there can be little doubt that he discharged the duties of the office with ripe experience, rare ability, patriotic devotion, and even with wonderful success when one considers the "overwhelming numbers and resources" which opposed him. At the close of the war he was arrested and sent to Fortress Monroe, where he was confined in a casemate and—to the grave discredit of the Federal authorities—put in irons. Contrast this treatment with that he had accorded his Indian prisoner. He begged for a speedy trial and longed for the opportunity of vindicating himself and his people in the courts, and at the bar of history; but the ablest lawyers at the North declared that he could not be convicted of "treason," with which he was charged, and after two years' confinement he was released on bail, and the indictment against him never brought to trial. He spent a time in Canada, and in Europe, was for several years located in Memphis as president of an insurance company, and then settled in his beautiful home at Beauvoir on the gulf coast of Mississippi, where he spent his declining years in the bosom of his family. Here he prepared his great book on the 'Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government.'

He seldom went to public gatherings, but when he did he received great ovations from his people, who now regarded him as a "vicarious sufferer" for them. His health, undermined by his cruel imprison-

ment, was very feeble for many years before his death, which occurred on December 6, 1889, at the home of Judge C. E. Fenner, of New Orleans.

And now I have to speak briefly of the character of Jefferson Davis: I can think of no better introduction to what I may say of the life and character of the great chief of the Confederacy than to quote the first paragraph of the superb oration which he delivered at the notable Lee Memorial Meeting held in Richmond, Virginia, on Thursday evening, November 3, 1870. The spacious First Presbyterian Church was packed to its utmost capacity by an audience composed largely of Confederate veterans, who gave Mr. Davis such an ovation as king or proudest conqueror might have envied, and when the deafening cheers with which he was greeted, as he came forward to preside over the meeting, had subsided, he began his eulogy on Lee by saying:

"Soldiers and Sailors of the Confederacy, Countrymen and Friends:

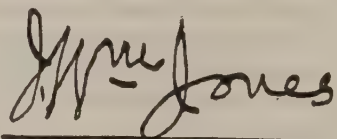
"Assembled on this sad occasion, with hearts oppressed with the grief that follows the loss of him who was our leader on many a bloody battlefield, there is a melancholy pleasure in the spectacle which is presented. Hitherto, in all times, men have been honored when successful; but here is the case of one who amid disaster went down to his grave, and those who were his companions in misfortune have assembled to honor his memory. It is as much an honor to you who give as to him who receives, for above the vulgar test of merit you show yourselves competent to discriminate between him who enjoys and him who deserves success."

How appropriate this language to the great gathering at his own funeral in New Orleans, and indeed the gatherings in every city, and well-nigh every town and hamlet of the old Confederate States.- Describing the immense outpouring of the people, and the solemn decorum of the vast crowds at the funeral in New Orleans, Mr. F. H. Mussey, of the *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*, said in his report to that paper: "The funeral of General Grant was a magnificent piece set on the stage, but this was a spontaneous outpouring of the hearts of a grateful people." And so it was. The man who had led his people in an unsuccessful struggle for independence died with a place in their hearts which no victor ever had.

I can only add now one or two personal reminiscences of the man. During the last ten years of his life it was my privilege to be a frequent visitor to Beauvoir, the beautiful home by the Gulf, where the evening of the days of this great man was spent, and to see him in the quiet of his home and in the bosom of his family. No man was ever a more affectionate husband or more devoted father. His

playful conversation with his charming wife and accomplished daughters, his devotion to his grandchildren, his graceful reception and entertainment of visitors, his fascinating conversation on any topic that might be introduced, his tender solicitude for the comfort and welfare of others, and the invaluable "material for the future historian" which his lightest conversation contained are all indelibly written in my memory and heart, but may not be detailed in this paper. This much, however, I must say: In all of my repeated interviews with Mr. Davis, and in the freedom of conversation about men and things with which he honored me, and in all of the confidential letters about historical matters which at different times he wrote me, there was a most remarkable absence of bitterness, or of denunciation even of those who had most grievously wronged and injured him.

I speak of my own personal knowledge and intimate intercourse with him when I say that Mr. Davis was one of the humblest, most intelligent, most decided evangelical Christians whom I have ever known. He was in his official positions always outspoken and decided on the side of evangelical religion, and his Fast-day and Thanksgiving proclamations were not only models of chaste style and classic English, but breathed a spirit of humble, devout piety, which was not perfunctory, but welled up from a sincere and honest heart. To Rev. A. E. Dickinson, concerning the grand work of colportage in the army, which he was superintending and pushing with rare ability, zeal and success, he said: "I mostly cordially sympathize with this movement. We have but little to hope for if we do not realize our dependence upon Heaven's blessing, and seek the guidance of God's truth." But it was especially in private life and in his home that his Christian character shone out most clearly. A diligent student of God's Word, a man of prayer because a believer in prayer, a regular attendant on church services, fond of conversation on religious topics, and of consistent Christian walk, he gave in his intimate personal intercourse with me the most abundant evidence that he took Christ as his personal Saviour; that he rested with childlike trust in the grand old doctrines of salvation by grace, and justification by faith, and that he rejoiced in the sweet comforts and precious hope of the Gospel.



THE PRINCIPLES OF DEMOCRACY

Extract from a Reply to Douglas in the United States Senate, May 17, 1860.

MR. PRESIDENT, after having for forty years been engaged in bitter controversy over a question relating to common property of the States, we have reached the point where the issue is presented in a form in which it becomes us to meet it according to existing facts; where it has ceased to be a question to be decided on the footing of authority, and by reference to history. We have decided that too long had this question been disturbing the peace and endangering the Union, and it was resolved to provide for its settlement by treating it as a judicial question. Now, will it be said, after Congress provided for the adjustment of this question by the courts, and after the courts had a case brought before them, and expressed an opinion covering the controversy, that no additional latitude is to be given to the application of the decision of the court, though Congress had referred it specially to them; that it is to be treated simply and technically as a question of *meum et tuum*, such as might have arisen if there had been no such legislation by Congress? Surely it does not become those who have pointed us to that provision as the peace-offering, as the means for final adjustment, now to say that it meant nothing more than that the courts would go on hereafter, as heretofore, to try questions of property.

The courts have decided the question so far as they could decide any political question. A case arose in relation to property in a slave held within a territory where a law of Congress declared that such property should not be held. The whole case was before them; everything, except the mere technical point that the law was not enacted by a territorial legislature. Why, then, if we are to abide by the decision of the Supreme Court in any future case, do they maintain this controversy on the mere technical point which now divides, disturbs, distracts, destroys the efficiency and the power of the Democratic party? To the Senator, I know, as a question of property, it is a matter of no consequence. I should do him an injustice if I left any one to infer that I treated his argument as one made by a man prejudiced against the

character of property involved in the question. That is not his position; but I assert that he is pursuing an *ignis fatuus*—not a light caught from the Constitution—but a vapor which has arisen from the corrupting cesspools of sectional strife, of faction and individual rivalry. Measured by any standard of common sense, its magnitude would be too small to disturb the adjustment of the balance of our country. There can be no appeal to humanity made upon this basis. Least of all could it be made to one who, like the Senator and myself, has seen this species of property in its sparse condition on the Northwestern frontier, and seen it go out without disturbing the tranquillity of the community, as it had previously existed without injury to anyone, if not to the benefit of the individual who held it. He has no apprehension, he can have none, that is to retard the political prosperity of the future states—now the territories. He can have no apprehension that in that country, to which they never would be carried except for domestic purposes, they could ever so accumulate as to constitute a great political element. He knows, and every man who has had experience and judgment must admit, that the few who may be so carried there have nothing to fear but the climate, and that living in that close connection which belongs to one or half a dozen of them in a family, the kindest relations which it is possible to exist between master and dependent, exist between these domestics and their owners. There is a relation belonging to this species of property, unlike that of the apprentice or the hired man, which awakens whatever there is of kindness or of nobility of soul in the heart of him who owns it; this can only be alienated, obscured, or destroyed by collecting this species of property into such masses that the owner is not personally acquainted with the individuals who compose it. In the relation, however, which can exist in the Northwestern Territories, the mere domestic connection of one, two, or, at most, half a dozen servants in a family, associating with the children as they grow up, attending upon age as it declines, there can be nothing against which either philanthropy or humanity can make an appeal. Not even the emancipationist could raise his voice, for this is the high road and the open gate to the condition in which the masters would, from interest, in a few years, desire the

emancipation of everyone who may thus be taken to the Northwestern frontier.

Mr. President, I briefly and reluctantly referred, because the subject had been introduced, to the attitude of Mississippi on a former occasion. I will now as briefly say, that in 1851 and in 1860 Mississippi was, and is, ready to make every concession which it becomes her to make to the welfare and the safety of the Union. If, on a former occasion, she hoped too much from fraternity, the responsibility for her disappointment rests upon those who fail to fulfill her expectations. She still clings to the Government as our fathers formed it. She is ready to-day and to-morrow, as in her past, and though brief, yet brilliant history, to maintain that Government in all its power, and to vindicate its honor with all the means she possesses. I say brilliant history; for it was in the very morning of her existence that her sons, on the plains of New Orleans, were announced 'in general orders to have been the admiration of one army and the wonder of the other. That we had a division in relation to the measures enacted in 1850, is true; that the Southern rights men became the minority in the election which resulted, is true; but no figure of speech could warrant the Senator in speaking of them as subdued; as coming to him or anybody else for quarter. I deemed it offensive when it was uttered, and the scorn with which I repelled it at the instant, time has only softened to contempt. Our flag was never borne from the field. We had carried it in the face of defeat, with a knowledge that defeat awaited it; but scarcely had the smoke of the battle passed away which proclaimed another victor, before the general voice admitted that the field again was ours; I have not seen a sagacious, reflecting man, who was cognizant of the events as they transpired at the time, who does not say that, within two weeks after the election, our party was in a majority; and the next election which occurred showed that we possessed the State beyond controversy. How we have wielded that power it is not for me to say. I trust others may see forbearance in our conduct—that, with a determination to insist upon our constitutional rights, then and now, there is an unwavering desire to maintain the Government, and to uphold the Democratic party.

We believe now, as we have asserted on former occasions, that the best hope for the perpetuity of our institutions depends upon the coöperation, the harmony, the zealous action of the Democratic party. We cling to that party from conviction that its principles and its aims are those of truth and the country, as we cling to the Union for the fulfilment of the purposes for which it was formed. Whenever we shall be taught that the Democratic party is recreant to its principles; whenever we shall learn that it can not be relied upon to maintain the great measures which constitute its vitality, I, for one, shall be ready to leave it. And so, when we declare our tenacious adherence to the Union, it is the Union of the Constitution. If the compact between the states is to be trampled into the dust; if anarchy is to be substituted for the usurpation and consolidation which threatened the Government at an earlier period; if the Union is to become powerless for the purposes for which it was established, and we are vainly to appeal to it for protection, then, sir, conscious of the rectitude of our course, the justice of our cause, self-reliant, yet humbly, confidently trusting in the arm that guided and protected our fathers, we look beyond the confines of the Union for the maintenance of our rights. A habitual reverence and cherished affection for the Government will bind us to it longer than our interests would suggest or require; but he is a poor student of the world's history who does not understand that communities at last must yield to the dictates of their interests. That the affection, the mutual desire for the mutual good, which existed among our fathers, may be weakened in succeeding generations by the denial of right, and hostile demonstration, until the equality guaranteed, but not secured within the Union, may be sought for without it, must be evident to even a careless observer of our race. It is time to be up and doing. There is yet time to remove the causes of dissension and alienation which are now distracting, and have for years past divided the country.

If the Senator correctly described me as having, at a former period, against my own preferences and opinions, acquiesced in the decision of my party; if when I had youth, when physical vigor gave promise of many days, and the future was painted in the colors of hope, I could thus surrender my own convictions, my own prejudices, and coöperate with

my political friends, according to their views, as to the best method of promoting the public good; now, when the years of my future can not be many, and experience has sobered the hopeful tints of youth's gilding; when, approaching the evening of life, the shadows are reversed, and the mind turns retrospectively, it is not to be supposed that I would abandon lightly, or idly put on trial, the party to which I have steadily adhered. It is rather to be assumed that conservatism, which belongs to the timidity or caution of increasing years, would lead me to cling to—to be supported by, rather than to cast off, the organization with which I have been so long connected. If I am driven to consider the necessity of separating myself from those old and dear relations, discarding the accustomed support, under circumstances such as I have described, might not my friends who differ from me pause and inquire whether there is not something involved in it which calls for their careful revision?

I desire no divided flag for the Democratic party, seek not to depreciate the power of the Senator, or to take from him anything of that confidence he feels in the large army which follows his standard. I prefer that his banner should lie in its silken folds to feed the moths; but if it unrestrainedly rustles, impatient to be unfurled, we who have not invited the conflict shrink not from the trial; we will plant our flag on every hill and plain; it shall overlook the Atlantic and welcome the sun as he rises from its dancing waters; it shall wave its adieu as he sinks to repose in the quiet Pacific.

Our principles are national; they belong to every state of the Union; and though elections may be lost by their assertion, they constitute the only foundation on which we can maintain power, on which we can again rise to the dignity the Democracy once possessed. Does not the Senator from Illinois see in the sectional character of the vote he received, that his opinions are not acceptable to every portion of the country? Is not the fact that the resolutions adopted by seventeen states, on which the greatest reliance must be placed for Democratic support, are in opposition to the dogma to which he still clings, a warning that if he persists and succeeds in forcing his theory upon the Democratic party, its days are numbered? We ask only for the Constitution. We ask of the Democracy only

from time to time to declare, as current exigencies may indicate, what the Constitution was intended to secure and provide. Our flag bears no new device. Upon its folds our principles are written in living light; all proclaiming the constitutional Union, justice, equality, and fraternity of our ocean-bound domain, for a limitless future.

SPEECH AT PORTLAND, MAINE

FELLOW-CITIZENS: Accept my sincere thanks for this manifestation of your kindness. Vanity does not lead me so far to misconceive your purpose as to appropriate the demonstration to myself; but it is not the less gratifying to me to be made the medium through which Maine tenders an expression of regard to her sister, Mississippi. It is, moreover, with feeling of profound gratification that I witness this indication of that national sentiment and fraternity which made us, and which alone can keep us, one people. At a period but as yesterday, when compared with the life of nations, these states were separate, and, in some respects, opposing colonies; their only relation to each other was that of a common allegiance to the Government of Great Britain. So separate, indeed almost, hostile, was their attitude, that when General Stark, of Bennington memory, was captured by savages on the headwaters of the Kennebec, he was subsequently taken by them to Albany, where they went to sell furs, and again led away a captive, without interference on the part of the inhabitants of that neighboring colony to demand or obtain his release. United as we are now, were a citizen of the United States, as an act of hostility to our country, imprisoned or slain in any quarter of the world, whether on land or sea, the people of each state of the Union, with one heart and with one voice, would demand redress, and woe be to him against whom a brother's blood cried to us from the ground. Such is the fruit of the wisdom and the justice with which our fathers bound contending colonies into confederation, and blended different habits and rival interests into a harmonious whole, so that, shoulder to shoulder, they entered on the trial of the Revolution, and step with step trod its thorny paths until they reached the heights of national

independence, and founded the constitutional representative liberty which is our birthright.

When the mother country entered upon her career of oppression, in disregard of chartered and constitutional rights, our forefathers did not stop to measure the exact weight of the burden, or to ask whether the pressure bore most upon this colony or upon that, but saw in it the infraction of a great principle, the denial of a common right, in defense of which they made common cause—Massachusetts, Virginia, and South Carolina vying with each other as to who should be foremost in the struggle, where the penalty of failure would be a dishonorable grave. Tempered by the trials and sacrifices of the Revolution, dignified by its noble purposes, elevated by its brilliant triumphs, endeared to each other by its glorious memories, they abandoned the Confederacy, not to fly apart when the outward pressure of hostile fleets and armies was removed, but to draw closer their embrace in the formation of a more perfect Union.

By such men, thus trained and ennobled, our Constitution was framed. It stands a monument of principle, of forecast, and, above all, of that liberality which made each willing to sacrifice local interest, individual prejudice, or temporary good to the general welfare and the perpetuity of the republican institution which they had passed through fire and blood to secure. The grants were as broad as were necessary for the functions of the general agent, and the mutual concessions were twice blessed, blessing him who gave and him who received. Whatever was necessary for domestic government—requisite in the social organization of each community—was retained by the states and the people thereof; and these it was made the duty of all to defend and maintain. Such, in very general terms, is the rich political legacy our fathers bequeathed to us. Shall we preserve and transmit it to posterity? Yes, yes, the heart responds; and the judgment answers, the task is easily performed. It but requires that each should attend to that which most concerns him, and on which alone he has rightful power to decide and to act; that each should adhere to the terms of a written compact, and that all should coöperate for that which interest, duty and honor demand.

For the general affairs of our country, both foreign and

domestic, we have a national Executive and a national Legislature. Representatives and Senators are chosen by districts and by states, but their acts affect the whole country, and obligations are to the whole people. He who, holding either seat, would confine his investigations to the mere interests of his immediate constituents, would be derelict to his plain duty; and he who would legislate in hostility to any section, would be morally unfit for the station, and surely an unsafe depository, if not a treacherous guardian, of the inheritance with which we are blessed. No one more than myself recognizes the binding force of the allegiance which the citizen owes to the state of his citizenship, but that state being a party to our compact, a member of the Union, fealty to the Federal Constitution is not in opposition to, but flows from the allegiance due to one of the United States. Washington was not less a Virginian when he commanded at Boston, nor did Gates or Greene weaken the bonds which bound them to their several states by their campaigns in the South. In proportion as a citizen loves his own state, will he strive to honor by preserving her name and her fame free from the tarnish of having failed to observe her obligations and fulfil her duties to her sister states. Each page of our history is illustrated by the names and deeds of those who have well understood and discharged the obligation. Have we so degenerated that we can no longer emulate their virtues? Have the purposes for which our Union was formed lost their value? Has patriotism ceased to be a virtue, and is narrow sectionalism no longer to be counted a crime? Shall the North not rejoice that the progress of agriculture in the South has given to her great staple the controlling influence of the commerce of the world, and put manufacturing nations under bond to keep the peace with the United States? Shall the South not exult in the fact that the industry and persevering intelligence of the North has placed her mechanical skill in the front rank of the civilized world—that our mother country, whose haughty Minister, some eighty odd years ago, declared that not a hob-nail should be made in the colonies, which are now the United States, was brought some four years ago to recognize our preëminence by sending a commission to examine our workshops and our machinery, to perfect their own manufacture of the arms requisite for their

defense? Do not our whole people, interior and seaboard, North, South, East, and West, alike feel proud of the hardihood, the enterprise, the skill, and the courage of the Yankee sailor, who has borne our flag far as the ocean bears its foam, and caused the name and character of the United States to be known and respected wherever there is wealth enough to woo commerce and intelligence to honor merit? So long as we preserve and appreciate the achievements of Jefferson and Adams, of Franklin and Madison, of Hamilton, of Hancock, and of Rutledge, men who labored for the whole country, and lived for mankind, we can not sink to the petty strife which would sap the foundations and destroy the political fabric our fathers erected and bequeathed as an inheritance to our posterity forever.

Since the formation of the Constitution a vast extension of territory, and varied relations arising therefrom, have presented problems which could not have been foreseen. It is just cause for admiration, even wonder, that the provisions of the fundamental law should have been so fully adequate to all the wants of government, new in its organization, and new in many of the principles on which it was founded. Whatever fears may have once existed as to the consequences of territorial expansion must give way before the evidence which the past affords. The general government, strictly confined to its delegated functions, and the state left in the undisturbed exercise of all else, we have a theory and practice which fits our government for immeasurable domain, and might, under a millennium of nations, embrace mankind.

From the slope of the Atlantic our population, with ceaseless tide, has poured into the wide and fertile valley of the Mississippi, with eddying whirl has passed to the coast of the Pacific; from the West and the East the tides are rushing toward each other, and the mind is carried to the day when all the cultivable land will be inhabited, and the American people will sigh for more wilderness to conquer. But there is here a physico-political problem presented for our solution. Were it purely physical your past triumphs would leave but little doubt of your capacity to solve it. A community which, when less than twenty thousand, conceived the grand project of crossing the White Mountains, and unaided, save by the stimulus which

jeers and prophecies of failure gave, successfully executed the Herculean work, might well be impatient if it were suggested that a physical problem was before us too difficult for mastery. The history of man teaches that high mountains and wide deserts have resisted the permanent extension of empire, and have formed the immutable boundaries of states. From time to time, under some able leader, have the hordes of the upper plains of Asia swept over the adjacent country, and rolled their conquering columns over Southern Europe. Yet, after the lapse of a few generations, the physical law, to which I have referred, has asserted its supremacy, and the boundaries of those states differ little now from those which obtained three thousand years ago.

Rome flew her conquering eagles over the then known world, and has now subsided into the little territory on which the great city was originally built. The Alps and Pyrenees have been unable to restrain imperial France; but her expansion was a feverish action, her advance and her retreat were tracked with blood, and those mountain ridges are the reëstablished limits of her empire. Shall the Rocky Mountains prove a dividing barrier to us? Were ours a central consolidated Government, instead of a Union of Sovereign States, our fate might be learned from the history of the other nations. Thanks to the wisdom and independent spirit of our forefathers, this is not the case. Each state having sole charge of its local interests and domestic affairs, the problem, which to others has been insoluble, to us is made easy. Rapid, safe and easy communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific will give co-intelligence, unity of interest, and coöperation among all the parts of our continent-wide Republic. The network of railroads which bind the North and the South, the slope of the Atlantic and the valley of the Mississippi, together testify that our people have the power to perform, in that regard, whatever it is their will to do.

We require a railroad to the Slope of the Pacific for present use; the time no doubt will come when we shall have the need of two or three, it may be more. Because of the desert character of the interior country the work will be difficult and expensive. It will require the efforts of a united people. The bickering of little politicians, the jealousies of sections must

give way to dignity of purpose and zeal for the common good. If the object be obstructed by contention and division as to whether the route shall be Northern, Southern, or Central, the handwriting is on the wall, and it requires little skill to see that failure is the interpretation of the inscription. You are practical people, and may ask, How is that contest to be avoided? By taking the question out of the hands of politicians altogether. Let the Government give such aid as it is proper for it to render to the company which shall propose the most feasible plan; then leave to capitalists with judgment, sharpened by interest, the selection of the route, and the difficulties will diminish, as did those which you overcame when you connected your harbor with the Canadian provinces.

It would be to trespass on your kindness and to violate the proprieties of the occasion were I to detain the vast concourse which stands before me by entering on the discussion of controverted topics, or by further indulging in the expression of such reflections as circumstances suggest. I came to your city in quest of health and repose. From the moment I entered it you have showered upon me kindness and hospitality. Though my experience has taught me to anticipate good rather than evil from my fellow-man, it had not prepared me to expect such unremitting attention as has here been bestowed. I have been jocularly asked in relation to my coming here, whether I have secured a guarantee for my safety, and lo! I have found it. I stand in the midst of thousands of my fellow-citizens. But, my friends, I came neither distrusting nor apprehensive, of which you have proof in the fact that I brought with me the objects of tenderest affection and solicitude, my wife and my children; they have shared with me your hospitality, and will alike remain your debtors. If, at some future time, when I am mingled with the dust, and the arm of my infant son has been nerved for deeds of manhood, the storms of war should burst upon your city, I feel that, relying upon his inheriting the instincts of his ancestors and mine, I may pledge him in that perilous hour to stand by your side in the defense of your hearth-stones, and in maintaining the honor of a flag whose constellation, though torn and smoked in many a battle by sea and land, has never been stained with dishonor.

and will, I trust, forever fly as free as the breeze which unfolds it.

A stranger to you, the salubrity of your location, and the beauty of its scenery were not wholly unknown to me, nor were there wanting associations which busy memory connected with your people. You will pardon me for alluding to one whose genius shed a lustre upon all it touched, and whose qualities gathered about him hosts of friends wherever he was known. Prentiss, a native of Portland, lived from youth to middle age in the county of my residence; and the inquiries which have been made show me that the youth excited the interest which the greatness of the man justified, and that his memory thus remains a link to connect your home with mine. A cursory view, when passing through your town on former occasions, had impressed me with the great advantage of your harbor, its easy entrance, its depth, and its extensive accommodations for shipping. But its advantage and its facilities, as they have been developed by closer inspection, have grown upon me, until I realize that it is no boast, but the language of sober truth, which, in the present state of commerce, pronounces them unequaled in any harbor of our country.

And surely no place could be more inviting to an invalid who sought refuge from the heat of Southern summer. Here waving elms offer him shaded walks, and magnificent residences, surrounded by flowers, fill the mind with ideas of comfort and rest. If, weary of constant contact with his fellow-men, he seeks a deeper seclusion, there, in the back-ground of this grand amphitheatre, lie the eternal mountains, frowning with brow of rock and cap of snow upon smiling fields beneath, and there in its recesses may be found as much wildness and as much of solitude as the pilgrim, weary of cares of life, can desire.

If he turns to the front, your capacious harbor, studded with green islands of ever-varying light and shade, and enlightened by all the stirring evidence of commercial activity, offer him the mingled charms of busy life and nature's calm repose. A few miles farther, and he may sit upon the quiet shore to listen to the murmuring wave until the troubled spirit sinks to rest; and in the little sail that vanishes on the illimitable sea we find the type of the voyage which he is soon to take,

when, his ephemeral existence closed, he embarks for that better state which lies beyond the grave.

Richly endowed as you are by nature in all which contributes to pleasure and usefulness, the stranger cannot pass without paying a tribute to the much which your energy has achieved for yourselves. Where else will one find a more happy union of magnificence and comfort? Where better arrangements to facilitate commerce? Where so much of industry with so little noise and bustle? Where, in a phrase, so much effected in proportion to the means employed? We hear the puff of the engine, the roll of the wheel, the ring of the ax and the saw, but the stormy passionate exclamation so often mingled with the sounds are nowhere heard. Yet neither these nor other things which I have mentioned, attractive though they be, have been to me the chief charm which I have found among you. For above all these, I place the gentle kindness, the cordial welcome, the hearty grasp which made me feel truly and at once, though wandering afar, that I was still at home. My friends, I thank you for this additional manifestation of your good-will.

FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE UNITED STATES
SENATE, JANUARY 21, 1861

I RISE, Mr. President, for the purpose of announcing to the Senate that I have satisfactory evidence that the State of Mississippi, by a solemn ordinance of her people, in convention assembled, has declared her separation from the United States. Under these circumstances, of course, my functions are terminated here. It has seemed to me proper, however, that I should appear in the Senate to announce that fact to my associates, and I will say but very little more. The occasion does not invite me to go into argument, and my physical condition would not permit me to do so, if it were otherwise; and yet it seems to become me to say something on the part of the State I here represent on an occasion so solemn as this.

It is known to Senators who have served with me here that I have for many years advocated, as an essential attribute of state sovereignty, the right of a state to secede from the Union. Therefore, if I had not believed there was justifiable cause, if I had thought that Mississippi was acting without sufficient provocation, or without an existing necessity, I should still, under my theory of the government, because of my allegiance to the State of which I am a citizen, have been bound by her action. I, however, may be permitted to say that I do think she has justifiable cause, and I approve of her act. I conferred with her people before that act was taken, counseled them then that, if the state of things which they apprehended should exist when their convention met, they should take the action which they have now adopted.

I hope none who hear me will confound this expression of mine with the advocacy of the right of a state to remain in the Union, and to disregard its constitutional obligations by the nullification of the law. Such is not my theory. Nullification and secession, so often confounded, are, indeed, antagonistic principles. Nullification is a remedy which it is sought to apply within the Union, and against the agent of the states. It is only to be justified when the agent has violated his constitutional obligations, and a state, assuming to judge for itself, denies the right of the agent thus to act, and appeals to the

other states of the Union for a decision; but, when the states themselves, and when the people of the states have so acted as to convince us that they will not regard our constitutional rights, then, and then for the first time, arises the doctrine of secession in its practical application.

A great man who now reposes with his fathers, and who has often been arraigned for a want of fealty to the Union, advocated the doctrine of nullification because it preserved the Union. It was because of his deep-seated attachment to the Union—his determination to find some remedy for existing ills, short of a severance of the ties which bound South Carolina to the other states—that Mr. Calhoun advocated the doctrine of nullification, which he proclaimed to be peaceful, to be within the limits of state power, not to disturb the Union, but only to be a means of bringing the agent before the tribunal of the states for their judgment.

Secession belongs to a different class of remedies. It is to be justified upon the basis that the states are sovereign. There was a time when none denied it. I hope the time may come again when a better comprehension of the theory of our Government, and the inalienable rights of the people of the states, will prevent anyone from denying that each state is a sovereign, and thus may reclaim the grants which it has made to any agent whomsoever.

I, therefore, say I concur in the action of the people of Mississippi, believing it to be necessary and proper, and should have been bound by their action if my belief had been otherwise; and this brings me to the important point which I wish, on this last occasion, to present to the Senate. It is by this confounding of nullification and secession that the name of a great man, whose ashes now mingle with his mother earth, has been invoked to justify coercion against a seceded state. The phrase "to execute the laws" was an expression which General Jackson applied to the case of a state refusing to obey the laws while yet a member of the Union. That is not the case which is now presented. The laws are to be executed over the United States, and upon the people of the United States. They have no relation to any foreign country. It is a perversion of terms—at least, it is a great misapprehension of the case—which cites that expression for application to a state which

has withdrawn from the Union. You may make war on a foreign state. If it be the purpose of gentlemen, they may make war against a state which has withdrawn from the Union; but there are no laws of the United States to be executed within the limits of a seceded state. A state finding herself in the condition in which Mississippi has judged she is—in which her safety requires that she should provide for the maintenance of her rights out of the Union—surrenders all the benefits (and they are known to be many), deprives herself of the advantages (and they are known to be great), severs all the ties of affection (and they are close and enduring), which have bound her to the Union; and thus divesting herself of every benefit—taking upon herself every burden—she claims to be exempt from any power to execute the laws of the United States within her limits.

I well remember an occasion when Massachusetts was arraigned before the bar of the Senate, and when the doctrine of coercion was rife, and to be applied against her, because of the rescue of a fugitive slave in Boston. My opinion then was the same that it is now. Not in a spirit of egotism, but to show that I am not influenced in my opinions because the case is my own, I refer to that time and that occasion as containing the opinion which I then entertained, and on which my present conduct is based. I then said that if Massachusetts—following her purpose through a stated line of conduct—chose to take the last step which separates her from the Union, it is her right to go, and I will neither vote one dollar nor one man to coerce her back; but I will say to her, Godspeed, in memory of the kind associations which once existed between her and the other States.

It has been a conviction of pressing necessity, it has been a belief that we are to be deprived in the Union of the rights which our fathers bequeathed us, which has brought Mississippi to her present decision. She has heard proclaimed the theory that all men are created free and equal, and this made the basis of an attack upon her social institutions; and the sacred Declaration of Independence has been invoked to maintain the position of the equality of the races. That Declaration of Independence is to be construed by the circumstances and purposes for which it was made. The communities were

declaring their independence; the people of those communities were asserting that no man was born, to use the language of Mr. Jefferson, booted and spurred, to ride over the rest of mankind; that men were created equal, meaning the men of the political community; that there was no divine right to rule; that no man inherited the right to govern; that there were no classes by which power and place descended to families; but that all stations were equally within the grasp of each member of the body politic. These were the great principles they announced; these were the purposes for which they made their declaration; these were the ends to which their enunciation was directed. They have no reference to the slave; else, how happened it that among the items of arraignment against George III was that he endeavored to do just what the North has been endeavoring of late to do, to stir up insurrection among our slaves? Had the Declaration announced that the negroes were free and equal, how was the prince to be arraigned for raising up insurrection among them? And how was this to be enumerated among the high crimes which caused the colonies to sever their connection with the mother-country? When our Constitution was formed, the same idea was rendered more palpable; for there we find provision made for that very class of persons as property; they were not put upon the footing of equality with white men, not even that of paupers and convicts; but, so far as representation was concerned, were discriminated against as a lower caste, only to be represented in the numerical proportion of three-fifths. So stands the compact which binds us together.

Then, Senators, we recur to the principles upon which our Government was founded; and when you deny them, and when you deny to us the right to withdraw from the Government which, thus perverted, threatens to be destructive to our rights, we but tread in the paths of our fathers when we proclaim our independence and take the hazard. This is done, not in hostility to others, not to injure any section of the country, not even for our own pecuniary benefit, but from the high and solemn motive of defending and protecting the rights we inherited, and which it is our duty to transmit unshorn to our children.

I find in myself, perhaps, a type of the general feeling of

my constituents toward yours. I am sure I feel no hostility toward you, Senators from the North. I am sure there is no one of you, whatever sharp discussion there may have been between us, to whom I cannot now say, in the presence of my God, I wish you well; and such, I am sure, is the feeling of the people whom I represent toward those whom you represent. I, therefore, feel that I but express their desire when I say I hope and they hope for peaceable relations with you, though we must part. They may be mutually beneficial to us in the future, as they have been in the past, if you so will it. The reverse may bring disaster on every portion of the country, and if you will have it thus, we will invoke the God of our fathers, who delivered them from the power of the lion, to protect us from the ravages of the bear; and, thus putting our trust in God and in our firm hearts and strong arms, we will vindicate the right as best we may.

In the course of my service here, associated at different times with a great variety of Senators, I see now around me some with whom I have served long; there have been points of collision, but, whatever of offence there has been to me, I leave here. I carry with me no hostile remembrance. Whatever offence I have given which has not been redressed, or for which satisfaction has not been demanded, I have, Senators, in this hour of our parting, to offer you my apology for any pain which, in the heat of the discussion, I have inflicted. I go hence unincumbered by the remembrance of any injury received, and having discharged the duty of making the only reparation in my power for any injury offered.

Mr. President and Senators, having made the announcement which the occasion seemed to me to require, it only remains for me to bid you final adieu.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT DAVIS

Delivered at the Capitol, Montgomery, Alabama, Monday, February 18, 1861.

GENTLEMEN of the Congress of the Confederate States of America—friends and fellow-citizens: Called to the difficult and responsible station of Chief Executive of the Provisional Government, which you have instituted, I approach the discharge of the duties assigned to me with an humble distrust of my abilities, but with a sustaining confidence in the wisdom of those who are to guide and to aid me in the administration of public affairs, and an abiding faith in the virtue and patriotism of the people.

Looking forward to the speedy establishment of a permanent Government to take the place of this, and which, by its greater moral and physical power, will be better able to combat with the many difficulties which arise from the conflicting interests of separate nations, I enter upon the duties of the office, for which I have been chosen, with the hope that the beginning of our career, as a Confederacy, may not be obstructed by hostile opposition to our enjoyment of the separate existence and independence which we have asserted, and, with the blessing of Providence, intend to maintain.

Our present condition, achieved in a manner unprecedented in the history of nations, illustrates the American idea that governments rest upon the consent of the governed, and that it is the right of the people to alter or abolish governments whenever they become destructive of the ends for which they were established.

The declared purpose of the compact of Union from which we have withdrawn, was "to establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and posterity"; and when, in the judgment of the sovereign states now composing this Confederacy, it had been perverted from the purposes for which it was ordained, and had ceased to answer the ends for which it was established, a peaceful appeal to the ballot-box declared that, so far as they were concerned, the government created by that compact should cease to exist. In this they merely asserted a right which the Declara-

tion of Independence of 1776 had defined to be inalienable. Of the time and occasion for its exercise, they, as sovereigns, were the final judges, each for itself.

The impartial and enlightened verdict of mankind will vindicate the rectitude of our conduct, and He who knows the hearts of men will judge of the sincerity with which we labored to preserve the Government of our fathers in its spirit. The right solemnly proclaimed at the birth of the States, and which has been affirmed and reaffirmed in the Bills of Rights of States, subsequently admitted into the Union of 1789, undeniably recognizes in the people the power to resume the authority delegated for the purposes of government. Thus the sovereign States, here represented, proceeded to form this Confederacy, and it is by abuse of language that their act has been denominated a revolution. They formed a new alliance, but within each state its government has remained, and the rights of person and property have not been disturbed. The agent, through whom they communicated with foreign nations, is changed; but this does not necessarily interrupt their international relations.

Sustained by the consciousness that the transition from the former Union to the present Confederacy has not proceeded from a disregard on our part of just obligations, or any failure to perform any constitutional duty; moved by no interest or passion to invade the rights of others; anxious to cultivate peace and commerce with all nations, if we may not hope to avoid war, we may at least expect that posterity will acquit us of having needlessly engaged in it. Doubly justified by the absence of wrong on our part, and by wanton aggression on the part of others, there can be no cause to doubt that the courage and patriotism of the people of the Confederate States will be found equal to any measure of defence which honor and security may require.

An agricultural people—whose chief interest is the export of a commodity required in every manufacturing country, our true policy is peace and the freest trade which our necessities will permit. It is alike our interest, and that of all those to whom we would sell and from whom we would buy, that there should be the fewest practicable restrictions upon the interchange of commodities. There can be but little rivalry

between ours and any manufacturing or navigating community, such as the Northeastern States of the American Union. It must follow, therefore, that a mutual interest would invite good and kind offices. If, however, passion or the lust of dominion should cloud the judgment, or inflame the ambition of those states, we must prepare to meet the emergency and to maintain, by the final arbitrament of the sword, the position which we have assumed among the nations of the earth. We have entered upon the career of independence, and it must be inflexibly pursued. Through many years of controversy with our late associates, the Northern States, we have vainly endeavored to secure tranquillity, and to obtain respect for the rights to which we were entitled. As a necessity, not a choice, we have resorted to the remedy of separation; and henceforth our energies must be directed to the conduct of our own affairs and the perpetuity of the Confederacy which we have formed. If a just perception of mutual interest shall permit us peaceably to pursue our separate political career, my most earnest desire will have been fulfilled; but if this be denied us, and the integrity of our territory and jurisdiction be assailed, it will but remain for us, with firm resolve, to appeal to arms and invoke the blessings of Providence on a just cause.

As consequence of our new condition, and with a view to meet anticipated wants, it will be necessary to provide for the speedy and efficient organization of branches of the Executive Department, having special charge of foreign intercourse, finance, military affairs, and the postal service.

For purposes of defence, the Confederate States may, under ordinary circumstances, rely mainly upon the militia; but it is deemed advisable, in the present condition of affairs, that there should be a well-instructed and disciplined army, more numerous than would usually be required on a peace establishment. I also suggest that, for the protection of our harbors and commerce on the high seas, a navy adapted to those objects will be required. These necessities have doubtless engaged the attention of Congress.

With a Constitution differing only from that of our fathers in so far as it is explanatory of their well-known intent, freed from the sectional conflicts which have interfered with the pursuit of the general welfare, it is not unreasonable to expect

that states, from which we have parted, may seek to unite their fortunes with ours under the Government which we have instituted. For this your Constitution makes adequate provision; but beyond this, if I mistake not the judgment and will of the people, a reunion with the states from which we have separated is neither practicable nor desirable. To increase the power, develop the resources, and promote the happiness of a Confederacy, it is requisite that there should be so much of homogeneity that the welfare of every portion shall be the aim of the whole. Where this does not exist antagonisms are engendered which must and should result in separation.

Actuated solely by the desire to preserve our own rights and promote our own welfare, the separation of the Confederate States has been marked by no aggression upon others, and followed by no domestic convulsion. Our industrial pursuits have received no check, the cultivation of our fields has progressed as heretofore; and even should we be involved in war, there would be no considerable diminution of the production of the staples which have constituted our exports, and in which the commercial world has an interest scarcely less than our own. This common interest of the producer and consumer can only be interrupted by an exterior force, which should obstruct its transmission to foreign markets—a course of conduct which would be as unjust toward us as it would be detrimental to the manufacturing and commercial interests abroad. Should reason guide the action of the Government from which we have separated, a policy so detrimental to the civilized world, the Northern States included, could not be dictated by even the strongest desire to inflict injury upon us; but, if otherwise, a terrible responsibility will rest upon it, and the suffering of millions will bear testimony to the folly and wickedness of our aggressors. In the meantime, there will remain to us, besides the ordinary means before suggested, the well-known resources for retaliation upon the commerce of an enemy.

Experience in public stations, of subordinate grade to this which your kindness has conferred, has taught me that care and toil and disappointment are the price of official elevation. You will see many errors to forgive, many deficiencies to tolerate, but you shall not find in me either a want of zeal or fidelity to

the cause that is to me highest in hope and of the most enduring affection. Your generosity has bestowed upon me an undeserved distinction, one which I neither sought nor desired. Upon the continuance of that sentiment, and upon your wisdom and patriotism, I rely to direct and support me in the performance of the duty required at my hands.

We have changed the constituent parts, but not the system of our government. The Constitution formed by our fathers is that of these Confederate States, in their exposition of it; and, in the judicial construction it has received, we have a light which reveals its true meaning.

Thus instructed as to the just interpretation of the instrument, and ever remembering that all offices are but trusts held for the people, and that delegated powers are to be strictly construed, I will hope, by due diligence in the performance of my duties, though I may disappoint your expectations, yet to retain, when retiring, something of the goodwill and confidence which welcomed my entrance into office.

It is joyous in the midst of perilous times to look around upon a people united in heart; where one purpose of high resolve animates and actuates the whole—where the sacrifices to be made are not weighed in the balance against honor, and right, and liberty, and equality. Obstacles may retard—they cannot long prevent—the progress of a movement sanctified by its justice, and sustained by a virtuous people. Reverently let us invoke the God of our fathers to guide and protect us in our efforts to perpetuate the principles, which by His blessing they were able to vindicate, establish, and transmit to their posterity, and with a continuance of His favor ever gratefully acknowledged, we may hopefully look forward to success, to peace, and to prosperity.

MARY EVELYN MOORE DAVIS

[1852—1909]

WILLIAM B. SMITH

MARY EVELYN MOORE DAVIS was born at Talladega, Alabama, April 12, 1852. She was the only daughter of Dr. John Moore and Lucy Crutchfield. Her father, born at Oxford, Massachusetts, after receiving classical training and graduating in medicine, had removed to Alabama and there entered upon the practice of his profession. Her mother's family, sprung from a well-known Virginia stock, was resident in Chattanooga, Tennessee, and two of her maternal uncles, Thomas and William, attained the rank of colonel, the former in the Confederate, the latter in the Federal army. Her father distinguished himself as pioneer in the manufacture of iron in Alabama, discovering the ore in 1848, smelting it with charcoal, and forging it into bars under a trip hammer operated by water power. A few years before the outbreak of the war between the States, Dr. Moore removed to Texas with his family and possessions and engaged in the planting of cotton. It was there at La Rose Blanche Plantation, that the early years of Mary Evelyn were passed; there she received her training at the hands of private tutors, and there her precocious talent for versification began to display itself. In 1870, at the age of eighteen, she published at Houston her first volume, 'Minding the Gap, and Other Poems,' which attained much popularity and passed through several editions. In 1874 she was united in marriage with Major Thomas Edward Davis, now for many years the well-known editor of *The Daily Picayune*. The twain removed subsequently to New Orleans, and took up their residence in the centre of the old French Quarter, where now is slowly arising the gigantic form of the new City Court-house. Here for nearly a generation Mrs. Davis dwelt in a house historically famous, and fixed upon the life circling round her a gaze equally remarkable for its keenness, its steadiness, its persistence, and its loving sympathy. The boundless prairies of Texas, the wild, free, adventurous life of the border, the romantic history, the peculiar and imposing individuality of that continental State—all these preserved their fascination for Molly Moore Davis and found literary expression in more than one of her volumes; but it was the quaint old Crescent City, and the quaint Creole life that

won her fancy and possessed her heart. Admitted from the first, by her rare gifts of mind and manner, into the innermost circle of the most exclusive Creole society, she enjoyed advantages for the study of it that might well have excited the envy of even its most gifted delineator. These opportunities she exploited to the utmost, making herself for many years a vital part of that society, whose charms she learned to understand, to love, and to reproduce with rare fidelity in a long series of affectionate studies. At the same time, not being to the manner born, but drawing the streams of her life from distant and alien sources, she has been able to maintain a certain detachment and objectivity in point of view that lend especial value to her appreciations and characterizations. She has also been careful to lay a solid foundation of accurate knowledge beneath her most imaginative constructions, not hesitating to dedicate months of preliminary study to the ascertainment of some historical circumstance or the elucidation of some obscure tradition or custom connected with the plot of her story. The series of works in which Mrs. Davis has portrayed the life of Texas and Louisiana is the following: 'In War Times at La Rose Blanche Plantation' (Lothrop and Company, Boston); 'Under the Man-Fig' (Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston); 'An Elephant's Track, and Other Stories' (Harper and Brothers, New York, 1897); 'Under Six Flags' (Ginn and Company, Boston, 1898); 'The Wire Cutters' (Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1899); 'The Queen's Garden' (Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1900); 'Jaconetta' (Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1901); 'The Little Chevalier' (Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1905); 'The Price of Silence' (Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1907); 'The Bunch of Roses' (Small and Maynard, Boston). Of these 'In War Times at La Rose Blanche Plantation' and 'Jaconetta' are largely autobiographical, both dealing with the early years of the author's life, but in a modest and unobtrusive fashion that enlists the liveliest interest of the reader in the many other characters that crowd her pages rather than in her own. 'Jaconetta' was the pet name for the sensitive, poetic, and imaginative child, whose nature began to unfold at La Rose Blanche during the agony of the national strife; it reminds one of the lines which nearly one hundred years before were sung or shouted on the streets of Ajaccio:

Napoleone di mezza calzetta,
Fece l'amore a Giaconetta.

'Under Six Flags' is a charmingly written child's history of the Lone Star State, in which the romantic features are brought out dis-

tinctly, and the mere annalistic details, without sacrifice of historical accuracy, are subordinated to humanistic interests and dramatic effect. It is in fact a *Tendenzschrift* well calculated to arouse the State pride of the Texan youth and stimulate him to achievement worthy of the descendant of such ancestry as he finds therein described. The life in Texas furnishes the background for two other books in this list: 'Under the Man-Fig' and 'The Wire Cutters,' both to be numbered with her more important works, both ably written, and both developing ingenious and rather complicated plots through which love stories of grace and charm are guided safely to the end. 'In the 'Queen's Garden' (a sweet flower exhaling its fragrance amid the tombs), is an idyl whose scene is laid in New Orleans, agonizing in the paroxysms of one of those fearful visitations of yellow fever, now, thanks to the explorations of science, numbered with the past forever. It is in 'The Little Chevalier,' by many regarded as her masterpiece, and 'The Price of Silence' that Mrs. Davis has made the most minute and painstaking study of Creole life, manners, and character. The former deals with those early days, in the middle of the Eighteenth Century, when the boundless colonial ambition of France stretched a long thin line of possessions, following the water courses of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico. It is a motley web of intrigue, ambition, adventure, war, treachery, devotion, death, with a great variety of incidents and characters, French, Indian, and African, and through all runs the golden thread of a romantic love. 'The Price of Silence' deals with the New Orleans of to-day, though the roots of the story reach back two generations into the past. The theme is not altogether pleasant; the tragedy of color is evoked and only deftly evaded at the close. Not every one will find the treatment satisfactory. Alone among Mrs. Davis's works this seems to bear some traces of haste in composition. Nor should this circumstance give occasion to wonder; for the book was written on a couch of pain, while the writer was suffering daily and almost continually from a most excruciating malady. Produced under such conditions, it seems the most noteworthy of her creations, as in fact it surpasses the rest in boldness of conception, in dramatic situations, and in sustained intensity of interest. But it may be questioned whether any of these longer works show their author at her very best. It is in the short-story, that form of literature originated and perfected by the coryphæus of Southern letters, that Mrs. Davis has perhaps achieved her most eminent success. Many of these were written for the northern monthlies, and a goodly number were collected and republished in 'An Elephant's Track and Other Stories.' Here she has introduced a great variety of *motifs* as well as of incidents and char-

acters. The lighter and more humorous aspects of life are her favorites, but the stern and terrible problems are occasionally handled with ruthless fidelity and power. As an example, we have chosen the "Love Stranche," which might have been written by Guy de Maupassant.

In all of her stories, both short and long, it is the pictorial effect that is chiefly sought and most successfully attained. Mrs. Davis leaves subtle psychologic analysis to others; while clearly recognizing, she is little concerned with, the problems of heredity and environment, of character evolution, and of the shuttlecock play of emotions and motives. The great elemental feelings in general suffice for her purposes. But she is especially desirous of producing a vivid picture in the mind of the reader; she wishes to depict a situation that shall be convincing in its lifelikeness and verisimilitude. To this end she summons all the resources of her own personal knowledge and observation, and employs all her powers of animated description. We know or may know the exact appearance of each of her multitudinous characters, the color and curl of the hair, the shape of the nose, lips, and chin, the poise of the head, the cut of the coat, the tone of the voice, and the thousand other details that set themselves together to make up the external personality. Not only this: but she reproduces with the minute exactness of a photograph all the topographical, botanical, and meteorological conditions of the moment in question; just how the road wound through the forest, how the river gleamed, how the shadows flitted, how the wistaria bloomed, the arbutus trailed, the magnolia breathed, the banana tree nodded; what streets were overflowed, what signs filled the shop windows, what portraits hung on the walls. One is reminded of some painting of Meissonier, some battle of Eylau, where the very buckles on the shoes of the grenadier are painted with microscopic care and conscientiousness. These descriptive passages are adorned with frequent felicity of epithet, and bear witness not only to a closely-observant eye, but to a nature quickly responsive to the moods and suggestions of the outer world. Almost equally prominent with this pictorial quality is the joy in narrative, *die Lust zu fabulieren*. The story-telling instinct is indeed very strong in Mrs. Davis. She plunges with her readers eagerly into the stream of events and is never more delighted than when borne along at its full flood. Very happy, too, is she in the employment of negro superstitions, which she uses not merely for artistic purposes, to enliven a scene or to impart local color to a situation, but also effectively often as causal agencies in the interlinkage of incidents constituting the plot of her story. She understands the negro character well, and loves to depict it in its more amiable and attractive phases. Her management of the negro

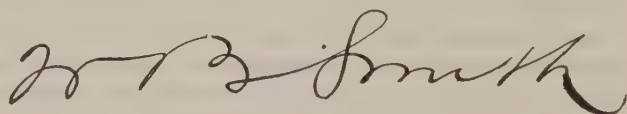
dialect is good, but she is discreetly sparing, however happy, in her use of such forms of illiterature. "Always delicately moving" along the upper walks of Creole society, she makes no attempt to vie with "Jack Lafaiance" in rendering the humbler and more amusing aspects. But especially in 'The Price of Silence' she has given some striking impressionistic sketches of the Creole temperament and peculiarities, and has introduced into the conversations certain Creole idioms and pronunciations, unobtrusively, but with fine artistic effect. Here, as elsewhere, she has held a tight rein upon herself, has offended no propriety, carefully observing due metes and bounds and remembering the ancient wisdom, Naught overmuch! No sectional feeling shows itself in Mrs. Davis's writings. Sidney Cortlandt may possibly appear unnecessarily detestable, but he is not a Northerner, he is a Southern renegade and degenerate. The gentleness of her nature appears in the fact that she is loth to visit great punishment even upon the chief of sinners, but often allows them to escape with less than poetic justice.

Mrs. Davis opened her literary career with a volume of verses, and her gift of numbers, while never very seriously cultivated, is one of her chief literary endowments. She is especially fortunate in her *vers de société* and poems of occasions, where her playful and nimble fancy and her great mastery of rhyme and rhythm show forth to advantage.

But whatever may be the merits of Molly Moore Davis as poet, romancist, novelettist, and historian, far greater than any or all of these is Molly Moore Davis, the woman. All the high qualities of her head are crowned and transcended by still higher qualities of her heart. For a whole generation occupied, not only in portraying, but still more in enacting the social life of a cosmopolitan city, she has exhibited all the excellences without any of the defects of the woman of society. Her modest home on Royal Street was the great commons of ability, the rendezvous of distinction, the rallying ground of all worthy forms of talent and achievement. For thirty years there has been scarcely a dweller in New Orleans, whether permanent or transient, who has "arrived" in any department of human effort, or who has courageously pursued noble ideals, who has not been entertained by Mrs. Davis with a charm and unaffected simplicity peculiarly her own. Her February Friday receptions were gala occasions, thronged with notabilities from far and near. Still more brightly and beneficently did her influence shine upon her fellow townswomen and more intimate associates. Seldom has any one been more universally beloved. Leadership has been continually pressed upon her, but strangely enough has never made her the object of the slightest jealousy or envy or detraction. The recognition has been

yielded almost instinctively to a general superiority and highmindedness, as well as sweetness that no reserve can long disguise even from a mere acquaintance. In the midst of the urgency neither of social functions nor of literary engagements has Mrs. Davis ever forgotten the gentler ministrations of mercy that so well become the woman. Her hand has always been outstretched toward the sorrowing and suffering. As "the craft of elves propitious hastes to help where help it can," her feet have been constantly turned toward the doors of sickness and mourning. With what calm and triumphant heroism she herself, always of fragile frame, has now for several years awaited the inevitable summons to and from another world, may be gathered from the last product of her pen, "The Forerunner," published in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Now it is the fact that the personality of Mrs. Davis, being such as described, has passed over into her writings, that lends them a peculiar virtue, and for this reason it has been felt proper to dwell at some length on that personality itself. In reading her books, whether romantic or historic, one comes into conscious contact with a rare spirit, of singular sweetness, sympathy, purity, grace, and charm not unallied with energy and courage, with passion and with power. This moral quality pervading all her work goes hand in hand and fuses happily and almost inseparably with the genuine literary effect.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "W. L. Smith". The script is fluid and cursive, with the first letters of the first and last names being capitalized and prominent.

THE LOVE-STRANCHE

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"CAN you 'cunjur,' Maum Hagar?"

The words were carelessly spoken, but Hagar, keenly sensitive to every shade of feeling in her foster-son's voice, detected an unwonted thrill beneath their airy lightness:

The speaker was a tall, slightly built man about thirty years of age. His thin, sallow face was very handsome, though there were lines of dissipation about the dark, smiling eyes and the low forehead shaded by crisp, reddish-brown curls. His mouth, partly hidden by a drooping mustache, was rather feminine, but the smooth chin was firm almost to hardness.

His clothes were of irreproachable cut and fit; an air of high-bred ease pervaded his whole person as he swayed lightly to and fro in the low rocking-chair, fanning himself with a wide hat whose crown was encircled by a band of crape.

The old negress who stood before him in an attitude at once familiar and respectful was likewise tall and slender. Her brown, furrowed face beneath her gayly colored turban was curiously impassive; only the sunken eyes seemed alive. They glowed like smouldering fires within their half-closed lids. Her arms were folded across her breast; her bare feet and ankles were visible beneath her short, scant skirts.

There were signs of a past grandeur about the large room. A stucco frieze, representing a procession of mythological personages, ran around the dingy walls under the lofty ceiling. The arched windows were surmounted by elaborate moldings; the high wooden mantel, upheld by slim pillars of twisted brass, was delicately carved; the double doors, opening upon an inner gallery, were set with panels of stained glass.

The massive sideboard and the claw-footed tables, which in an earlier day furnished forth this ancient dining-hall, had long since disappeared. But the floor was clean; the humble bed, piled with wholesome-smelling unlaundered garments, was covered with a snow-white counterpane and orna-

mented with stiff, fringed valances; the hearth was reddened; the tall brass fire-dogs glistened like gold.

An ironing-board, with a partly ironed shirt upon it, was supported on the backs of two chairs near the fireplace; a charcoal furnace, with some flat-irons plunged into its bed of red coals, occupied a corner of the hearth.

Floyd Garth idly noted these commonplace details as he repeated his question, "Maum Hagar, can you 'cunjur'?"

Old Hagar looked down at him a moment before speaking. "I ain't shore," she said, slowly, "dat I kin conjur to suit *you*, Mars Floyd. It 'pends on what you *wants*."

A flush darkened the young man's face; he shifted his position and cleared his throat.

"What is you honin' after, little Mars? You sholy ain't 'shamed to tell yo' black mammy, honey," she said, caressingly, her face suddenly losing its impassiveness.

He laughed gayly. "You make me half believe that I am a boy again, and back on the old plantation, mammy! Do you remember how I used to steal down to your cabin at the quarter when I wanted anything? And you never failed to get me what I wanted, either! The old cabin looks just as it did when you left it. How long has it been since you came away from Garth Place?"

"It's seventeen year come Christmas," she replied, huskily, as if a lump had arisen in her throat.

"Ah, yes! it was the year my father took me abroad. You came this far with us, I remember. How I yelled and kicked, half-grown boy as I was, when they tore me away from your arms! Yes, the old place remains the same in spite of all our drifting about. But now that my father is dead—it is just three weeks to-day since I saw him laid beside my mother in the old burying-ground at the plantation—now that he is gone, it is too dreary there. I shall place everything in the hands of the manager and live in the city myself. I may open the old town-house. You will come and keep house for me, eh, maum? Do you know, Maum Hagar," he continued, musingly, "I can just recollect living in that old house! My father closed it, I know, when my mother died. I was not more than three or four years old, was I? But I can dimly remember my pretty dark-eyed mother bending over me, with

her long curls falling about her shoulders, as they do in her portrait."

His reckless face had softened, his eyes were fixed upon the floor, and he did not see the sombre lightning which flashed into those gazing down upon him.

"And then my father gave me to your care, Maum Hagar."

"I nussed you fum de day you was bawn," she interrupted, fiercely.

"So you did, mammy," he said, heartily—"so, you did. And spoiled me well into the bargain. I must be going," he added, rising. "I have had a precious hunt for you this time, and I never would have found you if—" He checked himself suddenly; then asked, "How long have you been living in this tumble-down old rookery?"

"De cunjur, honey?" she said, ignoring his outstretched hand. "You axed me kin I cunjur."

The softened look vanished from the young man's face. "Yes," he said, setting his teeth together, "I want you to cunjur—a woman." His protruding chin had an ugly look and an uneasy fire burned in his eyes. "A woman, by God! who eludes me, and tantalizes me, and holds me at arm's-length, child though she is in years!" He was speaking more to himself than to his old nurse. She watched him with narrowing eyelids.

"Is it de love-spell you wants, or de hate-spell, honey?" she asked, moving a step nearer and laying her hand on his arm.

He laughed shortly. "Oh, the love-spell—first! What nonsense!" he continued, shrugging his shoulders. "It just came into my mind how they used to say up at Garth Place that you could *throw Wanga*. I was only joking. Good-bye, Maum Hagar. Come to me when you need anything." He dropped some silver coin into her apron-pocket, and turned to go.

"I'm goin' to fetch you de love-spell, little marse," she said, softly.

He seemed not to have heard her. "Where is Lisette?" he asked, as if prompted by a sudden thought. "She must be almost grown."

"Lisette is hired out," Hagar returned, in a preoccupied tone. "She's nigh on to seventeen year old, Lisette is."

She followed him out upon the gallery which overlooked the court, crossed and recrossed with flapping lines of wet garments, and watched him descend the shaky stair. He stopped to tap with his cane one of the great marble bath-tubs placed side by side on the slippery flag-stones. For this decayed and mildewed edifice had been, in the first quarter of the century, the luxuriantly appointed bath and club house of the *jeunesse dorée* of the old French quarter. He tossed a handful of nickels into the group of wide-eyed babies squatted within the tub, and nodded good-humoredly, in passing, to a cobbler standing in the doorway of one of the disused bath-cells.

"He's got all de ways of de Cunnel, his father," sighed the old woman, "fair a-drawin' de heart out'n yo' body, an' den not keerin' fer it when he gits it. I've ached a'ter him fer nigh thirty year, an' he ain't studied 'bout me, not sense he was weaned fum de breas', less'n he wants sompn!" She went back into her own room and closed the door. "So Cunnel Floyd Garth is dead," she muttered, pacing back and forth with rhythmic step. "What diffunce does dat make to old Hagar, now? But de boy is got to have what he *wants* ef I have to spill de las' drap o' blood in my body to git it fer him. Ez to de woman, white er black, dat is holdin' back fum him, ef I kin git my hands on her I'll twis' her neck same ez I twis' de neck of a chicken!" Her voice rose with sudden ferocity, and sank again to a hoarse whisper. "I kin *th'ow Wanga*, me! I knows de hate-spell!" She thrust her hand into her bosom and took out a small black sea-bean, highly polished, and fitted, like a miniature flask, with a silver stopper. She shook it lightly and held it to her ear as if to assure herself of its contents, and returned it to her bosom. "Yes, I knows de hate-spell. But I don't know de love-spell. I 'ain't had no *call* to use de love-spell, me!" The suggestion of a grim smile played over her withered lips. "But de boy is boun' to have what he *wants*. I mus' git dat love-spell fum Voodoo Jean!"

A few moments later she came out into the streets. The noonday sun was hot, though it was but the middle of Febr-

ary. The breeze that travelled along the narrow street was heavy with the perfume of the orange-trees abloom in the square a stone's-throw away. Swarms of barefooted children basked on the banquettes; they shouted after the old *blanchisseuse* in pure baby wantonness. She seemed as oblivious of them as of the older idlers lounging in doorways or dozing on the iron benches in the old *Place d'Armes*. She walked up the street, rigidly erect, and with a firm, brisk step, looking neither to right nor left, and presently turned into a dim corridor, which opened at the farther end into a small, ill-smelling, triangular court. The enclosing walls, formed by the rear of tall brick buildings, were pierced by doors and windows, whose heavy batten shutters were closed. A large archway on one side was boarded up; the huge spikes which clamped the cross-pieces were rusty, as if a century might have passed since they were driven in.

Hagar paused a moment and looked about her, as if taking her bearings; then she crossed the slimy brick pavement, and tapped upon a low door half hidden by the leaky cistern in a corner of the triangle. There was an interval of silence; then a light shuffling sound within, and the door was opened by an old negro. He was of almost gigantic proportions; the shrewd, repellent face was jet-black; the large, sensual mouth showed when open a double range of tusks rather than teeth of surprising whiteness; the small eyes shone beneath their bushy white brows. A red turban was twisted about his head; his coarse blue cotton shirt was open, exposing his massive, scarred chest. A necklet of oddly shaped bits of wood encircled his short throat; his feet were bare, and silver anklets tinkled on his brown ankles as he moved.

Hagar pushed past this forbidding figure and entered the small room.

Voodoo Jean regarded his visitor with mute, frowning inquiry. She turned back her sleeve without speaking, and pointed to a small tattoo-mark on her arm, just below the elbow. A quick gleam of intelligence leaped into his face. He uttered a guttural ejaculation and touched a similar hieroglyph on his own wrist. When they spoke it was in the gibberish-like tongue of their African forefathers.

The den in which they stood was bare, except for an arm-

chair placed by the single window, and a rude table, which was strewn with pebbles, bunches of feathers, bits of bone and straw, and knotted fragments of rope. Lighted candles in flat candlesticks burned at either end of the table. On a narrow shelf above the open fireplace there were two or three tattered books, a wooden rod bound with brass, and a small box with iron clasps. A peculiar musty odor permeated the damp, close apartment.

"Is it for a woman you desire the spell?" Voodoo Jean demanded, when Hagar had finished speaking.

"No, for a man," she replied, briefly.

He walked over to the mantel and opened the little box which stood there. "Those things"—he waved his hand contemptuously towards the table—"are for common and ignorant fools who must be fed with lies, and furnished with dead men's fingers, and lizard's blood, and graveyard worms. This"—he took from the rude casket a small white sea-shell, whose rosy lining glistened in the candlelight, and laid it in the yellow palm of his long, shapely hand—"this is for those who wear *the mark*." He touched with his forefinger the cipher upon his wrist.

Hagar approached eagerly.

"Stay!" He lifted a warning hand. "Is the man of *our blood*?" he demanded, with a searching look.

She hesitated; great drops of perspiration gathered upon her forehead; her lips opened in a vain attempt to speak. "Yes, yes!" she panted, as he made a movement to return the talisman to the box.

"I will help no dog of a white man to a woman," he said, with calm ferocity. "Take it, Woman of the Mark! Let him give it himself into the hand of the woman he desires. It is powerful. It cannot fail."

He dropped the shell, as he spoke, into her hand. She slipped it into the bosom of her dress, where the sea-bean was already lying.

He waved away the silver she offered him—the silver which her foster-son had given her at parting. She laid her lips humbly upon the tattoo-mark on his arm and went away. He stood on the threshold, and watched her pass across the court and turn into the alley. A look of contempt, not unmingled with

pity, rose for an instant into his cunning eyes. Then he re-entered his lair and closed the door.

II

Some one was singing in Hagar's room; the fresh voice went echoing about the ancient galleries and cobwebbed corridors. She heard it as she mounted the stair, and her face lightened. She opened the door and stood unnoticed on the threshold. "Lisette was bawn in freedom," she murmured, exultantly, "an' she cert'n'y *looks* it!"

The girl was bending over the ironing-board with a heavy iron in her hand; her calico frock was pinned back and her sleeves pushed up above her rounded elbows. She was tall, like her mother, but her slim figure had the tender and graceful outlines of youth. Her skin was almost abnormally white, the mixed blood showing only in the colorless cheeks, the large eyes with the purple, crescent-shaped shadows underneath them, the full, voluptuous lips, and the crinkly hair, which was drawn back from the low brow and woven into innumerable little plaits, each closely wound with cotton thread.

"Howd'ye, mammy," she cried, looking up brightly as the old woman entered. "You see, I've been doin' yo' ironin' whils I was waitin' for you to come home."

Hagar smiled at her affectionately. "Yo' arms is younger dan mine," she said. "Lawd! how de i'on do skim over dat shirt!"

"I can't stay," Lisette said, slipping the garment from the board and folding it deftly. "My madame sent me on a erran' an' I just run by to fetch you some cold vittles." She picked up her white sunbonnet.

"Dat's right," her mother remarked, following her to the door. "Don't fool erway yo' mistiss's time. An' min' you be a good gal, honey!"

"I will," laughed the girl, laying her soft arms about her mother's brown neck.

The next morning Hagar hung around the street corner near the hotel where Garth was stopping until she saw him come out. He repulsed her almost roughly when she produced the talisman. "Take it, little marse," she whispered, looking

furtively around. "It's de love-spell. You ha' to give it into de woman's hand yo'se'f. It's boun' to work."

"I don't want it," he said, averting his face. "Good God! Hagar, couldn't you see I was jesting? Besides, you don't know—" He stopped abruptly and walked up the street, leaving her staring vacantly after him, with the shell in her hand; but half a block away he turned and came swiftly back. "Where is the cursed thing, Hagar? Give it to me." He seized it fiercely. "I shall not use it," he continued, with a short laugh. "I am going away—up to Garth Place—abroad. I may be gone six months—a year, perhaps. I will come and see you as soon as I return." He shook her hand nervously and strode away.

"*He called me Hagar!*" said his nurse, looking after him with dazed eyes. "Fer de fus' time in his life, he called me *Hagar!*"

III

"Her mistiss mus' sholy bear a hard han' on Lisette," sighed the old washer-woman one morning nearly a month later. "I ain't seen de chile sence de day I come back fum Voodoo Jean, and foun' her over my i'nin'-board."

She spoke in a half-audible tone to herself, as she moved to and fro among her tubs in the court-yard.

"What for you no make-a yo' dotter work-a with-a you?" interrupted a swarthy, smiling Italian near by, her fine brown arms rising and falling in the white froth of the suds. "Me, when Cesca git-a grown"—she stooped to pat the round cheek of the half-naked cherub clinging to her skirts—"I wouldn' lef' her leaf-me for a hund'ed dolla', no!"

Hagar deigned no response. "Ef dey wasn't so many low-down Dagos an' triflin' niggers in dis cote-yard"—she glanced disdainfully at her loquacious neighbor, then at a buxom mulattress leaning over the gallery railing above, exchanging doubtful jests with the ear-ringed Sicilian who was washing vegetables at the hydrant—"ef dis cote-yard wa'n't so onchristian I'd fetch de chile home to-morrer. Praise de Lawd! here she come, now!"

There was a light foot-fall in the corridor, and Lisette appeared, threading her way daintily through the rubbish

that strewed the court, and through the net-work of lines overhead. "Run along, honey," Hagar called, cheerily. "Soon ez I wring out dis tubful an' pin up, I'll come."

Lisette, in a clean, cool, shadowy room above, took off her sunbonnet and drifted aimlessly about, touching a homely article here and there, and looking at it with absent eyes. A subtle change had taken place in her appearance. Her dress was the same—the dark blue calico gown and freshly ironed apron; the leather belt about her slender waist; the coarse shoes and cheap stockings. But a new and indefinable charm enveloped her; a languid grace pervaded her slow movements; an exultant light came and went in her dark eyes.

Her mother gazed at her in silence from the doorway.

"Whyn't you wrop yo' hair, Lisette?" she demanded, sharply.

A dull color rose in Lisette's cheek; her eyelids drooped; she raised her hands as if instinctively to her head. The twisted plaits had been combed out, and the wavy mass was drawn back into a loose knot at the nape of her neck; a fringe of crinkly curls fell over her forehead.

"I ain't had time to wrop it this mornin'." she said, half sullenly. "I've got sompn to do besides wrop my hair. The madame is down sick," she went on, volubly, "an' the children has all got the measles. I was 'fraid you might get on-easy, an' I come to let you know, mammy."

"I don't know when I can come again," she called up from the court-yard when she went away; and after she had reached the corridor she ran back to say, breathlessly, "I forgot to tell you, mammy! My madame don't allow me to have comp'ny now. So's I can't ask you to come till the children gets well. But don't you be oneasy."

"De chile seem like she low-sperrited," Hagar mused, unpinning the snowy, sweet-smelling clothes from the lines. "Her mistiss mus' sholy bear a hard han' on her. I'm gwine to hurry up my starchin' an' rough i'nin', so I kin go an' he'p take keer o' dem measly chillen. Comp'ny, *hump!* I ain't no comp'ny!"

It was late in the afternoon of the next day when she closed and locked her door behind her and went out into the street. She was a noticeable figure in her old-fashioned,

full-skirted, black bombazine gown, her spotless lace-edged 'kerchief and curiously knotted tignon. She moved along the uneven banquettes with a firm, quick step, but her form seemed to have lost some of its erectness, and her face had grown visibly older during the past month.

"Ef I could only see de boy!" she muttered. "I'm fair eatin' my heart out fer a sight of de boy! He called me *Hagar* fer de fus time in his life! He called me *Hagar*, an' den' lef' me d'out so much ez lookin' back over his shoulder!"

She had halted unconsciously. The corner was a quiet one; wide-eaved cottages and dingy shops shouldered each other along a maze of intersecting streets beyond. The tall church-spire above her cast its shadows across their pointed roofs. She leaned against the church-wall, her eyes fixed on the ground, her head upon her breast. She drew a long breath and looked around like one awakened from a dream.

"*Gawd-a-mighty!*" she cried, recoiling as if she had received a blow.

Facing the church, set back from the street and flanked on one side by a high wall that inclosed one of those quaint gardens still to be found in the very heart of the French quarter, stood an old-fashioned brick mansion, with wide verandas, long, high windows, and steep, dormer-windowed roof. It had been newly painted; the iron grille which barred the corridor on one side of the house was tipped with fresh gilding. The window-shutters were flung back; filmy curtains within were swaying in the light breeze; a bird-cage hung in a shaded corner of the upper gallery.

A silver plate on the front door bore the name *Floyd Garth*.

Hagar drew her sleeve across her eyes and stared again. Her face twitched; a sob rose in her throat. "I didn't know wher' I wuz. De ole house! De ole house! Where de slave was trod onderfoot!"

The words came in broken jerks that seemed to tear her breast.

"De mistiss in de front room. De slave in de kitchen. Sarah in de tent. Hagar in de wilderness. Twenty-five year an' mo' sence I've seen de sin-stained house! Twenty-five year and mo' sence de slave watched de mistiss twis'

herse'f on her big fo'-pos' bed an' die! . . . Die in yo' tent, Sarah! Twis' yo'se'f on yo' bed an' die! . . . But de boy is mine—de curly hair, roun'-cheek boy, wi' his arms roun' Hagar's neck!"

Her voice softened as she uttered the last words; a smile of unutterable tenderness played about her mouth. She walked on mechanically, but turned as if struck by a new thought. "De boy must ha' come back," she murmured. "He sholy is come back! He's done open up de ole house! He's been studyin' 'bout what he said when he ax me to come an' keep house fer him. He ain't fergot his black mammy! He didn't mean nothin' when he called me Hagar! *He loves me!* . . . It's been a long time sence ole Hagar has cried fer joy," she whispered, wonderingly, staring at the drops which splashed on the back of her hand. "Mebby he's in de ole house now—in de ole house where he was bawn! Lessn he's gone down to de ole cote-yard to fetch me home!"

She crossed the street, half-running. The grille was unlocked; she pushed it open and went in. The long-flagged corridor was filled with purple shadows; a little stream of yellow river-water ran along by the wall, and fell with a gurgling sound into the open gutter outside. Within the wide court a low-branched magnolia was in bloom, the great white cups pouring their pungent incense upon the air; a row of annunciation lilies bloomed at the foot of the garden-wall. A thin spray of water arose from a fountain set in the midst of prim, white-shelled walks, and fell noiselessly into a mossy marble basin. A hammock was slung on an overhanging balcony; a wicker chair knotted with ribbons was placed beside it.

The kitchen door beyond the court stood open and a fire burned in the range, but there was no one in sight. Hagar hesitated, looking around. A hall door stood open and a negro lad came out of the house; he carried a silver tray with a long-stemmed goblet upon it.

"Miss July Jackson, de cook, has jes' stepped roun' de cornder, m'am," he said, politely; "she'll be back in a minit."

"I ain't come to see no cook," said Hagar, haughtily. "I come to see Mr. Floyd Garth. Is he at home?"

"No'm," replied the boy, overawed by her manner, "he

ain't come yit. *Dough* he ginerally comes in 'bout dis time, m'am. But de madame, she's at home. *Dough* I don't spec' she wanten be *dis-turb*. But I'll ax her kin you see her, m'am. *Dough*—"

Hagar put him aside unceremoniously. "I nussed Mr. Floyd Garth fum de day he was bawn," she said, "an' de madame 'll be glad to see Mr. Floyd's black mammy."

"De shell 'aint failed in its work," she breathed triumphantly, threading her way through one well-remembered room after another, heedless of the familiar objects they contained. "De curly hair boy has got what he *want*. An' it was old Hagar gin him de love-spell! He's gwine to turn his sof' laughin' eyes on me like he useter, an' say: 'Mammy, you gits me what I *want*. I love you, mammy!' Ez to de madame—" She laughed significantly, with her hand on a fold of the heavy portière.

She lifted the curtain.

On the wall just opposite were the portraits of the late Colonel Floyd Garth and his wife—the one blue-eyed and blonde, with a somewhat haughty turn to his patrician head; the other, dark, fragile, and beautiful in her wedding-gown of shimmering silk. Between them hung a medallion portrait of their only son, Floyd—an exquisite, angelic head, set in an aureole of luminous cloud.

Nothing surely had changed here in all these years: the same big canopied bed in the alcove, the rosewood work-table by the window, the high-backed sofa and deep-bosomed chairs, the dainty *peignoir* thrown across the foot of a lounge with a man's coat tossed carelessly beside it!

A woman was standing in front of the muslin-draped Psyche mirror. Her back was turned towards the door. A cloud of mist-like white drapery enveloped the slight figure; there was a gleam of gold in the dusky hair; her arms were stretched above her head, the filmy sleeves falling away from them, leaving them bare to the shoulders; the wrists were encircled with bracelets; the shoulders rose dimpled and shining above the loose, low gown.

She turned at the slight noise.

"*Lisette!*" The name broke in a hoarse whisper from the mother's lips.

"*Lisette!*" She dropped the curtain and stepped into the room, glaring about her like a wild animal, her lips frothing, the veins of her neck swelling, her whole body quivering.

The girl gazed at her with horror-stricken eyes, a bluish pallor creeping into her face.

A door closed somewhere, jarring the stillness. A step sounded on the bare, polished floor of the hall outside, a hand thrust the portière aside, and Floyd Garth appeared. His face, flushed with his walk, wore a look of boyish pleasure. He stopped, confused and uncertain, on the threshold. The flower which he held dropped from his fingers.

At sight of him a low, appealing moan escaped Lisette's lips. She started forward with outstretched arms; but an imperious gesture from Hagar restrained her, and she sank, trembling, into a chair, and leaned her head against the high back.

The shell attached to a slender gold chain about her neck rose and fell with the frightened heaving of her bosom.

Hagar lifted her shrivelled arms. "De Voodoo spell has done its work," she said, looking sternly at the master of the house. "It has help you to de woman you *want*. But de spell ain't finish' yet. Dis half is for you, little Mars Floyd! De yether half is fer de gal, Lisette! Dis half is de spell of Voodoo Jean. De yether half is de spell of old Hagar." She paused, glancing around the room as if in search of something. Her eyes fell upon a silver filigree basket on the window-ledge filled with fruit. She crossed the room hurriedly and took an orange from it. The two young people watched her with fascinated eyes while she swiftly stripped off the golden rind and parted the pulpy layers within.

"Has you ever heerd tell of de *love-stranche*, little Mars Floyd?" she asked, with a sort of ferocious lightness. "*Decy say* it's de mos' certain of all de love-spells."

She held out between her thumb and forefinger one of those small crescent-shaped sections known locally as the *tranche d'amour*, the "love-slice."

Garth, rooted to the spot where he stood, was vaguely aware of a quick movement of her hand to her bosom. He saw, as if in a hideous nightmare, wherein he was numb and helpless, some dark shining object gleam for a second in the

long fingers. His eyes followed her panther-like spring to where Lisette lay panting in the high-backed chair.

"De spell of Voodoo Jean for one. De love-stranche o' Hagar for de yether. De love-stranche is de stronges'. A'ter you try de love-stranche you don't ax for no mo' love-spells—nor hate-spells!"

She stooped over the girl, whose large eyes were rolling wildly.

Garth saw Lisette's blanched lips open, the tiny morsel drop upon her dry tongue, her throat contract in the effort to swallow.

Hagar looked down at her, mute and rigid. A second of silence followed, broken only by the soft pad of the negro lad's bare feet on the floor without, and the airy tinkle of ice in a goblet. Then a short, sharp shriek rang through the room; a gasp shook the slight form in the chair, running like an electric thrill along her limbs; a wave of purple mounted to her face and neck, and receded; the eyes closed, the head fell back. The gold band, loosened from the dark locks, rolled to the carpeted floor.

"God Almighty! Fiend! Devil! What have you done?" Garth's hand was upon the old woman's throat, and he was shaking her to and fro in a frenzy of wrath and anguish. "She is my *wife*! Do you hear me? She would not listen to me until my mother's wedding-ring was on her finger! She is my wedded wife!"

She shook him off with a strength far beyond his own. His words evidently fell on unheeding ears. She stooped quietly and lifted the arm of her dead child, passing her hand gently over the smooth wrist. Then she let it fall, and, drawing herself up to her full height, she turned with a savage cry upon the man whose wild eyes were fixed upon her. "You axed me kin I conjur," she said, in a terrible voice. "Yes, son of *Cunnel Floyd Garth and his slave Hagar—yes, I kin conjur!*"

THE SOUL OF ROSE DÉDÉ

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THE child pushed his way through the tall weeds, which were dripping with the midsummer-eve midnight dew-melt. He was so little that the rough leaves met above his head. He wore a trailing white gown whose loose folds tripped him, so that he stumbled and fell over a sunken mound. But he laughed as he scrambled to his feet—a cooing baby laugh, taken up by the inward-blowing Gulf wind, and carried away to the sighing pines that made a black line against the dim sky.

His progress was slow, for he stopped—his forehead gravely puckered, his finger in his mouth—to listen to the clear whistle of a mocking-bird in the live-oak above his head; he watched the heavy flight of a white night-moth from one jimson-weed trumpet to another; he strayed aside to pick a bit of shining punk from the sloughing bark of a rotten log; he held this in his closed palm as he came at last into the open space where the others were.

"Holà, 'Tit-Pierre!" said André, who was half reclining on a mildewed marble slab, with his long black cloak floating loosely from his shoulders, and his hands clasped about his knees. "Holà! Must thou needs be ever a-searching! Have I not told thee, little Hard-Head, that she hath long forgotten thee?"

His voice was mocking, but his dark eyes were quizzically kind.

The child's under-lip quivered, and he turned slowly about. But Père Lebas, sitting just across the narrow footway, laid a caressing hand on his curly head. "Nay, go thy way, 'Tit-Pierre," he said, gently; "André does but tease. A mother hath never yet forgot her child."

"Do you indeed think he will find her?" asked André, arching his black brows incredulously.

"He will not find her," returned the priest. "Margot Caillion was in a far country when I saw her last, and even then her grandchildren were playing about her knees. But it harms not the child to seek her."

They spoke a soft provincial French, and the familiar *thou* betokened an unwonted intimacy between the hollow-cheeked old priest and his companion, whose forehead wore the frankness of early youth.

"I would the child could talk!" cried the young man, gayly. "Then might he tell us somewhat of the women that ever come and go in yonder great house."

The priest shuddered, crossing himself, and drew his cowl over his face.

'Tit Pierre, his gown gathered in his arm, had gone on his way. Nathan Pilger, hunched up on a low, irregular hummock against the picket-fence, made a speaking-trumpet of his two horny hands, and pretended to hail him as he passed. 'Tit-Pierre nodded brightly at the old man, and waved his own chubby fist.

The gate sagged a little on its hinges, so that he had some difficulty in moving it. But he squeezed through a narrow opening, and passed between the prim flower-beds to the house.

It was a lofty mansion, with vast wings on either side, and wide galleries, which were upheld by fluted columns. It faced the bay, and a covered arcade ran from the entrance across the lawn to a gay little wooden kiosk, which hung on the bluff over the water's edge. A flight of stone steps led up to the house. 'Tit-Pierre climbed these laboriously. The great carved doors were closed, but a blind of one of the long French windows in the west wing stood slightly ajar. 'Tit-Pierre pushed this open. The bed-chamber into which he peered was large and luxuriously furnished. A lamp with a crimson shade burned on its claw-footed gilt pedestal in a corner; the low light diffused a rosy radiance about the room. The filmy curtains at the windows waved to and fro softly in the June night wind. The huge old-fashioned four-posted bed, overhung by a baldachin of carved wood with satin linings, occupied a deep alcove. A woman was sleeping there beneath the lace netting. The snow-white bed-linen followed the contours of her rounded limbs, giving her the look of a recumbent marble statue. Her black hair, loosed from its heavy coil, spread over the pillow. One exquisite bare arm lay across her forehead, partly concealing her face. Her measured breathing rose and fell rhythmically on the air. A

robe of pale silk that hung across a chair, dainty lace-edged garments tossed carelessly on an antique lounge—these seemed instinct still with the nameless, subtle grace of her who had but now put them off.

On a table by the window, upon whose threshold the child stood a-tiptoe, was set a large crystal bowl filled with water-lilies. Their white petals were folded; the round, red-lined green leaves glistened in the lamp-light. One long bud, rolled tightly in its green and brown sheath, hung over the fluted edge of the bowl, swaying gently on its flexible stem. 'Tit-Pierre gazed at it intently, frowning a little, then put out a small forefinger and touched it. A quick thrill ran along the stem; the bud moved lightly from side to side and burst suddenly into bloom; the slim white petals quivered; a tremulous, sighing, whispering sound issued from the heart of gold. The child listened, holding the fragrant disk to his pink ear, and laughed softly.

He moved about the room, examining with infantile curiosity the costly objects scattered upon small tables and ranged upon the low, many-shelved mantel.

Presently he pushed a chair against the foot of the bed, climbed upon it, lifted the netting, and crept cautiously to the sleeper's side. He sat for a moment regarding her. Her lips were parted in a half-smile; the long lashes which swept her cheeks were wet, as if a happy tear has just trembled there. 'Tit-Pierre laid his hand on her smooth wrist, and touched timidly the snowy globes that gleamed beneath the open-work of her night-dress. She threw up her arm, turning her face full upon him, unclosed her large, luminous eyes, smiled, and slept again.

With a sigh, which seemed rather of resignation than of disappointment, the child crept away and clambered again to the floor.

. . . Outside the fog was thickening. The dark waters of the bay lapped the foot of the low bluff; their soft, monotonous moan was rising by imperceptible degrees to a higher key. The scrubby cedars, leaning at all angles over the water, were shaken at intervals by heavy puffs of wind, which drove the mist in white, ragged masses across the shelled road, over the weedy neutral ground, and out into the

tops of the sombre pines. The red lights in a row of sloops at anchor over against Cat Island had dwindled to faintly glimmering sparks. The watery flash of the revolving light in the light-house off the point of the island showed a black wedge-shaped cloud stretching up the seaward sky.

Nathan Pilger screwed up his eye and watched the cloud critically. André followed the direction of his gaze with idle interest, then turned to look again at the woman who sat on a grassy barrow a few paces beyond Père Lebas.

"She has never been here before," he said to himself, his heart stirring curiously. "I would I could see her face!"

Her back was towards the little group; her elbow was on her knee, her chin in her hand. Her figure was slight and girlish; her white gown gleamed ghost-like in the wan light.

"Naw, I bain't complainin', nor nothin'," said the old sailor, dropping the cloud, as it were, and taking up a broken thread of talk; "hows'ever, it's tarnation wearyin' a-settin' here so studdy year in an' year out. Leas'ways," he added, shifting his seat to another part of the low mound, "fer an old sailor sech as I be."

"If one could but quit his place and move about, like 'Tit-Pierre yonder," said André, musingly, "it would not be so bad. For myself, I would not want—"

"The child is free to come and go because his soul is white. There is no stain upon 'Tit-Pierre. The child hath not sinned." It was the priest who spoke. His voice was harsh and forbidding. His deep-set eyes were fixed upon the tall spire of Our Lady of the Gulf, dimly outlined against the sky beyond an intervening reach of clustering roofs and shaded gardens.

André stared at him wonderingly, and glanced half furtively at the stranger, as if in her presence, perchance, might be found an explanation of the speaker's unwonted bitterness of tone. She had not moved. "I would I could see her face!" he muttered, under his breath. "For myself," he went on, lifting his voice, "I am sure I would not want to wander far. I fain would walk once more on the road along the curve of the bay; or under the pines, where little white patches of moonlight fall between the straight, tall tree-trunks. And I

would go sometimes, if I might, and kneel before the altar of Our Lady of the Gulf."

Nathan Pilger grunted contemptuously. "What a lan'-lubber ye be, Andry!" he said, his strong nasal English contrasting oddly with the smooth foreign speech of the others. "What a lan'lubber ye be! Ye bain't no sailor, like your father afore ye. Tony Dewdonny hed as good a pair o' sea-legs as ever I see. Lord! if there wa'n't no diffickulties in the way, Nathan Pilger 'd ship fer some port a little more furrin than the shadder of Our Lady yunder! Many's the deck I've walked," he continued, his husky voice growing more and more animated, "an' many's the vi'ge I've made to outlandish places. Why, you'd oughter see Arkangel, Andry. Here's the north coast o' Rooshy"—he leaned over and traced with his forefinger the rude outlines of a map on the ground; the wind lifted his long, gray locks and tossed them over his wrinkled forehead; "here's the White Sea; and here, off the mouth of the Dewiny River, is Arkangel. The Rooshan men in that there town, Andry, wears petticoats like women; whilst down here, in the South Pacific, at Taheety, the folks don't wear no clo'es at all to speak of! You'd oughter see Taheety, Andry. An' here, off Guinea—"

"All those places are fine, no doubt," interrupted his listener, "Arkangel and Taheetee and Guinee—his tongue tripped over the unfamiliar names—"but, for myself, I do not care to see them. I find it well on the bay shore here, where I can see the sloops come sailing in through the pass, with the sun on their white sails. And the little boats that rock on the water! Do you remember, Silvain," he cried, turning to the priest, "how we used to steal away before sunrise in my father's little fishing-boat, when we were boys, and come back at night with our backs blistered by the sun and our arms aching, hein? That was before you went away to France to study for the priesthood. Ah, but those were good times!" He threw back his head and laughed joyously. His dark hair, wet with the mist, lay in loose rings on his forehead; his fine young face, beardless but manly, seemed almost lustrous in the pale darkness. "Do you remember, Silvain? Right where the big house stands, there was Jacques Caillion's steep-roofed cottage, with the garden in front full of pinks and mignonette

and sweet herbs; and the vine-hung porch where 'Tit-Pierre used to play, and where Margot Caillion used to stand shading her eyes with her arm, and looking out for her man to come home from sea."

"Jack Caillion," said Nathan Pilger, "was washed overboard from the *Suzanne* in a storm off Hatteras in '11—him and Dunc Cook and Ba'tist' Roux."

"The old church of Our Lady of the Gulf," the young man continued, "was just a stone's-throw this side of where the new one was built; back a little is our cottage, and your father's, Silvain; and in the hollow beyond Justin Roux has his blacksmith's forge."

He paused, his voice dying away almost to a whisper. The waves were beating more noisily against the bluff, filling the silence with a sort of hoarse plaint; the fog—gray, soft, impenetrable—rested on them like a cloud. The moisture fell in an audible drip-drop from the leaves and the long, pendent moss of the live-oaks. A mare, with her colt beside her, came trotting around the bend of the road. She approached within a few feet of the girl, reared violently, snorting, and dashed away, followed by the whinnying colt. The clatter of their feet echoed on the muffled air. The girl, in her white dress, sat rigidly motionless, with her face turned seaward.

André lifted his head and went on, dreamily: "I mind me, most of all, of one day when all the girls and boys of the village walked over to Bayou Galère to gather water-lilies. Margot Caillion, with 'Tit-Pierre in her hand, came along to mind the girls. You had but just come back from France in your priest's frock, Silvain. You were in the church door when we passed, with your book in your hand." A smothered groan escaped the priest, and he threw up his arm as if to ward off a blow. "And you were there when we came back at sunset. The smell of the pines that day was like balm. The lilies were white on the dark breast of the winding bayou. Rose Dédé's arms were heaped so full of lilies that you could only see her laughing black eyes above them. But Lorange would only take a few buds. She said it was a kind of sin to take them away from the water where they grew. Lorange was ever—"

The girl had dropped her hands in her lap, and was listen-

ing. At the sound of her own name she turned her face towards the speaker.

"Lorance!" gasped André. "Is it truly you, Lorance?"

"Yes, it is I, André Dieudonné," she replied, quietly. Her pale girlish face, with its delicate outlines, was crowned with an aureole of bright hair, which hung in two thick braids to her waist; her soft brown eyes were a little sunken, as if she had wept overmuch. But her voice was strangely cold and passionless.

"But. . . when did you . . . come, Lorance?" André demanded breathlessly.

"I came," she said, in the same calm, measured tone, "but a little after you, André Dieudonné. First 'Tit-Pierre, then you, and then myself."

"Why, then—" he began. He rose abruptly, gathering his mantle about him, and leaned over the marble slab where he had been sitting. "*Sacred to the memory of André Antoine Marie Dieudonné,*" he read, slowly, slipping his finger along the mouldy French lettering, "*who died at this place August 20th, 1809. In the 22d year of his age.*" Eighty years and more ago I came!" he cried. "And you have been here all these years, Lorance, and I have not known! Why, then, did you never come up?"

She did not answer at once. "I was tired," she said, presently, "and I rested well down there in the cool, dark silence. And I was not lonely. . . at first, for I heard Margot Caillion passing about, putting flowers above 'Tit-Pierre and you and me. My mother and yours often came and wept with her for us all—and my father, and your little brothers. The sound of their weeping comforted me. Then . . . after a while . . . no one seemed to remember us any more."

"Margot Caillion," said Nathan Pilger, "went back, when her man was drowned, to the place in France where she was born. The others be all layin' in the old church-yard yunder on the hill . . . all but Silvann Leebaw an' me."

She looked at the old man and smiled gravely. "A long time passed," she went on, slowly. "I could sometimes hear you speak to 'Tit-Pierre, André Dieudonné; . . . and at last some men came and dug quite near me; and as they pushed their spades through the moist turf they talked about the good

Père Lebas; and then I knew that Silvain was coming." The priest's head fell upon his breast; he covered his face with his hands and rocked to and fro on his low seat. "Not long after, Nathan Pilger came. Down there in my narrow chamber I have heard above me, year after year, the murmur of your voices on St. John's eve, and ever the feet of 'Tit-Pierre, as he goes back and forth seeking his mother. But I cared not to leave my place. For why should I wish to look upon your face, André Dieudonné, and mark there the memory of your love for Rose Dédé?"

Her voice shook with a sudden passion as she uttered the last words. The hands lying in her lap were twisted together convulsively; a flush leaped into her pale cheeks.

"Rose Dédé!" echoed André, amazedly. "Nay, Lorange, but I never loved Rose Dédé! If she perchance cared for me—"

"Silence, fool!" cried the priest, sternly. He had thrown back his cowl; his eyes glowed like coals in his white face; he lifted his hand menacingly. "Thou wert ever a vain puppet, André Dieudonné. It was not for such as thou that Rose Dédé sinned away her soul! Was it *thou* she came at midnight to meet in the lone shadows of these very live-oaks? Hast *thou* ever worn the garments of a priest? . . . They shunned Rose Dédé in the village . . . but the priest said mass at the altar of Our Lady of the Gulf, . . . and the wail of the babe was sharp in the hut under the pines, . . . and it ceased to breathe, . . . and the mother turned her face to the wall and died, . . . and my heart was cold in my breast as I looked on the dead faces of the mother and the child. . . . They lie under the pine-trees by Bayou Galère. But the priest lived to old age; . . . and when he died, he durst not sleep in consecrated ground, but fain would lie in the shadows of the live-oaks, where the dark eyes of Rose Dédé looked love into his."

His wild talk fell upon unheeding ears. 'Tit-Pierre had come out of the house. He was nestling against Nathan Pilger's knee. He held a lily-bud in one hand, and with the other he caressed the sailor's weather-beaten cheek.

"'Tit-Pierre," whispered the old man, "that is Lorange Baudrot. Do you remember her, 'Tit-Pierre?" The child smiled intelligently. "Lorange was but a slip of a girl when I

come down here from Cape Cod—cabin-boy aboard the *Mary Ann*. She was the pretties' lass on all the bay shore. An' I—I loved her, 'Tit-Pierre. But I wa'n't no match agin Andry Dewdonny; an' I know'd it from the fust. Andry was the likelies' lad hereabout, an' the harnsomes'. I see that Lorange loved him. An' when the yaller-fever took him, I see her a-droopin' an' a-droopin' tell she died, an' she never even know'd I loved her. Her an' Andry was laid here young, 'Tit-Pierre, 'longside o' you. I lived ter be pretty tol'able old; but when I hed made my last v'ige, an' was about fetchin' my las' breath, I give orders ter be laid in this here old buryin'-groun' som'er's clost ter the grave o' Lorange Baudrot."

His voice was overborne by André's exultant tones. "Lorange!" he cried, "did you indeed love me?—*me!*"

Her dark eyes met his frankly, and she smiled.

"Ah, if I had only known!" he sighed—if I had only known, Lorange, I would surely have lived! We would have walked one morning to Our Lady of the Gulf, with all the village-folk about us, and Silvain—the good Père Labas—would have joined our hands. . . . My father would have given us a little plot of ground; . . . you would have planted flowers about the door of our cottage; . . . our children would have played in the sand under the bluff. . . ."

A sudden gust of wind blew the fog aside, and a zigzag of flame tore the wedge-shaped cloud in two. A greenish light played for an instant over the weed-grown spot. The mocking-bird, long silent in the heart of the live-oak, began to sing.

"All these years you have been near me," he murmured, reproachfully, "and I did not know." Then, as if struck by a breathless thought, he stretched out his arms imploringly. "I love you, Lorange," he said. "I have always loved you. Will you not be my wife now? Silvain will say the words, and 'Tit-Pierre, who can go back and forth, will put this ring, which was my mother's, upon your finger, and he will bring me a curl of your soft hair to twist about mine. I cannot come to you, Lorange; I cannot even touch your hand. But when I go down into my dark place I can be content dreaming of you. And on the blessed St. John's eves I will know you are mine, as you sit there in your white gown."

As he ceased speaking, Père Lebas, with his head upon his breast, began murmuring, as if mechanically, the words which preface the holy sacrament of marriage. His voice faltered, he raised his head, and a cry of wonder burst from his lips. For André had moved away from the mouldy gravestone and stood just in front of him. Lorange, as if upborne on invisible wings, was floating lightly across the intervening space. Her shroud enveloped her like a cloud, her arms were extended, her lips were parted in a rapt smile. Nathan Pilger, with 'Tit-Pierre in his arms, had limped forward. He halted beside André, and as the young man folded the girl to his breast, the child reached over and laid an open lily on her down-drooped head.

The priest stared wildly at them, and struggled to rise, but could not. As he sank panting back upon the crumbling tomb, his anguish overcame him. "My God!" he groaned hoarsely, "I, only I, cannot move from my place. *The soul of Rose Dédé hangs like a millstone about my neck!*"

Even as he spoke, the cloud broke with a roar. The storm—black, heavy, thunderous—came rushing across the bay. It blotted out, in a lightning's flash, the mansion which stands on the site of Jacques Caillion's hut, and the weed-grown, ancient, forgotten graveyard in its shadow. . . . And a bell in the steeple of Our Lady of the Gulf rang out the hour.

COUNSEL

If thou shouldst bid thy friend farewell,

But for one night though that farewell should be,
Press thou his hand in thine; how canst thou tell
How far from thee

Fate, or caprice, may lead his feet

Ere that to-morrow come? Men have been known
Lightly to turn the corner of a street,
And days have grown

To months, and months to lagging years,
Before they looked in loving eyes again.
Parting, at best, is underlaid with tears—
With tears and pain.

Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,
Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure true
The palm of him who goeth forth. Unseen,
Fate goeth, too!

Yea, find thou always time to say
Some earnest word betwixt the idle talk,
Lest with thee henceforth, night and day,
Régret should walk.

THE PASSING OF THE ROSE

What goes
With the passing of the rose?
What, with the fading of the grass?
Alas,
The greenness and the glory of the blade
That burst its sheath, and leaped forth unafraid,
Exulting in the sunshine and the shade!
And ah, the flush
Of summer roses, vivid in the hush
Of moon, or pale with passion in the night!
Perfume and color! Radiancé and delight!

The greenness and the glory go, alas,
With the fading of the grass.
A rapture unmeasurable goes
With the passing of the rose.

What goes
When the white eyelids close?
What, when the white feet pass?
Alas,
The golden splendor of her hair, love-blest!
The warm white sweetness of her pulsing breast!
The warm red sweetness from her lip,
Whereon the smile that all her soul confessed
Dwelt holily! Her voice, sweet as the slip
Of Southern waters under Southern skies!
And, ah, the heavenly blueness of her eyes!

The splendor and the music go, alas,
When the white feet pass.
A gladness unimagined goes
When the white eyelids close.

What stays
When the fair rose decays?
What, when the grass lies faded on the sod?

Dear God,
What stays? A singing sunshine in the brain!
A memory of hill-slopes under rain,
Bird-wing and butterfly about the plain!
A dream of swaying stems, where roses red
Stand tall and stately in the garden bed,
Of petals dropping softly by the wall,
Full softly, as the snow-white eyelids fall!

These blessings stay, dear God,
Though all the grass lies withered on the sod.
A glow imperishable stays,
Though the fair rose decays,

What stays
When Life has gone Death's ways?
What, when her breast upholds the sod?

Dear God,
All things abide which Thou hast wrought for good!
What stays? The glory of her womanhood,
The joy that in her azure eyes did brood
When at her mother's Gate of Song she stood
Listening! The beauty and the grace which filled
Her world as with a sense of music, stilled
But lingering, like unseen wings a-stir!
Yea, more than these, the stainless soul of her!

The brightness and the wonder stay, dear God,
Though on her breast has dropped the clod.
Love stays! Love stays!
Though Life has gone Death's ways!

THROWING THE WANGA*

(ST. JOHN'S EVE.)

From *Harper's Weekly*. By permission.

*Shrill over dark blue Pontchartrain
It comes and goes, the weird refrain,
Wanga! Wanga!*

*The trackless swamp is quick with cries
Of noisome things that dip and rise
On night-grown wings; and in the deep
Dark pools the monstrous forms that sleep
Inert, by day uplift their heads.
The zela flower its poison sheds
Upon the warm and languorous air;
The lak-vine weaves its noxious snare;
The wide palmetto leaves are stirred
By venomed breathings, faintly heard
Across the still, star-lighted night.
Her lonely spice-fed fire, alight
Upon the black swamp's utmost rim,
Now spreads and flares, now smoulders dim;
And at her feet they curl and break,
The dark-blue waters of the lake.*

*Her arms are wild above her head—
Old withered arms whose charm has fled.*

“Zizi, Creole Zizi,
You is slim an' straight ez a saplin'
Dat grows by de bayou's aidge;
You is brown and sleek ez a young Bob White
Whar hides in de yaller sedge.

“Yo' eyes is black an' shiny,
An' quick ez de lightnin' flash;
You wuz bawn in de time er freedom,
An' never is felt de lash.

—Me, I kin th'ow wanga!”

*To throw the Wanga is to cast the Voodoo spell.

*Her dusky face is wracked and seamed,
That once like ebon marble gleamed.*

“Zizi, Creole Zizi,
You is spry on yo’ foot ez de jay-bird
Whar totes de debble his san’
You kin tole de buckra to yo’ side
By de turnin’ o’ yo’ han’.

“Yo’ ways is sweet ez de sugar
You puts in yo’ *pralines*,
When the orange flower on de banquette draps,
An’ de pistache-nut is green.
—Me, I kin th’ow wanga!”

*Her knotted shoulders, brown and bare,
The deathless scars of slavehood wear.*

“Zizi, Creole Zizi,
You is crope lak a theft to de do’-yard
When de moon wuz shinin’ high,
An’ you stole de ole man’ heart erway
Wid de laughin’ in yo’ eye.

“My ole man!—de chillun’s daddy!—
We is hoed de cotton row
An’ shucked de corn-shuck side by side
Fer forty year an’ mo’!
—Me, I kin th’ow wanga!”

*The flames that leap about her feet
Burn with a perfume strange and sweet.*

“Zizi, Creole Zizi,
Twis’ yo’self in de coonjine
Lak a moccasin in de slime;
Twis’ yo’self when de fiddle talks
Fer de las’ endurin’ time.

“Den was’e ter de bone in de midnight,
In de mawnin’ was’e erway;
Bu’n wid heat in de winter-time,
An’ shiver de hottes’ day—
Wanga! wanga!”

“Onder yo’ fla’ntin’ *tignon*
De red-hot beetles crawl,
Wid claws dat sco’ch inter de meat,
An’ mek de blood-draps fall!

“Over yo’ bed de screech-owl
In de midnight screech an’ cry!
Den kiver yo’ head, Creole Zizi—
Den kiver yo’ head an’ die—
Wanga! wanga!”

*Her voice is hushed, she crouches low
Above the embers’ flickering glow.
The swamp-wind wakes, and many a thing
Unnamed flits by on furry wing;
They brush her cheeks unfelt; she hears
The far-off songs of other years.*

*Her eyes grow tender as she sways
And croons above the dying blaze.*

“Oh, de cabin at de quarter in de old plantation days,
Wid de garden patch behin’ it an’ de gode-vine by de do’,
An’ de do’-yard sot wid roses, whar de chillun runs and plays,
An’ de streak o’ sunshine, yaller lak er-slantin’ on de flo’!

“We wuz young an’ lakly niggers when de ole man fotch me
home.

Ole Mis’ she gin de weddin’, an’ young Mis’ she dress de
bride!

He say he gwineter love me twel de time o’ kingdom come,
An’ forty year an’ uperds we is trabble side by side!

"But ole Mars' wuz killed at Shiloh, an' young Mars' at
Wilderness;

Ole Mis' is in de graveyard, wid young Mis' by her side,
An' all er we-all's fambly is scattered eas' and wes',
An' de gode-vine by de cabin do' an' de roses all has died!

"My chillun dey is scattered too, an' some is onder groun'.
Hit wuz forty year an' uperds we is trabble, him an' me!
Ole Mars', whar is de glory o' de freedom I is foun'?
De ole man he is lef' me fer de young eyes o' Zizi!"

*Her arms are wild above her head,
The softness from her voice has fled.*

"Zizi, Creole Zizi,
Twis' yo'se'f in de coonjine
Lak a moccasin in de slime;
Kunjur de ole man wid yo' eye
Fer de las' endurin' time!

"Den cry an mo'n in de mawnin',
In de midnight mo'n an' cry,
Twel de debble has you, han' an' foot,
Den stretch yo'se'f an' die!—
Wanga! wanga!"

NOAH KNOWLES DAVIS

[1830—1910]

COLLINS DENNY

NOAH KNOWLES DAVIS was the son of Noah Davis of Salisbury, Maryland, who having completed his studies at Columbian College, District of Columbia, married Mary Young of Alexandria, became pastor of the Baptist Church at Norfolk, then after a few years was appointed to take charge of the publication interests of the Baptists of the United States. He therefore removed to Philadelphia, and while engaged in that service died, July 15, 1830, at the early age of twenty-seven.

Just two months before the decease of Rev. Noah Davis, his son Noah Knowles was born. After the remarriage of his mother, to Rev. J. L. Dagg of Virginia, the family removed to Alabama, and ten years thereafter to Georgia. The lad, Noah, at the age of fourteen entered Mercer University, Georgia, and was graduated in 1849 with the usual degree of A.B. The honorary degrees of A.M. and Ph.D. were subsequently conferred on him by his *alma mater*. The degree of LL.D. was received from Baylor University. The most important event of his college days was his union with the Baptist Church, the faith of his forefathers.

After graduation he spent three years in Philadelphia studying chemistry. During this period he supported himself, partly by teaching, partly by work in an architect's office, chiefly by editing two successful and remunerative books, 'The Carpenter's New Guide,' one volume folio, and 'The Model Architect,' two volumes folio. Fond of music from his boyhood, he made it a pastime and studied it, less, however, as an art than as a science. Some of his compositions in sacred music have won a place in church hymnals; others unpublished, sacred and secular, have been praised by competent judges.

At the age of twenty-two, Mr. Davis, as professor of Natural Science in Howard College, Alabama, began his long, honorable and successful career in teaching. At the beginning of his third session the main building was burned at midnight, with some loss of life to lodgers on the fourth floor, and a total loss of much valuable property. Within a fortnight after this disaster Professor Davis was offered by President Basil Manly a professorship in the Univer-

sity of Alabama, at an advanced salary, but he refused to leave Howard College in its distress. His training in architecture was then turned to good use; for under his sole direction, three large college buildings were erected by the Howard College authorities. He was also the sole architect, three years previously, of Science Hall, built for Mercer University, and later of several handsome dwellings.

Near the beginning of his last year (1857) in the college, Professor Davis was married to Miss Ella C. Hunt, of Albany, Georgia, who, with four children, constitute his unbroken family.

In the fall of 1859 Professor Davis took charge as principal of the famous Judson Institute at Marion, Alabama. This is one of the oldest, largest, and most thorough institutions for the higher education of women in the United States. Here his knowledge of music was very serviceable. In teaching the senior classes he was led anew into a systematic study of philosophical branches, to which his tastes inclined, and to which his after life was devoted. Oppressed by the vast responsibility of his position, and wearied by the incessant strain upon his nervous energies, he resigned in 1865. In subsequent years the board of trustees repeatedly urged his return to the management. Two years were spent in teaching a private school. He was then, in 1868, elected president of Bethel College, Kentucky, which he reorganized on a full collegiate basis and brought to a high degree of efficiency. The years at Bethel were rich in philosophical reading and thought.

But useful and successful as had been the life of Professor Davis as a teacher for those twenty-one years, it was during his thirty-three years at the University of Virginia that it shone with increasing brilliancy. Having accepted the chair of Moral Philosophy in that already famous institution, he began, in the fall of 1873, a series of lectures, to classes of well advanced students, on Logic and Psychology, on Ethics and Philosophy, his instruction growing, deepening, and enlarging even to the day of his retiring in 1906. He had marked and great gifts as a teacher. A profound and clear thinker, he soon awakened the interest of his pupils in the problems of philosophy. The thoroughness of his work kindled their enthusiasm, leading them to put forth their best efforts. It was not uncommon for his classes to linger with him far beyond the schedule time, oblivious of the hours, asking questions and listening to his expositions. His tenacious memory, his pictorial imagination, and his wide reading, especially in modern literature, gave him a great wealth of suggestive illustration. There was a dignity and reserve about his lectures, which were, however, occasionally illumined by a glow of humor or a flash of wit. Moreover, his gifts were his servants, and

well trained servants. He was modest enough and great enough to say, time and again, "I do not know," and frankly to acknowledge an error. He was a bold thinker, but there was a caution in his boldness that gave weight to his conclusions.

Having fulfilled more than fifty years of continuous teaching, he was invited in June, 1906, by the Trustees of the Carnegie Foundation, to accept a retiring allowance, "in recognition of his unusual and extraordinary services as a scholar." In granting his request to retire, the Board of Visitors, the governing body of the University, nominated him Professor Emeritus, thus retaining his connection with the institution, and in their resolutions included the following:

"The board desires to place on record a minute expressing its appreciation of the ability and devotion of this eminent scholar and teacher to the interest of the University of Virginia for a generation. No one of the great teachers of the University has served its life with more ability and distinction and consecration. It is a privilege and a happiness for the board to bear testimony to the vigor and skill with which Professor Davis has conducted his courses up to the last moment of his active work, and it desires to extend to him in his well-earned retirement the assurance of their admiration, affection, and good-will."

In the minutes of the Faculty, several members of which had been his pupils, is expressed "their own sense of the loss the institution sustains in the withdrawal from its active work of a colleague so long and so favorably known among us as teacher, counsellor and associate. In the lecture room, in our Faculty room, on the public platform, and in our social circle, his place will not be easy to fill. His two eminent predecessors had raised the School of Moral Philosophy to distinction. Yet it is no disparagement of them to say it is the unanimous verdict of the Visitors, Faculty and Alumni that Professor Davis has not only maintained but advanced the standard of the School. No notice of his services, however brief, should omit to mention his important voluntary labors for the general welfare of our students. He established our first reading room for undergraduates. His activity in behalf of the Young Men's Christian Association has been unremitting. By courses of Biblical Lectures, by the constant help of advice and suggestion, by securing for the Association pecuniary aid, he deserves profound gratitude. Besides, he has done much outside work as lecturer and author. His published volumes, professional and popular, have made him and the University favorably known to a large and widening public."

The foregoing mention of outside work has reference primarily to courses of lectures delivered at Chautauqua, New York, and the

University of Chicago during several summer semesters; also before the School of Christian Philosophy, and the Theological Seminaries at Alexandria, Virginia; at Louisville, Kentucky; and at Crozer, Pennsylvania, and, besides, to many occasional public addresses. In 1904 he accepted the office of president of the Department of Philosophical Sciences, connected with the great Exposition at St. Louis.

But by his writings the name of Professor Davis is familiar to many to whom he is unknown by face. Besides numerous contributions to newspapers, he has often published lengthy and weighty articles for the leading reviews, his most recent article, 1907, being on "The Possibility of Miracles." All his published writings, including his books, are on subjects of the highest significance.

Dissatisfied with the usual text-books on the subjects of his instruction in the University, he prepared, in the course of years, a series for the use of his own pupils. The first was 'The Theory of Thought,' published by Harper and Brothers in 1880. This treatise of Logic "is largely a return to Aristotle's doctrine, as colored by filtration through mediæval mind." It criticizes sharply the so-called conditional syllogisms introduced by Theophrastus and the New Analytic of Hamilton, and defends against all comers the validity of the Aristotelic syllogism. In 1893 appeared his 'Elements of Deductive Logic.' With this last, his smallest book (200 pages), he took especial pains, and considers it one of his best works. In these logical treatises is manifest the power of analysis with which he was greatly gifted.

In 1892 his 'Elements of Psychology' was published. It contains many familiar things modified, and some things new. Of these a few may be indicated: the material object immediately perceived; the argument for immediate perception; the modified view of intuition; the argument for duality; the relation of feeling to cognition; the character and place assigned to belief; the distinction of feeling from desire; the defense of freedom in willing. The 'Elements of Ethics' (1900) discovers intuitively the moral law in human relations, formulates it in four words, and proceeds to show its comprehension of all obligations of man to man, and to the Deity; also of all obligations attending organizations, as the Family, the Community, the State, the Church. The series of scientific texts herewith culminates. Of his treatise on Ethics the author says, "This task finished, I shall hardly undertake another, but rest in the hope that what is now done shall be found well done, proving a step toward truth in philosophy and a help toward righteousness in life."

The style of the foregoing works is in harmony with their themes. It is precise without stiffness or superfluity. Many abstruse

problems are discussed, always clearly, tersely, vigorously, and logically. Perspicuity and accuracy take precedence of brilliance, and the language is chaste and suitable to the thought. These philosophical treatises have been widely and highly approved. They have been adopted as texts, in whole or in part, by more than fifty colleges, and the last two books are required by the Methodist Episcopal Church South of all candidates for its ministry.

Two other works of special note were the outcome of Sunday lectures to University students. In these the author allows freer play to his "fine historic imagination," and draws widely on his literary resources. Often there is a rhythm in his sentences that gives them the music of poetry. Intimately familiar with his Bible, he has caught and absorbed not a little of the chaste beauty of that unsurpassed English classic.

One of the two works is entitled, 'Juda's Jewels,' a study in the Hebrew lyrics (1895). It sketches the story of David and inserts in their probably historic places about twenty of his psalms, which are revised, annotated, and reviewed with special attention to their poetic form. In the rendition and setting of these glowing psalms, which speak to every possible experience of the soul in its religious moods, there blows the breath of the open air. Morn, midday, and evening, and after that the stars; sunshine and quiet, and then the cloud and storm—these are here. The rendering of the elegy over Saul and Jonathan has been pronounced by eminent Jewish authority the best in our language.

The other work referred to above is entitled 'The Story of the Nazarene, in annotated Paraphrase' (1903). "Dr. Davis has here grouped the events of our Lord's life into a superb literary portrait of the Nazarene, while he has also given us most valuable and interesting insight into the manners and customs of the people, the geography of the land, and the contemporaneous history. He is familiar with the finest literature, and uses the treasure he holds most liberally for the delight and profit of the reader. He has the peculiar rhetorical and oratorical gift so common among cultivated Southern men, still the pervading spirit of the narrative is eminently reverent, serious, and devout. It is a living, breathing, throbbing story of the life of Jesus." Of it the author says, "The work has been done reverently, with hearty confidence in the historic verity of the basis, a confidence unshaken by its supernatural marvels, unshaken because begotten of clear reason, which sees spiritual energies, human and superhuman, ever dominating the course of history. Thoughtful men will never tire of the beautiful story that has proved to be the most momentous episode in the annals of mankind, the heaven of

civilization, uplifting and transforming the race; the story of the time when the three spheres were tangent, and Heaven heroically wrested our world from the mastery of Hell; the story of *Christus, victor, salvator, consolator*; the love story of the wooing of humanity to become the bride of the Princely Heir to the throne of the universe."

Allies Drury.

THE PLAIN

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THE most ancient of all songs are sweetest and noblest of all. The first in time are the first in worth. Poetry is an art which accumulates, but does not progress; or rather it is not an art, since its early, untutored, spontaneous efforts are its best. Centuries before Pindar, before Homer, there was a bard in Judah whose songs have ever since been singing by millions more and more, and will still be singing when all others are forgotten. He, the Adam of song, typical of mankind, touched the utmost verge of every possible human experience; step by step he trod all paths of joy and sorrow: one by one he traversed all avenues to honor and dishonor; and he wandered from boyhood to old age, harp in hand, singing all the changeful way in tone that echoing hearts will never allow to die. That the ear may catch the divine perfection of this melody, the eye must see the songster where he stands. Let us then go along his way, and when he stops to sing we too will pause with listening eyes and ears.

David, the son of Jesse, appears at first as a shepherd boy on the plains east of Bethlehem. He is the youngest of eight brothers. Two elder sisters are also named, but his mother's name is nowhere given. The great prophet and judge, Samuel, comes to their home at Bethlehem to select and anoint a new king over Israel. The eldest of the sons, the tall, handsome, and haughty Eliab, is rejected; and so successively the

others. And Samuel said unto Jesse: "The Lord hath not chosen these. Are here all thy children?" David is sent for. He comes; a handsome lad, of rather short stature, in contrast with Eliab, Saul, and Goliath; but his frame is compacted for both agility and strength. Thus he says of himself:

It is God that girdeth me with strength,
He maketh my feet like hinds' feet;
He teacheth my hands to war,
And mine arms to bend the brazen bow.

His dress is probably a simple frock, leaving his neck and arms bare, girdled about the waist, and reaching his knees. His hair is auburn, his eyes beautiful and bright, his complexion ruddy with the flush of youth and health. "And the Lord said: Arise, anoint him, for this is he." So the symbolic oil is poured upon his head, and the Spirit of the Lord came upon David from that day forward.

We will presume that David returned for a time to the care of his sheep. His anointing, viewed merely as an objective fact, must have had a powerful effect in developing his character. We may doubt if he fully understood its import until long afterwards, but not that the mystery was food for his wondering thought. His peaceful and solitary pursuit promoted reflection, and as he pondered his destiny the currents of this thought deepened their channels.

Muse amid thy flocks awhile,
At thy doom of greatness smile,
Bold to bear God's heaviest load,
Dimly guessing at the road.

When, moreover, we remember that The Spirit of the Lord was now upon him, it is evident that this was a great epoch in his mental history, and the true beginning of his wonderful career.

Another fact must have made a deep mark on his character. By his father and brothers he was disdainfully consigned to a menial occupation, and it became the subject of taunt. Endowed with a highly sensitive nature, he felt this keenly. But the exclusion from the family circle, the humiliation, the mortification, however bitter to the lonely lad, became

in his healthful mental organization, and doubtless under the influence of the Spirit, a means of discipline and strength, of self-mastery. The sculptor has blunt chisels, which, under heavy blows, break off rude masses of marble, but he also has sharp chisels, with which he perfects his work.

David's mother no doubt was in sympathy with him. That there were strong points in her character may be surmised from Jesse's apparent weakness and the unquestionable powers of her children. Her youngest was naturally her darling, and so she called him, for the name, "David" means "beloved." As a faithful mother she had in early years taught him many lessons of love and duty. Kneeling at her knees, with his palms together and upraised, he had learned from her the name "Jehovah"; and when he was driven out to hard service and solitude, her tears softened him, her love went with him and animated him, and he remembered and practised the lessons of her piety. What matters it that we know not her name? She, type of the virgin mother, is immortal in her son. It seems to me we may often note in David's conduct, even in late periods of his life, the unmistakable marks of his mother's hand, especially in his generous, gentle, and kindly impulses; yet never does he name her, and only once refers to her. In an agony of prayer, he cries, "Save the son of thine handmaid;" thus resting his plea on her desert. But why this reticence? In every true man's heart there are some things too sacred for utterance; there is an inviolable inner shrine. A mother's name is never a light thing. A man of deep and fine feeling, as was this man, does not any time talk much about his mother, and when death adds its sanctity, how the heart shuts up her name!

Another fact is worthy of note as making an impress on David's character in his early youth. He was thrown into constant communion with Nature. Her sweet and healthful influences, her gentle and stern aspects developed his strength, deepened his emotions, and peopled his fancy. The plains of Bethlehem, which for three thousand years have been sheep pastures, are remarkable for landscape beauty, a beauty that must have been far greater in David's day, when foliage was more abundant there than now. There he learned to love the sky, the mountain, the distant sea, the brawling brook, the green field, the perfumed flower. There he took his first les

son in that various language of nature with which his poetry abounds; for

To him who, in the love of nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware.

But there were frowns in the landscape whose features were symbolic of his life. Before him, in the dim eastern distance where earth met sky, there lay in a deep valley of gloom the sea that was for all time the emblem of death and God's hate of sin. Nearer, stretching north and south, lay the haunted wilderness, which afterwards overheard the great temptation, already occupied by ferocious beasts that came thence like emissaries of Satan to ravage the flocks. In the lower grounds were horrible pits of slime and springs of bitter, poisoned waters. Still nearer were abrupt precipices pierced with gloomy unknown caves, the refuge of crime. The edge of the cliffs was broken here and there by ravines leading from the plains above, deepening dangerously and filled with the shadow of death. But as yet his feet trod the green and sunny slopes, and flowers bloomed on the pathway leading from the home of his birth.

Let us remember that David was a poet and a musician born. Probably untaught, he cultivated for himself the native impulse to pour forth in song the overflow of his heart, beguiling his lonely and quiet hours with a harp which he invented, and, after a rude fashion, had made. Thus he attuned both melody and harmony with verse.

The fame of his harp went beyond Bethlehem, and reached the court at Gibeah. He was sent for to play before the King. He goes afoot, like the mediæval minstrel, his harp muffled with lilies and hanging from his shoulders. Its sweet tones, drawn out by the native skill of a loving hand, soothe the dark hours of the fierce and gloomy king, and quiet the evil spirit that troubled him, thus "lifting Saul's name out of sorrow, and weaving a spell to sustain him where song had restored him."

When David returned to his home we do not see that he was at all elated by this brilliant episode in his boy life. Still we must believe that it quickened his thoughts like wine. He was not yet a man, but his manhood was rapidly developing.

ESSAY ON POETRY

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POETRY is not an invention of man. The psalmists and prophets did not take herein a human contrivance and bend it to their service. Rather they took a noble gift of God, and used it for the noble purposes for which it was ordained. His Maker fashioned man for poetic utterance that his praises might burn with eloquence, and his prayers rise with the fragrance of incense. But the best gifts of God are liable to the worst abuse; and from its abuse has arisen the notion, under the high sanction of both Plato and Aristotle, that poetry is essentially fictitious, and antagonistic to truth. Rather is it the festive, Sabbath-day robe of truth, a veil to soften her awful severity and the dazzling flash of her eyes. Poetry is the perfection of expression, and the noblest vehicle of thought. "Let no one, then," says Bishop Lowth, "speak of this art as light and trifling in itself, or regard it as profane and impious; this art which has been conceded to man by his Creator, and for the most sacred purposes; this art consecrated by the authority of God himself, and by His example in His most august ministrations."

The influence which poetry, even when not filling its highest offices, exerts on the human race is incalculable. The childhood of all nations has been spent in singing. The richest treasures of every literature are its poems; and, says Fletcher, one who can make the songs of a people need not care who makes the laws. Of all those departments of thought into which mind has expanded, we may doubt whether any one has had more influence in determining the destinies of mankind than that which embodies the creations of imagination, and gives enduring form and expression to human feeling. Was Raphael wrong, when, in the chamber of sciences in the

Vatican, he gave in his frescoes the same rank to poetry as to philosophy, jurisprudence, and theology?

But while making this high claim for poetry in general, we make a higher special claim for sacred poetry. None is comparable to the Hebrew poetry in the effects it has wrought, and the sway of the Hebrew bard surpasses the sway of all others. For who is king among men? Is it not he that rules? On the Parnassus, Raphael assigns to Homer the highest place. Was he right? Yes, if Greek poetry, or even European poetry, be intended. But if Raphael would represent the poetry of the world; if he would distinguish its highest seat, and that poet who has been most potent in molding the hearts, thoughts, and conduct of men through a hundred generations, he should paint Zion higher than Parnassus, and the sweet singer of Israel seated thereon; not in royal robes, with crown and scepter, but in the linen ephod, and with a harp in hand. From the hour when his songs exorcised the evil spirit in Saul, throughout his wanderings and his long reign, until the words of the son of Jesse were ended:

They softened men of iron mold,
They gave them virtues not their own;
No ear so dull, no heart so cold,
That felt not, fired not at the tone,
Till David's lyre grew mightier than his throne.

His visible kingdom did not long survive him, but his dominion over the hearts of men was established forever.

In attempting to catch a glimpse of the characteristics of true poetry, we first distinguish its essence from its form. Of the essence we can say very little. But is it not truth, beauty, and goodness—the Platonic triad—becoming a trinity? We may have an expression of truth alone, but this is not poetry. We may have truth and goodness combined, but yet not poetry. We may have beauty alone, transcendent beauty, expressed in perfect poetical form, but specious and false, this is not true poetry. Like the brilliant glare of the aurora, it gives no warmth, quickens no life. But when truth, goodness, and beauty unite, is not this essentially poetry, whatever be the form? It seems to me that these three are great archangels belonging to God's throne, but sent on a mission to

every open heart, and spreading a halo of heaven's own glory all around our way.

The form of poetry is more palpable. Yet we cannot fix it. It is protean. If we were to grasp in one statement all the forms that have yet appeared, the next original poet that is born, if there is ever to be another, would violate our rule, and give us a new form. We propose here to consider only one external mark, one which seems to attend beauty, wherever it appears, whether in poetry or other arts, or in Nature. The somewhat musty definition of beauty, unity amid variety, seems at once too wide and too narrow, yet it involves the mark to which we allude, and which is here emphasized, since it is especially prominent in Hebrew poetry. Let us call this mark Repetition.

In the beautiful objects of Nature we find a constant repetition. We see it in the eyes and lips of the human face, in the petals of the flower, in the stars of the sky. We hear it in the thrilling song of birds, and in the echo. In art we see it in the columns of the Parthenon, the statues of the Agora, repeating the human form, and in the paintings of Stoa Poecile, repeating memorable scenes. In music there is frequent repetition. To each of Mozart's model melodies, and of Beethoven's tone poems, there is a theme, of perhaps not more than one or two measures, which is worked out with numerous variations and frequent reappearances, and which, never being entirely lost, preserves that unity essential to a true work of art.

In modern poetry we have a repetition of sound in rhyme. This is a device to increase the poetical effect by a purely sensuous impression.* It is not found in classical Latin, but appears in the later Latin of the mediæval hymns; nor does it occur in classical Greek, except traces here and there in comedy, but has been adopted by modern Greek versifiers. It has not been found in early Hebrew poetry, though searched for with great assiduity; but rhyme and, soon after, meter, makes its appearance here also, first in the Seventh Century, in some poetical attempts of rabbinical scholars. The lack of syllabic accent makes rhyme necessary in French poetry; in other mod-

*We cite especially Southey's "Lodore," the sole merit of which consists in the sensuous effect of skilful rhyming.

ern tongues it is unnecessary, and marks decadence of poetical taste and power. We hold to what Milton says in his preface to 'Paradise Lost' (ed. 1660). "Rhime is no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame meter; graced indeed since by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse than else they would have expressed them. Poets of prime note have rejected Rhime as a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight; which consists not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned ancients both in poetry and all good oratory."

It is needless to detail the various ways in which the principle of repetition gives form to poetry. It is the very ground of all meter, whether by modern accent or ancient quantity. It is the very essence of all rhythm, even of that obscure rhythm which is felt rather than seen in graceful prose; for, as Augustine, in "De Musica," says, "all meter is rhythm, but not all rhythm is meter." The delicate and pleasing effect of the refrain is due to repetition. Besides these, we frequently find in good poetry the effect greatly heightened, though by a sensuous rather than an intellectual appeal, through the repetition of words and phrases.

TELEOLOGY

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THE foregoing are primary conditions of yet another specific relation of the highest import, the relation of means and end. Its philosophic treatment is teleology, which views Nature as a kingdom of ends. We shall here consider the teleologic relation merely as an existing fact, the end as an effect, not as a design or final cause.

In many individual groups of things the relation of means and end may be discerned, binding the components into an organic whole. Accordingly an organism is defined as a group

in which all parts are mutually means and end. Each part is for every other; also each is for the whole, and the whole for each; all serving all. An organ is a member of an organized group, serving all other members as ends. Every constitutive part is an organ, an instrument, a means. It has certain special functions relating to the rest severally and as a whole; and when it entirely ceases to perform its office, it ceases to be a member of the organism.

It is not a fancy, nor a mere speculation, but a fact, recognized by philosophy and lying at the base of all science, that the universe is a kingdom of ends, an organism constituted of minor organisms. Space is for bodies, and bodies are for space. Time is for events, and events are for time. Space without body, or time without event, is unthinkable. Gravitation draws all bodies toward one center, and radiation disperses to all bodies the store of energy collected in that center. Every star, and every planet, and every satellite, has its peculiar office relative to the rest. The extinction of any one would necessitate a readjustment of the whole. Nature, the great world of all things, is an organized individual, a cosmos.

The earth is a cosmic unity. In its series of periodically recurring changes, reproductive life is linked with the seasons, and active life with day and night. It is itself made up of relatively independent organisms. For example, every animal is an organism. Each of its members, even the least, is an organ serving the sustenance of all others, and receiving sustenance from all. The head is for its hair, and the hair for the head, and both for the trunk. Should any organ cease its functions, it suffers atrophy, or is cast off as excrementitious; and when the chief organs cease their ministry, life ceases, and the integral whole disintegrates. A plant is an organic whole. The root is for the leaf, and the leaf for the root; and the other parts serve the leaf and root, else these could not perform their functions. All are reciprocally related as means and end. As physiology thus resolves living bodies into organized organs, so chemistry teaches that all bodies consist of systems of molecules, and these ultimately of systems of atoms. Every subordinate is a microcosm repeating the macrocosm.

In the kingdom of ends is included the spiritual realm. We conceive that it contains no isolated elements, that throughout its sphere there is organized interaction. Within the range of observation is the human mind, constituted by a complement of faculties whose activities are mutually conditioned, and coöperate to a common end. As in the corporeal so in the spiritual sphere, very many of the most important ends are attained only by means of a combination of energies.

The universe as a total we conceive to be composed of the spiritual and the corporeal united in an interchange of functional activities. Many minor wholes are thus organically constituted. Each individual man is a double organism consisting of body and mind. He is also a member of wider combinations; for none of us liveth to himself, and none dieth to himself. The family is an organic individual, its members being normally related for mutual service. Every individual community or organized society has a constitution, written or unwritten, whose essence is a definition of the offices of its members in their service of the common interest. The city, the state, the nation, has organic laws constituting it an individual, wherein its citizens are each for all and all for each. The human race is an organized individual, its members being bound into one by natural affinities, and related by teleological interaction. Moreover, the content of an individual life cannot be described except relatively to the historical whole. The entire history of the age and of the entire past is contained in it and its influence extends throughout the entire future. The kingdom of ends is the universe. Everywhere there is reciprocity, a relation of mutual interdependence and altruistic subservience, a universal ministry. All serving all is the fundamental, thoroughgoing, uniform plan of the world.

CHARITY

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THE affections having different objects, have received various names; as, conjugal, parental, filial and fraternal love, friendship, kindness, patriotism, philanthropy. In each of these the affection varies both in kind and degree. The differences in kind are due to differences in the relations. The differences in degree are regulated by the possibilities. We are not bound to love all others equally, this being unnatural. Many ties, many obligations. Those most nearly related are bound to love each other with a special ardor; as, parents and children.

The sentiment of gratitude excites love for a benefactor or neighbor. It enters largely along with friendship and kindness into the forms and substance of true politeness, which is love in little, and in all its grades is essential to high moral culture, and is ennobling.

We are bound to love those whose character and conduct we abhor, cherishing the desire to remedy the evil in them, and otherwise to better them. We should love even a wicked and active enemy; righteous defensive resentment being quite consistent with the impulse to promote, not his evil way, but his well-being whenever opportunity offers or can be found, and in so far as we do not thereby trespass on some other. In civilized warfare, after a victory the wounded abandoned by the defeated are cared for humanely. This is love to enemies; we feel the obligation, and call it humanity.

We are bound to love all men of all races, those in the remotest regions of the globe, our very antipodes, yes, and even the generation yet unborn, in a due manner and measure. This is the obligation of philanthropy.

Service fulfilling the law must be, not merely willing service, but loving service. We have seen that a life of sacrificial service, of active beneficence, determined only by respect for the law, fails of completeness. Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. It is essential to duty that love be its spring.

The service due is loving service. Let the duplex form of this phrase be noted. Loving is desiring, a subjective motive; it is benevolence, well-wishing. Service is acting, an objective motion; it is beneficence, well-doing. Serving is the normal outcome, the natural consequent, of loving; they are psychological correlatives. Neither is complete without the other.

For, how is it possible that one should sincerely, willingly, intentionally endeavor to promote another's welfare, unless he desire the other's welfare? All voluntary effort is conditioned on an antecedent desire, so that the command of intelligent, willing service is a command of intelligent, loving service. One cannot sincerely strive for another's welfare unless he desire it, and this is love. If it be said, the desire is simply to obey, we reply, a desire to obey a command to serve, is a desire to serve as commanded.

On the other hand, how can there be love not followed by service? As faith without works is dead, so also is love without service. If it have any life, it is at least ready and watchful of opportunity to serve. For generous love impels to service. He who loves will serve, will render willing, active, self-sacrificing service. And also he who loves will be just, will pay all dues, will not trespass. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law. Owe no man anything, save to love one another, this being the only debt that cannot be finally discharged; for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law. Love is the fulfilment of the law.

All the various presentations of the moral law heretofore considered, we now find to be summed in the law of loving service, Thou shalt love and serve. And indeed we see that even herein is superfluity, for the whole moral law, the total of human obligation, is completely and comprehensively summed in the single categorical imperative of one syllable, love. Thou shalt love, is the perfect law, the law of love.

Progress in moral culture consists in transforming fear into respect, and respect into love. With primitive characters, and even with many highly cultured otherwise, the fear of penalty is the chief, often the only, motive of obedience. To this may be added as one step higher, the hope of reward. In this is an appeal to the selfish propensities usually predominant

in crude humanity. They are not thereby approved, but used to bring the man to at least outward obedience, a step toward inward culture. Thus the law is a pedagogue, leading men upward.

A thoughtful consideration of one's relations, a clear recognition of the law in us, inspires respect for its mandate, and an impulse to observance. Herein is a passing away from the influence of threats and promises. These are lost to sight, and obedience is determined simply by respect for the law. The vast all-pervading sense of moral obligation, a wide comprehensive view of duty, an obedience to the law for its own sake superior to its sanctions, produce nobility and excellence in moral character. Yet this ideal is cold, hard, stern, repressing as weakness the natural play of tender sympathy, of generous sentiment, of warm inclination toward others, maintaining a stoical indifference to their weal or woe, and giving help exclusively out of respect for the law of service. As a scheme of morals, this cannot be purged of egoism, of selfishness; for necessarily it holds that the so-called duties to self are equally or even more imperative than duties to another, those being the basis from which all other duties arise.

In the still higher ideal, cold respect for law is gradually, as culture progresses, replaced by charity, which is the bond of perfectness. As in the second grade the sanctions of the law are lost to sight, so in this highest grade the law itself disappears from view, and its requirements are fulfilled without reference to its mandate. It is the fruit of moral growth that both subjective and objective activities accord with the law, not because of its pressure, but because the order and harmony of the natural powers have been restored, and the man does what is right because his dominant impulses lead thereto, and his free preference finds therein his highest gratification. He renders loving service in due measure to his fellow men, this having become the habit, the second nature of his being. He does by nature the things of the law, and having no law, is a law unto himself, showing the work of the law written in his heart. For love knows no law other than its own impulse.

Obviously in the economy of human nature, this progression does not take place uniformly. A criminal at war with society at large may be dutiful to his family in other matters

because of strong domestic affection, and in so far fulfil the law of love. The average good citizen knows little and cares less about the criminal code. Its enactments are not for him. He has not the slightest disposition to do what it forbids, and orders his actions without reference to it. The penitentiary, the jail, the gallows, have no terrors for him. The police, the courts, the judiciary, he recognizes as social machinery devised and maintained for the protection of his rights. They have no other meaning for him. He has risen above the great body of civil law, and is not, properly speaking, an obedient, but a law-abiding citizen who, without thought of the law, governs his conduct by his own cultured preferences. In his intercourse with friends and acquaintances, he may still have duties that are irksome and repugnant which he fulfils from a sense of duty, and therein feels the tense bonds of obligation. His further moral growth requires the enlarging and deepening of charitable sympathies, so that his conduct may be determined more and more by love, less and less by law; doing always the right thing, not because he ought so to do, but because he wants to do just that thing rather than any other.

ON MIRACLES

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It will be appropriate to make here some remarks about miraculous signs in general. It has been often said that a miracle is impossible. Indeed, many skeptics, especially those of the school of the Positivists, assume this as a scientifically axiomatic postulate. Now an atheist may take this position consistently; but sincere atheists are so rare that we may here pass them by. An agnostic may not make the assertion consistently; he must say, I do not and cannot know. Let us pass him by. A deist, one who rejects the inspiration of the Scriptures yet believes in the existence of a divine Creator and Ruler, cannot consistently say that a miracle is impossible, for creation is the greatest of all miracles. Also in admitting the reality of divine overruling power, he fully admits the possibility of any and all miracles.

The deist indeed may say, I cannot conceive how water became wine, it is utterly incomprehensible, not to me only but to the human mind. Granted, but the futile effort to conceive how this came about is an effort to conceive either an intermediate process where there was none, or the manner in which the cause operated. But the manner in which any cause operates to produce its immediate effect is inconceivable. One cannot conceive how the earth attracts a falling stone, we know only that it does; or how a man bends his arm, we know only that he bends it. In the conception of water becoming wine, we have in the jars water, then wine; also we have sufficient antecedents in the water and divine will, and the effected consequent in the wine. For the conception no more is needed, no more is possible. We have no other conception of bending an arm. The antecedents are a straight arm and a man's will, the consequent is a bent arm. That is all we know or can know about it. Neither philosophy nor psychology, nor physiological psychology pretends to offer any explanation of how a man's will affects his brain so as to bring about the contraction of a muscle. Let us await the solution of this problem before we ask how water became wine.

Some deists object with Hume, that a miracle is contrary to all human experience. But this begs the question. It is equivalent to saying that since no miracle has ever been experienced, therefore no miracle has ever been experienced. If one miracle has been experienced then a miracle is not contrary to all experience. Moreover, it is not strictly proper to say that a miracle is contrary even to general experience, but only not in accord with general experience. And this is easily true of things not miraculous. Some years ago it was contrary, or more properly not according to experience, that two persons miles apart should engage in quiet oral conversation, but it has now become a familiar experience. Hence what is contrary or not according to general or even universal experience may nevertheless be not only possible and conceivable but also credible. It is simply a question of fact.

The chief difficulty in accepting miracles as facts arises from the modern scientific conception of natural law as expressing irrefragable, inviolable order. A miracle is supposed to violate this inviolate order, or as Spinoza puts it, therein the God

of grace contradicts the God of nature; a self-contradiction, and absurd. But let us consider the scope of natural law. If it expresses merely the play of physical forces apart from will, then indeed it expresses uniform inviolate order, order without alternative. And this is a true conception. But if the free force possessed by will intervenes, this produces results irreducible to law. If I put kindling and coal in my stove, and start a fire, I bring about a certain combination and state of things which would not occur in nature apart from will, and it is not as a whole conformable to any irrefragable law, yet no one calls this a violation of natural law. The exercise of the human will is surely apart from the uniform order of nature as expressed by law, though indeed it is not accounted supernatural. But the power of a free will, be it human or divine, free to use or not to use, and to direct and vary the intensity of a physical force, must be taken into account in the matter before us.

We are greatly in need of a definition of a miracle. Stated generically, a miracle is a supernatural phenomenon. A phenomenon is aught that appears to an observer. By supernatural is meant that which transcends for its production all forces exclusively physical, and any combination with them of the power of human volition. Now defining specifically, we have: A miracle is a supernatural phenomenon caused by an intervention of the energy of divine will in the established order of nature, subjecting it to variation or exception. Herein the divine will is exercised intelligently to direct or modify physical forces, bringing about extraordinary results; historically at a particular time, and for a special purpose. This cannot be called a violation of natural law any more than we may so call the intervention of voluntary human energy. A locomotive engineer controls his machine and its train at will by handling a lever. The Ruler of the universe directs its progress, and upon historic occasions has likewise at will modified natural order for specific purposes.

Of the very many miraculous signs which are stated in the Gospels to have been wrought by the divine power of the Christ only about forty are specifically recorded. They were His credentials which attested His mission from the Father to mankind. They were all miracles of mercy and love, instruc-

tive of His own personal character, and of the purpose of His commission. Some such convincing evidences were needful in the beginning and the early days of the Church; but its historical progress through many centuries, its spread in the world, and especially the development of its doctrines, furnish superseding evidences, so that the apologist no longer offers the miracles in proof of Christianity, but Christianity is the proof of the miracles

STILLING THE TEMPEST

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IN the mid-afternoon, Jesus, depressed by the insult and slander of the forenoon, distressed by the fickle people's heart waxed gross, annoyed by the curious multitude lingering and gathering about the door of His refuge, said to His disciples:

"Let us go over to the other side of the lake."

So they helped Him, even as He was, to the boat, launched forth, and set sail for the opposite shore. Jesus, harassed and weary with the toils of the day, lay down in the stern of the boat, and pillowing His head upon the cushion of the seat soon was rocked to sleep. It toucheth us nearly, this tired sleeping man.

It has already been noted that the Galilean lake is subject to sudden and violent storms, owing to the cold and heavy air of the northward mountains flowing along its surface to displace the hot and light air of the deep Jordan Valley on the south. When the boat in which Jesus was sleeping was midway in its course, one of these storms arose. Heavy clouds veiled and darkened the sky, and a thick fog settled on the lake. Then an aerial avalanche came roaring down from the mountains and smote upon the waters, lashing them into the wild waves that dashed hissing on the little boat. Its sails were furled, and the sailors grasped their oars to steady and control its course. Yet, mid all the hideous roar of the tempest, the deep slumber of the tired man was unbroken. But the tumultuous waves rising higher dashed over the gunwale of the tossing boat, and it began to fill. Then thought the despairing disciples, He can save, and He alone. One of them,

Peter, we think, tottered aft, shook the Sleeper by the arm, crying:

"Master, carest thou not? Save; we perish."

As a man, Jesus slept; He awoke as a God. First, He calmly reproved the frightened men:

"Why are ye fearful? Where is your faith?"

Then standing firmly erect on the wavering board, and looking abroad over the tempestuous elements, in a loud voice He commanded:

"Peace; be still."

And immediately there was a great calm. The waves did not gently subside, but abruptly shrank; the winds did not lull, but instantly ceased, and the air stood still; the clouds did not disperse, but vanished, and the unveiled sun flashed beams of light gilding the peaceful scene. Then Jesus lay down and slept again. The rescued mariners marveled, whispering one to another:

"Who then is this, that even the winds and sea obey him?"

This miracle overwhelms sense and taxes credulity. It is commonly regarded as one of the greatest displays of divine energy. But have we any dynamometer with which to measure miraculous power? Can we grade miraculous signs as less and greater? The changing water to wine, the healing a fever, the withering a fig-tree; in what are these inferior to raising the dead, or stilling the tempest? Only that they impress less forcibly our short-sighted sense. Divine power in one is the same as in another, and knows no measure.

Also the stilling of the tempest is commonly cited as a manifest violation of natural law. What natural law? I should be glad to see it formally stated. A law of nature becomes a law, and becomes known as a law, only by virtue of the axiomatic truth that like causes have like effects. Were like antecedents, including the will of Jesus, assembled on the lake to-day, it is unquestionable that like consequents would follow. There is in the case no more violation of natural law, a phrase greatly needing definition, than when a child tosses a ball. In this is involved human will. In that superhuman will. How the will works its end is inexplicable in either case.

"Peace; be still." To whom were these words addressed?

Certainly the winds and waves had no ears to hear; nor could they be rightly said to obey, as the simple disciple imagined; for obedience implies a submissive will in the one commanded. The usual reply is that the words were spoken merely that the disciples might hear and understand. Then the command was fictitious, a pretense, a sham. Rather let us remember that Satan, the Prince of the Power of the Air, was abroad and perhaps seized upon this favorable opportunity to destroy his prospective supplanter. He commissioned his myrmidons to execute his will. How, we know not; but we know that a child may start an avalanche. The tempest was roused and energized by demoniac powers. Then there came a conflict of wills. In the command, "Peace; be still," was uttered the dominant will, and Satan and his hosts heard and obeyed.

VARINA ANNE JEFFERSON DAVIS*

[1864—1898]

CHILES CLIFTON FERRELL

VARINA DAVIS was born at Richmond, Virginia, June 27, 1864. During the dark days of her father's imprisonment little Winnie, as she was familiarly called, was the only sunshine that came to him. Before she could read she knew "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "The Fight at Coilantogle Ford," and "Allan-Bane's Song in the Dungeon of Stirling Castle." At the age of twelve she knew by heart also many striking passages from Shakespeare, and was an ardent admirer of the "Wizard of the North." In 1877 she was placed in a boarding-school at Karlsruhe, Germany, where she remained for five years. Miss Davis went in 1882 to Paris. She studied French there several months, and afterwards traveled extensively. When she returned home she spoke German and French more fluently than English.

In 1879 the family had moved to Beauvoir, where they lived until the death of Jefferson Davis. She was his constant companion, going with him on all his trips through the South. After the death of the husband and father, Mrs. Davis and her daughter moved to the North. They felt that they must do so in order to obtain work, which was now a necessity. It was also a great advantage to them in their literary labors to be in close touch with their publishers. Both hemispheres were shocked at the announcement that the life of the "Daughter of the Confederacy" had been cut short at Narragansett Pier on September 18, 1898. As was fitting, her body was buried at Richmond.

The first thing Miss Davis published was a little poem in blank verse which appeared in *The Times-Democrat*; it was an address to a group of giant pines at Beauvoir and was signed "The Colonel." 'An Irish Knight of the Nineteenth Century' (John W. Lovell Company, New York, 1888) contains a vivid portrayal of the oppression of Ireland from the earliest times and a sympathetic sketch of Robert Emmet. The next publication, entitled "Serpent Myths,"

*See the writer's sketch of "The Daughter of the Confederacy—Her Life, Character, and Writings" in the 'Publications of the Mississippi (State) Historical Society,' Volume II, pages 69-84 (Oxford, Mississippi: Published by the Society 1899). Even Mrs. Davis, who kindly rendered the writer of this sketch all the assistance in her power, was unable to give the date when some of her daughter's minor pieces were published, and every effort to secure them has proved fruitless. They are either out of print or inaccessible.

appeared in *The North American Review* (February, 1888). It indicates wide reading and offers an interesting and ingenious theory to explain the origin of these myths. After this came some short descriptions of German life written for various papers and some clever bits of versification which were never published. Two or three years after her father's death she wrote for the *Ladies' Home Journal* a very strong article against foreign education for American girls. She prepared for *Belford's Magazine* a clever criticism of Colonel William Preston Johnston's theory that Hamlet was intended as a characterization of James I of England.

The main incidents of 'The Veiled Doctor' (Harper and Brothers, publishers, New York, 1895)—her most ambitious work—are true. The situations in this novel are sometimes characterized as unnatural and melodramatic, and the style is criticised as stilted. With such opinions the editor can only in a measure agree. Our author partially disarms criticism by calling attention to the perspective—the events being supposed to have taken place "in those times when the lives of men and women swung between the two poles of war's brutality and a super-refined sentimentalism, which seems mawkish to their more prosaic grandchildren." The ideals of different periods are not the same, and it is hardly safe to set up those of our own as a perfectly trustworthy standard in judging those of another. When we take into consideration the sensitive nature of Gordon Wickford and the ignorance of the physicians of his day with regard to the proper treatment of cancer, his desire to die alone does not seem so unnatural, and if this view be accepted Isabel's obedience is readily understood. It must be confessed that the most sympathetic and practical character in the book is "Aunt Hannah." The style is not always what it should be—the author being at times unable to resist the temptation to use high-sounding phrases, but it sometimes manifests considerable strength, and we find numerous bits of description that are indisputably clever and show excellent taste in their simplicity. The strongest feature of the story is its interest. The writer could hardly put it down until he had finished it. While it is not a great book, it is well worth reading.

Next came many unsigned essays for different journals—a Christmas story for *The World*, and a pretty one called "Maiblume" for *Arthur's Home Journal*. Then followed a comprehensive article on "The Women of the South before the War." Mrs. Davis gave her the material, and her beautiful pure soul shed upon it the moonlight of idealism. The piece last mentioned, as well as a remarkable paper on her father's character as she saw it, was published by McClure's syndicate.

Miss Davis was unusually well versed in Chinese history, as she had spent two years reading it because of her intention of writing a Chinese novel. On this account 'A Romance of Summer Seas' (Harper and Brothers, publishers, New York and London, 1898), has so strong a *vraisemblance* that people thought the author had visited the scenes she so vividly describes. Her knowledge of the Chinese world is shown also in an article which has for its title, "An Experiment in Chinese Money"; it was written at the time of the silver and gold contest.

The characters in 'A Romance of Summer Seas' are well-drawn and lifelike. Bush, the globe-trotter, who tells the story, proves to be a very entertaining *raconteur* in spite of the reputation he has of being an insufferable bore. He is loyal and true, and does not hesitate to risk his life for his new-found friend. Malcolm Ralstone and Minerva Primrose, the pair in whom the interest of the story centers, are not idealized, but thoroughly human. Guthrie, the Kansas cattle king, is the best-drawn character of all; he is kind-hearted and manly, but the personification of vulgarity—one of that type of Americans who travel much because they think it is the thing to do, make themselves very conspicuous by their loudness, bad manners, and ignorance, and do all they can to bring our country into disrepute. They are aided in this work by such vulgarians as the American consul at Hong-Kong—those creatures who owe their prominence to the abuses of our consular system. Miss Edwina Starkey is a revised but unimproved edition of Mrs. Jellyby—what Mrs. Jellyby might have been if she had become a sour old maid. Though an apostle of "The Brotherhood for the Diffusion of Light," Miss Edwina has about as much of the true spirit of Christianity as she has of personal beauty. Among the minor characters Doctor Clark is admirably drawn.

The book contains many charming bits of description; one has the feeling that Miss Davis *must* have visited those scenes which she brings so vividly before our mind's eye. The life on shipboard seems very real. We find evidence of the closest observation of the world, and the results of this observation sentimentiously expressed. A quiet humor pervades the story, which is realistic in the best sense and quite healthy. On the whole 'A Romance of Summer Seas,' while it is on a less ambitious scale than 'The Veiled Doctor,' seems more natural and shows a gratifying advance along several lines.

Charles Blifton Farrell

EXECUTION OF ROBERT EMMET

From 'An Irish Knight of the Nineteenth Century.' By permission of John W. Lovell Company, present owner of copyright.

AT about one o'clock they came to lead him forth; he received the summons with that fortitude which indeed never deserted him. "I have," he said, "two requests; the first, that my arms may be left as loose as possible. I make the other, not under any idea that it will be granted, but that it may be held in remembrance that I have made it. It is, that I may be permitted to die in my uniform." The first of these favors was humanely accorded him; the second, as he divined, was refused. He bade good-by with much kindness to those around him, especially to the turnkey who had particularly attended to him. This poor fellow had in those few days learned to love his noble charge, and the tears were streaming down his rugged face. Emmet's hands being tied, leaning over he gently kissed him on the forehead. Now they passed out into the open street. Along their way men and women stood watching for a last look of him who was to die because he loved his Ireland too well to brook the destruction of her liberties. At the windows of all the houses anxious faces peered out to catch the first sign of his approach.

It was no hollow mourning, such as follows a king when, bereft of crown and sceptre, he is borne in state to rest in the grave of his ancestors. This condemned criminal had placed upon his brow the better diadem of a people's love, and every Irishman felt the sharp blow that severed him from life as though that life, so precious to them all, were indeed interwoven with their very heartstrings.

Guarded by a strong military escort he passed to the place of execution, and as the carriage moved on, ever and anon would he nod to some acquaintance in the street or at the windows. Love met him in every eye; blessings followed him from every heart. Thus the cortège bore more resemblance to the obsequies of a hero than the exit of a condemned criminal. At one place on the route they passed a carriage with but a single occupant. As he neared the spot Emmet put his head out of the window and motioned with his poor, bound hand. The young woman in the vehicle stood up a moment

to wave her handkerchief, then sinking back she covered her face, overcome with emotion. Emmet continued to gaze after her as long as she remained in sight. This was his last meeting on earth with Sarah Curran; but their separation was not for long. Bowed down by a load of grief, too heavy for her slight frame, she died of a broken heart, in scarcely more than a year—following him she loved so well to that bourne from whence no traveler has returned. The patriot's dauntless courage never faltered. He ascended the scaffold with a firm step and turning to those around him said: "My friends, I die in peace and with sentiments of universal love and kindness to all men."

"Irish soil drank the blood of her loving son, but it still cries from the ground, pleading for the liberty to secure which he sacrificed his life."

In the deserted churchyard of St. Michins there is a slab on which no name is traced. Beneath this stone rest the ashes of Robert Emmet. How long, O Ireland, how long will it remain without an epitaph!

Thus died Ireland's true knight, sinking into the grave, clothed in all the bright promise of his youth; never to put on the sad livery of age; never to feel the hopelessness of those who live to see the principles for which they suffered trampled and forgotten by the onward march of new interests and new men. Perhaps Freedom like some deity of ancient Greece loved him too well to let the "slurs and contumely of outrageous fortune" dim the bright lustre of his virgin fame. Was it that in every revolution there must be some sacrifice to fill the ravenous jaws of watchful tyranny ere the new liberated people can march forward to the fruition of their hopes? Or is it that the graves of those who fall, like roadside crosses, point new generations on the road to freedom?

"Man dies, but his memory lives," and the name of Emmet shall ever awaken an answering thrill in Irish breasts as long as the shamrock grows green on the hills of Tara, and as long as the sea moans among the rocks of Connaught.

Man dies, but the principles which animated him are in their very essence immortal; like the phoenix, they sink into their ashes only to rise again doubly resplendent upon the wings of hope.

Ireland stands now with outstretched hands eagerly waiting the advent of her freedom. Now has she climbed with tireless feet the rugged path which alone leads to Liberty's demesne. Who then shall say that those have failed who with their very heart's blood fed the watchfires for her guidance, who deemed it glory to be accounted worthy of such sacrifice? That patriot-blood may be the talisman to break the chains that ever bound her down, the veriest slave, at England's mercy; and now that in the near future we may see—O blessed vision!—a new era dawn upon this beautiful but unhappy land, let us reverently remember those who died martyrs in the effort to serve their countrymen.

“Oh not for idle hatred, not for honor, fame,
Nor self-applause,
But for the glory of the cause
You did what will not be forgot.”

THE CLIMAX

From 'The Veiled Doctor.' Copyright by Harper and Brothers. By permission of the publishers.

WICKFORD entered the garden by the wicket in the hedge, so no notice might be given of his coming. He was unstrung and totally unfit to meet his wife at the moment; he labored under the oppressive aloofness begotten by sorrow, which endows even the most familiar objects with a strangeness borrowed from the new relation that we thenceforth bear to our dead selves. The old landmarks seemed to be obliterated by the torrent of his anguish, and he felt no more of the balm he anticipated from a sense of home-coming than he might have experienced in entering any wayside tavern. His disease created a spiritual alienation from all things, and in his heart like the Jewish lepers, he cried out perpetually, "Unclean, unclean!" proclaiming his eternal separation from humanity. He saw the light and heard the bursts of music swelling out from the drawing-room, and vainly tried to smother an unreasonable sense of resentment towards Isabel because she was enjoying herself so thoroughly, while he shuddered under the lash

of his fate out here in the cold. No doubt she had guests; he decided he would not disturb her then; it would be time enough to thrust his sinister presence upon her when they were gone.

Everything in his office and the adjoining room was just as he left it, with a fire laid against his coming. He soon kindled a blaze upon the hearth and threw himself into his high-backed chair, where in the deep silence, broken only by the howling of the wind and the distant booming of the surf, he determined to fight out his great fight alone, and win such quietness, born of desperation, as was to be his spiritual meat and drink until he died. In the tense agony he endured he took no note of time; all the forces of his nature waged war within the narrow confines of his heart, and their storming was mightier than the rage of the winds without. The temptation to self-destruction surged over him from time to time, and his belief in a personal devil made him feel almost as if he could see the dim spectre clutching at his laboring soul. There was a supreme moral courage in the man that sustained him in the midst of this spiritual upheaval, and at last the silent dignity of resignation began to settle upon him. He would live—yes, and carry on his work, too—until the end, nor should any man see him in the last stage of his fearful malady; his plan was fixed. Now he would go and say good-bye to that sweet temple of all his ruined hopes. He would look on her for the last time face to face; he would see the sheen of her hair, the rosy flush of her skin once more, for from the morrow all things would only come dimly to him seen through the fold of a black veil. The fire burned brightly, but he lit a candle. Who knew when he would come back? Perhaps she would meet him with tenderness; perhaps after all the difference between them might be bridged. There were all sorts of half-fledged thoughts nestling in his heart as he strode out into the night; the music was silent, so her guests must be gone, yet there was still light burning in the drawing-room. However, he would look in before he intruded upon her merry-making. Thus thinking he drew close to the window, his footfalls silent on the carpet of damp, dead leaves. The picture in the cheerful, warmly-lighted room seemed ever afterwards etched into his brain as by lightning. In a flash he saw her cut the curl, he saw the Captain take it with some-

thing else that glittered, he saw the kiss and the soldier's hurried departure. Then with an inarticulate cry of rage like a tiger's snarl he rushed madly through the garden towards the street; but it was too late, he could discern only the rapidly vanishing figure of horse and rider as they galloped through the night.

In his blind fury he ran forward, yelling to stop them, but the wind drove his voice back in his teeth and clutched his garments as if to hinder his mad race after vengeance. Bare-headed and panting, he struggled on until in his wild career he caught his foot in a protruding root and fell heavily to the ground, striking his head.

He never knew how long he lay there, but when semi-consciousness returned to him he staggered up, and with shaking limbs retraced his steps. The whole night seemed full of demons to his bewildered senses—devils who howled and laughed in his ears and blazened his shame on the very rooftops. He was obliged to sit down and rest at times, but after a while he found himself at his own door.

All the candles were snuffed out, the great lower rooms lay in utter darkness save for an occasional flicker of the smouldering logs in the drawing-room. There was light upstairs in madame's apartment though. That room he thought of, even in his present half-crazed condition, with a great heart-throb. It was the nest he had prepared for her with so much loving care; the chamber whose threshold he had not crossed since that day in midsummer when his respect for his wife suffered an untimely death.

Madame was nearly ready for the night; she had sent her maid away and was gazing into the mirror unseeingly, with the full tide of her hair rippling over her bare shoulders and hanging on either side of her tear-stained face in curling profusion. The sense of utter desolation and overwhelming fatigue oppressed her so she could not even summon the energy to go to bed, although every nerve in her body ached with a separate pain of its own. She heard the door open behind her.

"Go to bed, Chloe," she said listlessly. "I told you I should not want you any more unless the child waked." Hearing no answer, she looked up into the mirror, and there above her was

reflected her husband's wild, white face, the purplish spot on his cheek glowing with sinister distinctness and his hair disordered and clotted with blood. Screaming she hid her head in her arms, cowed with abject terror at what she believed to be an apparition.

"Woman, make ready, I have come to do the vengeance of the Lord," he said at last, and his voice sounded toneless and unnatural like that of a sleep-walker. "You shall give up that beauty with which you sought to kill men's souls. What you denied me you shall give no man."

The heart seemed to go out of her, and she slipped down to the floor, groveling in her agony of fright. "Ah, don't kill me!" she begged, huddled at his feet. "For the love of Heaven don't kill me, Gordon. You will be so sorry—so sorry afterwards." She threw her white arms around his knees in the insistence of her pleading, and the glory of her golden hair lay along the floor where he stood.

He dragged himself from her clasp. "Back!" he cried, his eyes burning with delirium. "Back, woman! do not try to mesh me in your toils again. I saw you give those tokens to your lover, and by the living God I will shear you of your attractions as Samson should have shorn Delilah, then would he never have been delivered bound to his enemies."

"Ah, spare me just this once!" she pleaded. "I will go away, Gordon; only don't kill me. Oh, for God's sake don't kill me!" she begged, crawling along after him on the floor.

"I will not kill you now," he muttered still in the same dull, cadenceless voice. "Not until I can kill him too, for there is no justice in sending one soul to hell without the other to bear it company. You shall go down with your paramour when your time comes, but it is not yet; stand up, stand up, I say! your gold hair shall wreck no other man's soul!"

"It is not so," she sobbed. "Oh Gordon, you don't believe that of me? You can't believe me that bad?" But half lifting her he pushed her into a chair; then seizing the scissors that lay upon her dressing-table he cut away the heavy masses of hair that hung about her. She could hear the hiss of the scissors as they reft her glory from her, but she had neither strength nor voice left to protest. She felt now that her life was safe for the present, but even in her first relief from the

greater terror vanity asserted itself in a throbbing sense of loss as he strode to the chimney-place and thrust the glittering mass into the heart of the fire. He rammed it down with his heel and in a moment the room was heavy with the stifling odor of burning hair. She watched his movements with fascinated eyes as he disengaged a long gold filament that had caught upon his sleeve-button, and cast that in too, scrupulously examining if any thread remained about his person. Isabel's limbs seemed paralyzed by fear, she could not have moved hand or foot, even to save her life.

When nothing was left but a black mass among the wood-ashes Wickford passed out muttering:

"And I have made a holocaust unto the Lord, a burnt-offering—" and his voice died away as he descended the staircase. Isabel tottered to the door and bolted it before she crawled into bed and covered her head with the blankets. Thus she lay shivering with nervous chills until towards morning, when she dropped at last into a leaden, unrefreshing sleep.

CONSUMMATION OF THE ROMANCE

From 'A Romance of Summer Seas.' Copyright by Harper and Brothers. By permission of the publishers.

So he went off, leaving me alone in the white glory of the tropic night. No words of mine can convey the magic of that moonlight, enveloping everything, and culminating in a glittering path across the water. Every now and then a fish jumped, and I could see its wet sides glitter; or a ghostly gull swept by on silent wings, for when the full moon rides in the southern sky, not even the birds can sleep, but wake and sing their songs fitfully throughout the night.

I walked aft to look at our boiling wake before I went below to call the child. If truth must be told, I was making delays to put off the interview. The peace of the night had fallen upon my soul, and I was even more out of tune with anger than I had been in the lighted cabin. A dispute with so gentle an opponent as Minerva appeared doubly distasteful now, and I began to wonder whether it was necessary after all, and whether my interference would not be quite as likely

to harm as help Ralstone's suit. But as I passed through the shadow of the wheel-house, I stumbled over something solidly black in the circumambient darkness. It was Minerva huddled up on the deck alone.

"Now what on earth are you doing?" I exclaimed. "Get up, child; I want to talk to you seriously." She rose and faced me; in the shadow her eyes gleamed uncannily out of her white face, and the straight folds of her dress fell round her in a fashion that reminded me of a picture I had seen somewhere of Gretchen's wraith on the Blocksberg. It was a disagreeable association, and I caught her hand and pulled her into the moonlight.

"Stop playing spook," I said laughing uncomfortably, "and tell me what you mean by your capers. You have made Ralstone extremely miserable and have given me a mint of trouble by this behavior. I hope you can explain yourself satisfactorily."

She looked up at me without answering, and I saw two great tears well over and sparkle in the moonlight as they fell; then I began to understand how Ralstone lost his head when she cried. But I stood my ground and led her to a seat. I placed myself beside her and began to remonstrate in a fatherly tone, begging her to be a reasonable girl and tell me what had annoyed her; but the child would only sit and cry silently, until I was at my wits' end, and if the truth must be told, at the end of my patience also.

"Very well," I said at last; "if you wish to distress us without rhyme or reason, of course we must bear it patiently. But if you refuse to tell your friends what Miss Starkey said to you, I suppose you understand they can do nothing to protect you against her. However, the idea of taking a dislike to Ralstone on account of this old maid's gossip is perfectly absurd. You have hurt his feelings repeatedly, with no better excuse than your own whims. I should think gratitude would make you sensible to his past consideration, and incline you to make his position as little embarrassing as is possible."

I felt sorry in a minute for what I had said, for she gave a little gasp of surprise and pain; then she sat as still as a hare on its form, and we both sat staring before us. That child had a forty-horse power of silence in her, but I fidgeted

about nervously, and at last took up my parable again in sheer inability to keep quiet any longer.

"Ralstone has been talking to me about you," I said, "and he feels that under the circumstances you would be happier away from each other, so he will get lodgings for you when he reaches Yokohama, where you can remain until we find some escort who can take you home."

"Let it be just as he wishes," she replied listlessly.

Minerva seemed to care so little what became of us that her stolidity angered me anew. "If I were in your place," I answered, "I would cultivate a little gratitude; the virtue is sufficiently rare to be precious and even fashionable. I think you might remember the unselfish tenderness which Ralstone has shown you; the patience with which he has suffered inconvenience for your sake. I can tell you, young lady, it is not every man who would be so chivalrous."

Minerva put her hands to her throat, then she wailed, "Oh, don't you see! It is just because it is best for him that I am willing to go. Do you think I could find any happiness away from him? I never knew that I was a drawback until that day when Miss Starkey spoke to me. I didn't know what people would think and say. I had just grown up loving him always. I couldn't help it, and everybody loves him at home. Everything has been so different since he came. I thought it was because I was thankful to him; but I know now—I know what makes my heart ache so when I think of leaving him." The girl wrung her hands above her head as she went on: "If I only had been like other people, he might have loved me too some day. If I had been pretty and clever, though I never could have been good enough for him; but look at me! Do you think I don't see the difference, how ignorant and badly dressed I am? I know I have given him nothing but trouble since we started, yet he is so kind he pities me. Oh Mr. Bush, can't you see I care for him too much to take advantage of his pity? When he was ill I could love him and serve him as much as I liked; nobody blamed me then; and I was so happy when he began to mend; but to have dragged him down, to have ruined his life! Oh I am so unhappy—so unhappy," she sobbed. "It would have been a thousand times easier to die quietly at home than to go on suffering here. I wish I were

dead—dead and asleep—I am so tired,” she cried, rocking her body to and fro. “If it were not for papa and the children, it would be so easy to slip out—”

Here Minerva broke off suddenly, and looked off at the moonlit water below us with an expression I distrusted. I quietly gripped the folds of her dress, while I tried to calm her excitement and convince her of Ralstone’s genuine affection.

“My child,” I said, “be reasonable. In real life men do not ask girls to marry them from mere sympathy. He told you he loved you, and the least you can do is to believe him.”

“No, he didn’t,” she sobbed, “he never said he loved me, not even then; he only asked me to let him take care of me. It is just the way he wanted to fight those bad men who abused me aboard the *Sultana*.”

“Minerva,” I demanded, “Minerva, answer me directly: “who put that into your head?” She was crying so she could not speak for a moment; then she sobbed out that it was in a letter she had from Miss Starkey.

“She said his sense of honor might make him offer to marry me, but she could not let me ruin another life without showing me what trouble I had already made, and how I had come near killing him and Colonel Guthrie, too. She said they might both have died but for her. I would not let her in, and so she wrote; and oh, I know he only pities me—he does not love me.”

“Well, some people say that pity and love are about the same thing,” I answered, for I felt vastly relieved by her revelations. “Ralstone loves you, be sure of that, whatever he said or left unsaid. Do you suppose any man is fool enough to think of rhetoric when he is proposing? Ralstone didn’t expect you to discuss his admissions and reservations like a lawyer. I don’t know what has come over you, Minerva; you used to be such a confiding little person.”

“No, no,” she protested; “perhaps I might not have understood if Miss Starkey had not warned me. But she is right, that awful woman, I know she is right; I am a discredit to him. See, even the men on the ship hang off from us, and the women treat me as if I were one of the lepers at home—just as if I were really bad. Miss Starkey said the taint would

never leave me all my life; every one would know about me; people would point me out as the girl who nearly caused a duel. She said I must never expect respectable people to have anything to do with me again, but if I went away and repented and people didn't see me with him any more, they could be friends with him just as if he had never heard of me. I know he has done nothing wrong, and I am sure I never meant to harm any one, but if it hurts him I must go away. If he loved me ever so little, the temptation would have been too great. Oh, take me away before I give up and tell him how I love him!—take me away," she pleaded, seizing my hand and lifting her twitching white face to mine.

"Minerva," I said gravely, "I wish you to show me Miss Starkey's letter." The child took it out of her pocket and handed it to me without further urgency.

"I brought it up to give it to you," she said simply; "I could not bear to have you angry with me, too." Then I took her thin little hands in mine and pleaded Ralstone's case with her to the best of my ability, describing all I knew he had suffered and explaining as well as I could the groundlessness of her fears. At first she would only shake her head and ask me if she had a right to buy her own happiness at the cost of his career; Lord, how I shivered when I thought how short that career might be! I found out afterwards all this talk was part of Miss Starkey's thunder. When I ceased talking, Minerva was crying softly, but somehow her tears did not hurt me any longer; they were as gentle as summer rain. A sudden impulse seized me and I determined that if I could help it Ralstone should not go to possible death in Yokohama without having tasted the happiness he deserved, so I said, "Will you wait here for me a minute? It is too dark to read this precious letter; I must go to the light."

"I will wait," she said wearily; and I saw her lay her head on her crossed arms as they rested against the rail. I did not give her time to change her mind, for I ran below and burst into Ralstone's stateroom, exclaiming, "Put your coat on, man! Come on deck! Minerva is up there behind the wheel-house and she loves you!"

The news must have caused a great revulsion in his feeling, for he turned livid at first and clutched at me for support;

then a mighty gladness lit up his face, and struggling into his coat he dashed out of the cabin. Although he confided his sorrow to me, until that night I had never realized how completely Ralstone's happiness was bound up in the child; but this was not remarkable, as rational people are usually at a loss to understand the valuation lovers set on each other. For my part, I have always sympathized with the sentiments of the "Three Jolly Hunters." You remember the ballad. The one said, "They are lovers;" the other he said, "Nay, but two poor wandering lunatics; come, let us go away." When a man recovers from his honeymoon madness, he should feel very grateful to the friends who refused to witness his antics. At any rate, I thought the two youngsters up-stairs could settle their difficulties without further help.

VARINA HOWELL DAVIS

[1826—1906]

CORNELIA BRANCH STONE

TO prepare this sketch is a duty that falls to me as the head of a great organization, which seeks to preserve the glorious memories of the war between the States—that valiant struggle of “a day that is dead,” in which the people of the South counted no sacrifice too great for the defense of constitutional government and individual rights, and out of which were born to the American people some of the noblest types of character that the world has ever known. Among these, standing out in bold relief, are Davis, Lee and Jackson. With this thrilling time the name of Varina Howell Davis is inseparably linked, for she shared, with our great chieftain and leader, the glory and honor of achievement, together with the sorrow and humiliation of defeat. Descended from a long line of distinguished ancestry, Mrs. Davis inherited those strong, heroic qualities of character that enabled her to bear, with matchless fortitude, the varying fortunes of her eventful life. Her grandfather was Richard Howell, a gallant soldier of the Revolution, and Governor of New Jersey. His son, William Burr Howell, the father of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, served under Commodore Decatur, in the War of 1812—winning distinction in the engagements on the great lakes. Later he settled in Natchez, Mississippi, where he married Margaret Louise Kempe, a woman of strong character and charming personality, the daughter of Colonel James Kempe, an Irish gentleman of classical education, who commanded a company at the Battle of New Orleans. The first son of Colonel and Mrs. Howell was named Joseph Davis Howell, for the eldest brother of Jefferson Davis, for whom Colonel Howell had formed a warm and lasting friendship; and in after years a younger son bore the name of Jefferson Davis Howell, thus uniting these two names which were to be historically linked in the marriage tie.

The daughter of this house, Varina Howell, was born in Natchez, Mississippi, May 7, 1826. When she was old enough to consider her education, which was a problem not easy of solution, as, owing to the scarcity of good schools, there was no “royal road” to learning, she was fortunate in securing the gratuitous instruction of a friend of her father’s, Judge George Winchester, of Salem, Massachusetts.

He was a man of scholarly attainments, of whom Mrs. Davis speaks in her writings as "a saintly man, an eminent lawyer, an incorruptible jurist, a strong thinker, and a devoted, self-sacrificing friend." Attracted by her receptive, comprehensive mind, he took charge of her studies for twelve years and led her into the paths of knowledge, by difficult methods, perhaps, such as a learned man would adopt. These prepared her to be the helpmate of the great soldier and statesman whose life and fate she shared. At Madame Greenland's School, in Philadelphia, her education was continued with exceptional advantages.

She first met Jefferson Davis when she was seventeen and he thirty-six, at the plantation of his brother Joseph Davis, where she was making a visit, and two years later, on February 26, 1845, they were married. At this time began the remarkable career of Jefferson Davis, with which Mrs. Davis was so closely identified that it became the history of her own life; for in the following December he took his seat in Congress, as a Representative from the State of Mississippi. For twenty years thereafter he was continuously in the public service—as Senator, then in the Cabinet of President Pierce, as Secretary of War, and again in the Senate, a political career interrupted by one year's service in the Mexican War, where he won renown and was largely instrumental in securing the victories that made Zachary Taylor President. In this field of action the young wife of a year met her first sacrifice, awaiting in prayerful anxiety his return from the dangers of Buena Vista's field, from which he brought both wounds and honors.

Those were happy years of official life in Washington, for assembled there, at that period, was a notable galaxy of statesmen, scholars and orators, the equal of which this country has never known. Among these Jefferson Davis was the peer of the most prominent, as is attested by his distinguished record in the United States Senate and as Secretary of War. The social contact of such minds was for Mrs. Davis an educational opportunity which cannot be over-estimated, for she heard the daily discussion of all the great and vital questions that then agitated the country, thus fitting and enriching her mind for the work of after years. But from this congenial life there was a sad awakening, for the "irrepressible conflict" was on, and the Southern States realized that their constitutional rights were no longer safe within the Union, and decided to secede and resume their delegated powers. The secession of South Carolina was followed by Mississippi, on January 9, 1861, and Senator Davis was called to his State to take command of her troops, with the rank of Major-general. This severance of the ties of the Union was a sore trial to Mr. Davis and his wife, for ther-

loved its glorious history, its flag, and he had a grateful appreciation of the honors it had conferred upon him. Like General Lee, however, he recognized no higher claim upon his loyalty than that which was due his State, and after vainly pleading before the Senate for some guarantee to the Southern States that their constitutional rights would be respected, he sadly bade farewell to the dear associates of many years and returned with his wife to "Briarfield," his plantation home, to make provision for the comfort and care of his servants. While there he received notice of his election to the office of President of the Confederate States of America, and leaving Mrs. Davis to follow, he went to Montgomery, Alabama, where on February eighteenth he was formally inaugurated, accepting this unsought honor with a full realization of the responsibilities and sacrifices involved. The history of the four stormy years of the life of the young Confederacy cradled in bloodshed—its lullaby the booming of cannon and the roar of artillery—has told the world of how well he kept the trust. In all of triumph and victory, disaster and defeat, Mrs. Davis took, with courage and fortitude, her full share.

When Mr. Davis entered upon his Presidential duties there were three children in their home—Margaret Howell Davis, Jefferson Davis, Jr., and Joseph Evan Davis; their eldest child, Samuel Emory Davis, having died when two years of age. Soon after the removal of the capital to Richmond, another son, William Howell Davis, was born, and to the increasing cares of motherhood was added the grief of losing her son, Joseph Evan Davis, who died in 1864.

Into the darkness of the last year of the Confederacy, when its fall was foreshadowed and the clouds were gathering thick and fast around the great chieftain, while the peerless Lee was bending every energy to prevent the capture of Richmond, Varina Anne Davis, always known as "Winnie," was born. This marked an epoch in the lives of these parents, so weighted with trials and reverses, for she was to be the light of many dark days of the future. Then came the end, when that glorious fabric of Confederacy was crushed to earth—its banner furled—its chieftain a captive in prison walls—and ruin and desolation all over the Southern land. Still, with faith sublime, she trusted, and sought the speedy trial and release of the beloved prisoner in Fortress Monroe. This she could not accomplish, although no charge against him could be established, and he endured hardships and humiliations for two long years. She plead for the privilege of sharing his imprisonment, and during the last year of his captivity this was granted, and she was with him, cheering and encouraging and bringing back to vital force the enfeebled body, so wasted by confinement and prison food. Into the dark walls of his prison cell there came, too, the winsome "Winnie,"

the prattling babe, the flower of the Confederacy, illuminating its gloomy depths with ineffable radiance.

Through the generous interest and effort of former opponents of Mr. Davis who were touched by a sense of justice, his release was secured; and with broken health and ruined fortune, yet declining all offers of assistance from his people who loved him so well, he resolved to maintain his family by his own efforts. Through these trying years Mrs. Davis, as his faithful companion and comforter, fully met the demands of misfortune as she had his years of success; and whether as the wife of Senator, Cabinet officer, or "Mistress of the White House of the Confederacy," or the "Martha" in the management of the domestic affairs of her home, she maintained the same dignity and strength of character. Easy and charming in conversation, she could draw at will on a well-stored mind, and was well fitted for her service as amanuensis to Mr. Davis, while he wrote 'The Rise and Fall of the Confederacy.' Into the quiet and retirement of Beauvoir came further sorrow in the death of their youngest son, William Howell Davis, in 1873; then three years later the loss of their last son, Jefferson Davis, Jr., a young man of excellent character and rich promise, brought added affliction to the martyr parents.

At last the great sacrifice was demanded of her, when the noble heart of Jefferson Davis was stilled. Alone with "Winnie" she bravely took up life again. Her first service was in his behalf, for she felt that his motives and actions had been "greatly and strangely misconceived," and while he had borne injustice with patience and calmness, she made it her mission to defend his name and fame from the enemies who had assailed it. To this end she wrote and published, in two volumes, her 'Memoirs of Jefferson Davis,' in which she presents him as he was—"the great soldier, marked and fitted for more than fame; the citizen, fashioned in the old faithful type; the Christian, who was a lover of all high and righteous things."

In this labor of love, her first and greatest literary work, her purpose has been fully met; and so ably and gracefully has she wielded her pen, that she has been accorded a high place among Southern writers as a woman of rare ability, of chaste and finished style, and a master delineator of character, as shown in her descriptions of the great men with whom she came in contact during the official life of her distinguished husband.

Because her literary work, and that of her daughter "Winnie," could be better conducted in New York, and for other potent reasons, Mrs. Davis decided to make her home in that city, where she contributed to magazines and periodicals many articles of value.

After years of literary labor, in which she and "Winnie" both had recognition, she was again called to "pass under the rod"—when "Winnie," her sole companion, in the beauty and bloom of her young womanhood was taken from her. The sorrow of the eight years that followed, before she was at rest, cannot be told, but in this, as in all other trials that came to her, the people of the South were in close sympathy.

Of the six children, four sons and two daughters, born to President and Mrs. Davis, there survives only Mrs. Margaret Jefferson Davis Hayes—a woman of rare graces of mind and heart, and of finished culture. On account of the health of Mr. Hayes, they make their home in Colorado. They have two sons and two daughters, and by act of Legislature the eldest son bears the name of Jefferson Davis, and it is the hope of the people of the South that he may, with the name, inherit the pure and upright character of his illustrious grandfather.

Before the death of Mrs. Davis, which occurred October 16, 1906, she gave to the State of Mississippi, as a Home for Confederate Soldiers, beautiful Beauvoir, the last home of Jefferson Davis; thus paying to that State a touching tribute in memory of the honors bestowed on the name of Davis, and as a loving memorial to the veterans of that cause for which, with her beloved people, all, save honor, had been sacrificed.

The work that she did, the life that she lived, must point upward as an inspiration and example of loftiness and nobility of character, for without murmur she bravely faced the conditions of life, and with heroic faith met all of its trials until called to her eternal rest.

Corvilia Branch Stone

VISIT OF CALHOUN, 1845

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MR. JOHN C. CALHOUN had always been such a strict constructionist of the Constitution that encroachment, in defiance of the restrictions imposed upon the appropriation by Congress of money to improve one state or harbor at the expense of the rest, had been with him a constant cause of excited debate whenever such propositions were urged. About this time the effort had been renewed to obtain grants for the improvement of the different harbors on the Lakes, and especially that of Chicago, which was just then beginning to be built up into a city. On this subject there was a good deal of feeling between the Southern and Southwestern States.

Before attending a commercial convention in Cincinnati, Mr. Calhoun had in some measure changed his views, and in a speech in his journey through the West and South (before the convention at Cincinnati) he justified the appropriation for the Lakes, and suggested one for Mississippi River, because they were all "inland seas." Great was the confusion of his allies and adherents throughout the Democratic party: they looked upon the proposition as class legislation, not justified by the Constitution, and a latitudinarian construction of this instrument by him was as though Moses had altered the Commandments. In this state of feeling he drew nigh to Vicksburg in his tour, and my husband was invited to welcome him.

Mr. Davis had known Mr. Calhoun with some degree of intimacy since 1836, and received his cadet's warrant from him. Strongly opposed to internal improvements by the General Government, Mr. Davis meant to be very circumspect in what he said, and also to avoid having to write out his speech for the reporters afterwards. He pondered and dictated it to me, and the delivery was to consume half an hour. The "inland seas" were gracefully left to take care of their own shores, and the speech, as written, had an amount of pretty imagery and lofty rhetoric in it, that, to my girlish taste, was as wonderful as it was charming. It had the usual stanzas of poetry, and the ship of state tossing, as it does for all young orators, on a stormy sea, while the statesman addressed took

its bearing and brought it "safe into port!" The speech was, at last, clearly written out in my best hand, and the pages numbered. It was my glorious privilege to be permitted to perpetuate such eloquence! We then prepared our house for a long absence, and commenced our journey to Washington, taking with us our niece, Miss Mary Bradford.

We reached Vicksburg in the afternoon of the night that was to bring Mr. Calhoun to us. A numerous company of elegant people, who had come in from forty miles around Vicksburg, were gathered in a public hall. Dr. William M. Gwinn and his handsome young wife were there, and numbers I did not know. The boat was delayed, and the guest of the evening did not arrive until the large assemblage were tired out. Then, after rustlings, cranings of necks, and whispered remonstrances at the delay, the door opened, and the committee, escorting Mr. Calhoun, entered.

My Whig proclivities had inclined me to be coolly civil to the stern zealot with whom I could feel no sympathy; but when Mr. Calhoun, with head erect, cast his eagle eyes over the crowd, I felt like rising up to do homage to a king among men. His head was long rather than broad, the ears were placed low upon it, the depth from front to back was very great; his forehead was low, steep, and beetled squarely over the most glorious pair of yellow brown shining eyes, that seemed to have a light inherent in themselves; they looked steadily out from under bushy eyebrows that made the deep sockets look still more sunken. When excited, the pupils filled the iris and made his eyes seem black. He lowered them less than any one I have ever seen; they were steadily bent on the object with which he was engaged; indeed, on some people they had an almost mesmeric power.

He wore his thick hair all the same length, and rather long, combed straight back from his forehead. This, with his brilliant eyes and unflinching gaze, gave his head the expression of an eagle's. His mouth was wide and straight; he rarely smiled, and the firm, square chin and grave manner made a personality striking in the extreme. He was tall and slenderly built, quick and alert in both speech and movement, but mind and body were so equally and rarely adjusted to each other that no dignity could be more supreme than Mr. Calhoun's.

His voice was not musical; it was the voice of a professor of mathematics, and suited his didactic discourse admirably. He made few gestures, but those nervous, gentlemanly hands seemed to point the way to empire. He always appeared to me rather as a moral and mental abstraction than a politician, and it was impossible, knowing him well, to associate him with mere personal ambition. His theories and his sense of duty alone dominated him.

Now the forthcoming speech of welcome was to be delivered, and I was the first time to hear my husband address an assembly. Dread was the prevailing feeling. The world had not then given its *imprimatur* to him, and I felt like a mute inglorious Columbus who had discovered a new continent, and that my Eldorado was to enrich the millions. He had asked me not to look at him while speaking, so I heard only his beautiful voice, expressive of respectful regard in every tone. He greeted the great statesman with a few words of personal and general welcome, and then began, in rather a slow manner, evidently trying to remember the aforesaid speech; but as he progressed his voice grew round and clearer until it filled the large hall to the echo. Without pausing for a word, he passed in rapid review the tariff, the currency, the probable addition of Texas to the Union—which was then an exciting theme—as there were many opponents of the measure. He did not even look askance at nullification, nor internal improvements by the General Government, but made a strong appeal for strict construction of the Constitution, and an eloquent statement of the power, the glory, and the danger of our country; a short review of Mr. Calhoun's career as Secretary of War, Senator, and Vice-President; and then came to the home-stretch with State Rights sails all set and Mr. Calhoun at the helm.

Round after round of applause greeted the orator, and then Mr. Calhoun deliberately arose. After the enthusiastic greeting had subsided, amid profound silence, I heard him for the first time. His language was plain to poverty; he never used a trope or simile; and seemed to argue as though alone with one man, and he a devoted patriot, who only aimed to know the right to do it with all his might.

Mr. Calhoun made no appeals to any emotion. The duty of a citizen to the State was his theme; the reward he offered

was the consciousness of having performed it faithfully. He spoke so fast, in words so concise, that the loss of one or two rendered it hard to follow him. He borrowed nothing from the style or thoughts of authors of the past or present. It was the chart of his faith which he turned toward us and explained its bearings, taking it for granted we were to sail with him; and I do not think any one present would have hesitated then to do so.

When the applause which followed subsided a little, he passed from one lady to another, saying to each a few words without a trace of gallantry; yet, though he was gray and much emaciated, the fire within made him seem hardly to have reached middle age. He devoted a little more time than to others to the wife of the orator of the evening, and his manner was so paternal and full of indulgent sympathy that I found myself telling him what a grief it was to contemplate my first separation from my mother. He spoke of a daughter named Cornelia, near my age, who loved him better than any one else, and told some little anecdotes of her, and of his brilliant Anna, who married Mr. Clemens.

Thus began a friendship which lasted through his life, and was attested by long letters on governmental subjects, written as though to an intellectual equal. It was one of the sources of his power over the youth of the country that he assumed nothing except a universal, honest, co-intelligence between him and the world, and his conversation with a girl was on the same subjects as with a statesman. His perceptions were so quick, however, that after a few words in response to him he would interject, "Yes, yes, I know what you mean," and proceed to answer at once to the unexpressed opinion. His letters were all lost during the war; but it was I and not posterity that sustained the misfortune, for his handwriting, though it looked neat, was almost undecipherable. I once sent him back his letter to read for me, and he responded, "I know what I think on this subject, but cannot decipher what I wrote."

These two speeches, the third I had ever heard—the first was one by Sargent Prentiss—excited me greatly; but when a lull came, a certain pity for the loss to the world of the written speech over which we had toiled so industriously came upon me. Not one word had been repeated of all the very fine things

I had indited in a fair hand—and all for nothing! However, the amateur reporters had entirely forgotten their object, and neglected to give the speech as it was delivered; we had no time to rewrite it, so the other was printed instead. If still in existence, it will be a thing of joy to the young people, but very unlike the address, or any other Mr. Davis ever made afterward.

From that day forth no speech was ever written for delivery. Dates and names were jotted down on two or three inches of paper, and these sufficed. Mr. Davis's speeches never read as they were delivered; he spoke fast, and thoughts crowded each other closely; a certain magnetism of manner and the exceeding beauty and charm of his voice moved the multitude, and there were apparently no inattentive or indifferent listeners. He had one power that I have never seen excelled; while speaking, he took in the individuality of the crowd, and seeing doubt or a lack of coincidence with him in their faces, he answered the mental dissonance with arguments addressed to the case in their minds. He was never tiresome, because, as he said, he "gave close attention to the necessity of stopping when he was done."

Only so much of his eloquence has survived as was indifferently reported. The spirit of the graceful periods was lost. He was a parenthetical speaker, which was a defect in a written oration, but did not, when uttered, impair the quality of his speeches, but rather added a charm when accentuated by his voice and commended by his gracious manner. At first his style was ornate, and poetry and fiction were pressed from his crowded memory into service; but it soon changed into a plain and stronger cast, what he considered to be, and doubtless was, the higher kind of oratory. His extempore addresses are models of grace and ready command of language;

THE SENATE IN 1845

MR. CALHOUN never willingly engaged in these tilts. He was anxious about the policy which he thought it best to adopt; for this he pleaded with hurried, earnest, clear reasoning, never hesitating for a word, or indulging in any unnecessary blame or personalities. If he was misunderstood, he arose in an enthusiastic, quick manner, and repeated his assertion *verbatim*. Mr. Benton had no admiration for his political theses, but utter confidence in his simple honesty, and so they generally came to a friendly armistice.

Mr. Davis, only a few years ago, wrote of Mr. Calhoun: "In my early manhood I enjoyed his personal acquaintance, and perhaps more of his consideration, from the fact that as Secretary of War, he gave me the appointment as a cadet.

"When, in 1845, I entered the House of Representatives, he was a Senator. I frequently visited him at his lodgings. His conversation was both instructive and peculiarly attractive. He and his colleague, the impulsive, brilliant orator, Mr. McDuffie, did not fully concur on the great question of the day—notice to Great Britain to terminate the joint occupancy of Oregon—and their comparison of views, which, on one occasion I was permitted to hear, was deeply interesting."

It will be remembered that Mr. Calhoun was induced to leave the repose his impaired health required, and return to the Senate, because of the threatened danger of war with Great Britain. War was to him an evil which only the defence of the honor and rights of his country would justify. That made him the advocate of the War of 1812, but in 1845 he saw no justification, and was therefore in favor of negotiation, by which it was believed the evils of war could be avoided without sacrifice of the honor or rights of our country.

As a Senator he was a model of courtesy; he listened attentively to each one who spoke, neither reading nor writing when in his seat, and, while his health permitted, was punctual and constant in attendance. He conducted his correspondence by rising at dawn and writing his letters before breakfast. Had he been the Senator of a new state, this would hardly have been possible.

Issues growing out of the disposal of the public lands

within the states occupied much of the time of Congress, and for this and more important reasons, he proposed, for certain conditions, to surrender the public lands to the new states in which they lay. This was but another exhibition of his far-reaching wisdom and patriotism, as shown by his argument for the measure. Always earnest, often intense in debate, he never practiced *ad captandum* devices, seldom sought the aid of illustration, simile, or quotation, but concisely and in logical sequence stated his views like one demonstrating a problem, the truth of which was so clear to his mind that he could not doubt its acceptance by all who listened to the proof. Perhaps he was too little of a party man to believe, as the English parliamentarian said, that he had known opinions, but had not known votes to be changed by a speech.

Wide as was his knowledge, great as was his wisdom, reaching toward prophetic limit, his opinions were but little derived from books or conversation. Data he gathered on every hand, but his ideas were the elaboration of his brain, were as much his own as is honey, not of the leaf, but of the bag of the bee.

Mr. Cass, who was a very large, fleshy person, always warm, and obliged to use a fan, which was the largest palm-leaf that I ever saw, fanned himself industriously until some one either attacked his resolutions or his political record; then, in clear, statesmanlike logic, very devoid of ornamentation or rhetoric, he said what he thought; but, if one after another sprung into the debate, the contention somewhat confused him and he was not at his best. No one wrote better than Mr. Cass.

He was one of the kindest-hearted men in the world, and if he had to say no to any one, could not do it in person, but dismissed the applicant, who, friendly but uncertain, waited, quite buoyed up by hope, to receive in a few hours a courteous though decided refusal. Mr. Cass was testy sometimes, but it was the testiness of an overworked man, not an ill-natured one. Nothing annoyed him like being called a "Michigander"; he said the name was suggestive.

Mr. Webster sat to the right of Mr. Cass, and no words can describe the first impression he made upon me. I had heard of him, and spent long hours in reading aloud his speeches

in the *National Intelligencer* when a mere child, and to see him was like looking at the Jungfrau, or any other splendid natural phenomenon. There was no doubt as to where he sat, for the conviction of his identity was forced upon one when he turned his massive, overhanging forehead, with those great speculative, observant eyes full of lambent fire. He was as careful as a woman about the delicate neatness of his attire. He generally wore a dress coat, well adjusted and of the finest material, spotless linen, and silk stockings with slippers, which in those days were called "pumps," tied in a bow on the instep of his shapely feet.

He, like Mr. Calhoun, always listened most attentively to any Senator who was speaking; but Mr. Webster, except when Mr. Calhoun or some other intellectual giant had the floor, had the air of protecting indulgence that a superior being might wear to an inferior. He was rarely offensive, but sometimes showed a dignified indulgence to weakness that was hard to bear. He never was voluble. A strong instance of the brevity of his wit was given once, when it had been expected that Mr. Webster would be nominated for the Presidency, but Messrs. Bell and Everett were chosen for the ticket. After the nomination was made, some people went up to Mr. Webster's house to serenade him. He was irritated and disappointed, and had just composed himself to sleep when the Marine Band blared out "Hail to the Chief." He did not appear for some time, and when the cries of "Webster! Webster!" became tumultuous, he put his head out of the window and said: "My friends, the sun rules the day, and mankind watches his coming and going; but where, can you tell me where, the stars go in the morning?—they are seen no more. Good night." So he shut the window and retired.

Mr. Benton used to get very tired of the long speeches in the Senate, for he, too, listened attentively. One day a certain Senator, who spoke on all occasions, and for hours at a time, had consumed the day and worn out every one. As the dusk lowered upon the hall Mr. Benton arose, and in his deep voice moved an adjournment. "For," said he, in his grand manner, "we are worse than the villeins, sir, worse than the villeins; they had their allotted time for work, but we are kept here, sir, until the stars shine out." But there was an hour

in the day that came to be recognized as one that Mr. Benton would have. About midday, or perhaps three o'clock, he always rose and left the chamber to take his paralyzed wife out for an airing. Generally he brought her, with infinite tenderness, to the Capitol grounds, seated her on a bench in a pleasant shade, and no young lover could try more sedulously than he to amuse and comfort her. She seemed to be most happy when with him, and it was a familiar sight to see him picking flowers for her as they first peeped up in the early spring. He introduced me to a lady once—"Mrs. C., a friend of my wife's, madam; need I say more?"

I met him at an unusual hour one day going toward the Senate, and said, "You are unusually late, are you not?" "Yes," said he, "my wife would not let me go until I took her to Jessie Anne's (Mrs. Frémont). Jessie Anne is a charming woman, and my wife is a judge of women, madam—a judge of women." He had a habit of accentuating his opinions or remarks by repetition. He was one of the very few great men who did not lose something by close proximity; he certainly was a power among men.

NEARING THE END

DARKNESS seemed now to close swiftly over the Confederacy, and about a week before the evacuation of Richmond, Mr. Davis came to me and gently, but decidedly, announced the necessity for our departure. He said for the future his headquarters must be in the field, and that our presence would only embarrass and grieve, instead of comforting him. Very averse to flight, and unwilling at all times to leave him, I argued the question with him and pleaded to be permitted to remain, until he said: "I have confidence in your capacity to take care of our babies, and understand your desire to assist and comfort me, but you can do this in but one way, and that is by going yourself and taking our children to a place of safety." He was very much affected and said, "If I live you can come to me when the struggle is ended, but I do not expect to survive the destruction of constitutional liberty."

He had a little gold, and reserving a five-dollar piece for himself, he gave it all to me, as well as all the Confederate

money due him. He desired me not to request any of the citizens of Richmond to take care of my silver plate, of which we possessed a large quantity, for, said he, "They may be exposed to inconvenience or outrage by their effort to serve us."

All women like bric-a-brac, which sentimental people call their "household goods," but Mr. Davis called it "trumpery." I was not superior to the rest of my sex in this regard. However, everything which could not be readily transported was sent to a dealer for sale, and we received quite a large draft on a Richmond bank as the proceeds, but in the hurry of departure the check was not cashed, and I have it now.

Leaving the house as it was, and taking only our clothing, I made ready with my young sister and my four little children, the eldest only nine years old, to go forth into the unknown. Mr. Burton N. Harrison, the President's private secretary, was to protect and see us safely settled in Charlotte, where we had hired a furnished house. Mr. George A. Trenholm's lovely daughters were also to accompany us to remain with friends there.

I had bought several barrels of flour, and intended to take them with me, but Mr. Davis said, "You cannot remove anything in the shape of food from here, the people want it, and you must leave it here."

The deepest depression had settled upon the whole city; the streets were almost deserted.

The day before our departure Mr. Davis gave me a pistol and showed me how to load, aim, and fire it. He was very apprehensive of our falling into the hands of the disorganized bands of troops roving about the country, and said, "You can at least, if reduced to the last extremity, force your assailants to kill you, but I charge you solemnly to leave when you hear the enemy are approaching; and if you cannot remain undisturbed in our own country, make for the Florida Coast and take a ship there for a foreign country."

With hearts bowed down by despair, we left Richmond. Mr. Davis almost gave way when our little Jeff begged to remain with him, and Maggie clung to him convulsively, for it was evident he thought he was looking his last upon us.

In those days a special train was not contemplated, for the transportation was now very limited, and as we pulled out from

the station and lost sight of Richmond, the worn-out engine broke down, and there we sat all night. There were no arrangements possible for sleeping and at last, after twelve hours' delay, we reached Danville. A hospitable and wealthy citizen of that place invited me to rest with his family, but we gratefully declined and proceeded to Charlotte.

The baggage cars were all needing repairs and leaked badly. Our bedding was wet through by the constant rains that poured down in the week of uninterrupted travel which was consumed in reaching our destination. Universal consternation prevailed throughout the country, and we avoided seeing people for fear of compromising them with the enemy, should they overrun North Carolina. We found everything packed up in the house we had rented, but the agent, Mr. A. Weill, an Israelite, came to meet us there, and gave us every assistance in his power; and when he found there were no conveniences for cooking, he sent our meals from his own house for several days, refusing, with many cordial words, any offer to reimburse him for the expense incurred, and he offered money or any other service he could render. This acknowledgment of his kindness is, to some extent, a relief to my heart, which has borne his goodness in grateful memory for twenty-five years.

Mr. Harrison, after seeing us safely established in Charlotte, fearing he might be separated from Mr. Davis, and hoping to be of use, set out for Richmond to rejoin him.

* * * * *

As hope died out in the breasts of the rank and file of the Confederate Army, the President's courage rose, and he was fertile in expedients to supply deficiencies, and calm in the contemplation of the destruction of his dearest hopes, and the violent death he expected to be his.

As late as April 1, 1865, he wrote to General Lee from Richmond, of the difficulty of finding iron enough to keep the Tredegar works employed, and said: "There is also difficulty in getting iron even for shot and shell, but I hope this may for the present be overcome by taking some from the Navy, which under the altered circumstances may be spared. . . . The question is often asked, 'will we hold Richmond,' to which my answer is, if we can; it is purely a question of military power. The distrust is increasing, and embarrasses in many ways."

Events now rapidly culminated in the overwhelming disaster he and our brave people had striven so energetically to avert. The gloom was impenetrable.

The siege of Petersburg was hotly pressed by the enemy, and there were many splendid instances of gallantry, but for want of space I can only cite that of Battery Gregg, which repulsed assault after assault—the Mississippians, Georgians, North Carolinians, and Louisianians, who had won honors on many fields, fought this, their last battle, with most terrible enthusiasm, as if feeling it to be for them the last act in the great drama.

Two hundred against five thousand, the odds were fearful, but they were animated by a noble purpose and had no thought of abandoning their post.

Fort Gregg fell, and but few of its brave defenders survived, but those two hundred men had placed *hors de combat* eight hundred men of Gibbon's corps.*

On the day it fell, General A. P. Hill, our intrepid, skilful, handsome soldier, accompanied by a single courier, while endeavoring to join his troops at Five Forks, ran across two Federal soldiers. Upon demanding their surrender, they shot him down and then retreated. His body was brought back to Petersburg by his faithful courier,† and the country's mourning was proportionate to her need of him, and her high estimate of his skilful generalship. Our consolation was that he was saved the pang of Appomattox. General Lee now telegraphed President Davis that he could no longer hold the lines of Petersburg, and would leave them at night, and that this would necessitate the evacuation of Richmond.

The enemy kept up an incessant fire upon the lines all day, and made many unsuccessful assaults, ceasing his efforts only at night-fall.

At twelve o'clock that night, the last man and the last gun of the brave army that had defended the lines of Petersburg for a twelve-month passed over the pontoon bridge and the retreat began that ended at Appomattox.

*Colonel Miller Owens: In Camp and Battle.

†General Gibbon so informed General Wilcox at Appomattox.

MR. DAVIS'S CHARACTERISTICS

LIKE most people of keen perceptions, incisive wit, and high ideal standards, Mr. Davis was inclined to satire, and in his younger days indulged this propensity, never cruelly, but often to his own injury. His sense of the ludicrous was intense, his powers of observation were close, and his memory was phenomenal. He seldom forgot a face, name, or circumstance. If he travelled over a country once, he knew the topography of that part which he traversed, the trees that indicated the character of the soil, noted the grasses indigenous there, observed the kinds of domestic stock preferred, the general characteristics of the people, their occupations, their sources of wealth, and even their means of water-supply. With a mind ever alert and discriminating, he took to himself, never to be relinquished, all that nature and art spread out before him.

Always delicately *soigné* in his own person, he observed the lack of neatness in others, and was prone to see in it an indication of mental characteristics. Once when describing a poor man who came to him for a loan, he said, "He was miserably poor, but his threadbare coat was brushed and his copperas linsey trousers and his horny hands were clean, so I gave him the money." Mr. Davis observed the dress of ladies very closely, but could not describe one which displeased him except by saying, "It was very high-colored, out-setting, and full of tags, and you could see her afar off," by which he meant there were flying ribbons, and she had a "loud" expression.

There were few more shrewd judges of character than he, but he was not apt to be misled by some qualities he admired and infer the rest, and was thus sometimes mistaken in his judgment. He was himself so consistent that he could not understand the incongruities of others. If he found a man sincere in one thing, or the opposite, it was impossible for him to believe that, swayed by a powerful motive, the reverse action could be adopted without all he attributed to him being forfeited; consequently, after every defection of a friend he suffered keenly. Faithful in his lightest profession of regard, and retentive of his friendships, he was deeply wounded by the duplicity of those he had trusted—not expressedly bit-

ter, for pride and reticence, both of which were unusually developed in him, prevented his asking for sympathy by showing his wound—but some keen satire, or general reflection upon the faithfulness of men, would attest his discovery, or the remark, "All men are not built like martyrs," would show his contempt.

He noticed every shade of expression that passed athwart the faces of those with whom he held intercourse. Once, when a general came to him to set forth his superior officer's mistakes, and ended his long story with, "It is only a matter of patriotic interest, of course there is nothing personal to me involved," he was bowed out civilly and Mr. Davis said: "He came to ask for General ——'s place." On my expressing astonishment, he laughed and answered, "I do not mean that he said so, only he seemed to be too full of expedients to gain a victory, and to suffer too much over the General's neglect of his opportunities." In a few days a newspaper contained the criticism Mr. Davis had listened to, with a suggestion of the name of the critic to fill the place not likely to be vacant.

No young man ever came to him with a tale of injustice, or sorrowful experience, without finding a sympathetic listener, and, while he had the means, a liberal contributor to necessities **which had been implied or stated.**

It was a rule of his house that no one should be turned away hungry, however undeserving or unattractive. A child's cry of pain would make him quiver from head to foot. A tear on the cheek of one of his house, or a downcast look, caused him to inquire into the trouble, and sometimes his attempts to do justice were embarrassing enough.

Sometimes, when he was reading his mail, I heard a groan and a muttered exclamation, "Poor creature, and my hands are tied!" It was always some appeal for help over which he was distressing himself.

He was excitable, but not petulant, easily persuaded where to yield did not involve a principle, and was more stern toward himself than to any other. His methods of showing sympathy were sometimes eccentric. Once in the street, a gentleman beggar asked him for the twentieth time for twenty-five cents. He took his arm and walked a square, remonstrating in this wise: "It mortifies me to see you lowered in

this way. I will give you five dollars, and you can let me off with twenty applications, and feel more comfortable."

To his family he was niggardly in nothing, but his personal self-denial was unusual; keenly alive to the pleasure of luxury, he denied himself all that our love permitted him to relinquish. He rarely made known a personal want.

His piety was of the kind that vaunts not itself, but was the rule of his life. He forbore with those beneath him until patience ceased to be a virtue; but with his equals he asserted and enforced his rights. He was extremely reticent, always saying less than he thought, but was very careful to convey the exact truth in the little he expressed. He was courteous in the extreme to everyone, and his servants used commonly to express their appreciation of this by saying that he was "a very fine gentleman."

In portraying the character of Mr. Davis it is difficult to place a just estimate upon his noble qualities without appearing rather as a panegyrist than a witness.

Forty-three years of intimate companionship, from the beginning of his political career until the end, left me with the profoundest respect for his unswerving mental and moral integrity, his stanch adherence to principle, his self-immolating devotion to duty, his calm, invincible courage, his wide sympathy with mankind, and his reverence for his Creator.

In the greatest effort of his life, Mr. Davis failed from the predominance of some of these noble qualities.

His foresight showed him the risks of secession, and his sincerity bade him proclaim them, while his courage urged him to attempt resistance to wrong against the world in arms, and his piety held out the hope that God would miraculously shield us. He cheerfully resigned everything and asserted a principle which, however it may now be derided, he knew was vital to the liberties of mankind.

No man doubted then that his election to the office of President of the United States would be the swift reward of his proving recreant to the interests of his own people; but he sacrificed the labors and ambitions of his life to the maintenance of his faith. His family who survive him were engulfed in the common disaster and utter ruin, but are proud of his record, and hopefully await the verdict of posterity.

FRANCIS WARRINGTON DAWSON*

[1840—1889]

J. C. HEMPHILL

A BRITON by birth, a South Carolinian by adoption and sympathy, a Charlestonian by residence, a journalist by profession, Francis Warrington Dawson was one of the most notable men of his time, and the impress of his work and genius remain to this day. He was born in London, May 17, 1840; he was murdered in Charleston, March 12, 1889. His life was romantic, his death tragic. Whatever he was, he was with his whole heart; whatever he did, he did with all the devotion of an intense nature. Whether witlings scoffed at him or men of low degree defamed him, he preserved throughout the enthusiasm of his soul and longed only after those things which would contribute to the high ideals of civic righteousness and loyalty he held ever uppermost in his mind. In his boyhood he lived in London very much as other boys, attending the better schools of the Metropolis, educating himself in the larger and better university of the surging millions all about him, and whetting his powers of observation upon the human nature discovering itself in multiform manifestations to those who read its riddles with appreciation. Whether sailing his boats in Hyde Park as a sturdy lad, or rejoicing in the drama as presented by the most distinguished of English artists, or feeding his soul upon the harmonies of great composers, or training his pen, with which in after years he was to lead the political thought of a proud people, he was ever steadfast of purpose and true to himself. His father's people were of the Church and his mother's of the Army, and it was doubtless because of this mixed strain in his blood that he entertained so deep a reverence for sacred things and so bold a courage in the storm and stress of battle. His genius was constructive, his life sacrificial, his death heroic.

Why did he come to this country? Let him speak for himself. In his 'Reminiscences of Confederate Service,' "printed for private circulation," in 1882, "and written at the request of my wife, Sarah Morgan Dawson, and for her dear sake," he said: "I had a sincere sympathy with the Southern people in their struggle for inde-

*It has seemed best in this sketch not to separate the biographical material and illustrative literary extracts.—C. W. K.

pendence, and felt that it would be a pleasant thing to help them to secure their freedom. I expected no reward and wanted none, and had no intention of remaining permanently in the Southern States." So intent was he upon his service that he shipped as a common sailor on the Confederate steamer *Nashville* at Southampton on New Year's Day, 1862, and after many adventures on sea and a long hard passage, after running the Federal blockade, he landed at Morehead City, North Carolina, February 28, 1862. The *Nashville* was under command of Captain Robert B. Pegram, who found out during the voyage, and after a sore test of his good faith, that Dawson was fitted for better service than the ordinary sailor and treated him with consideration. So much impressed was he with the intelligence and fidelity with which he had discharged his duties that by authority of the Secretary of the Navy he appointed Dawson a master's mate in the Confederate Navy. The report of the voyage was written by Dawson under the direction of Captain Pegram and a letter was written by him in Pegram's name to Governor Pickens, of South Carolina, thanking him for the use of the guns with which the steamer had been armed. The service in the Confederate Navy was not so exciting as Dawson liked; and he resigned his place in order that he might go into the Army as a private soldier, and as such reported for duty to Captain William Pegram of the Purcell Battery of field artillery a few days before the Seven Days' Battle began near Richmond. It was at Mechanicsville, June 26, 1862, that he received his baptism of fire. Though he had not been assigned to any particular duty in the battery, and looking on as an interested observer until accident should make a vacancy that he might fill, "I tied my horse behind a corn crib," says Dawson, "near by, and awaited developments, walking up and down in the rear of the guns to see what was going on. . . . A solid shot bowled past me, killed one of our men, tore a leg and arm from another and threw three horses into a bloody, struggling heap. This was my chance, and I stepped to the gun and worked away as though existence depended on my labors. For the great part of the time I acted as Number 5, bringing the ammunition from the limber to Number 2 at the piece. I felt for the first time the fierce excitement of battle. There was no thought of danger, though the men were falling rapidly on every side. So the battle continued until about six o'clock, the men cheering wildly whenever there was any sign of weakening on the part of the enemy. I did not know what hurt me; but I found myself on the ground, hearing, as I fell, a man near me say: 'That Britisher has gone up at last.' In a few moments I recovered my senses, and found that I was not dead, and that no bones appeared to be broken. The warm blood was pouring down my left leg, and on examination I saw that

a piece of shell had scooped out five or six inches of the flesh below the knee, and near the femoral artery, making an ugly wound. I did not feel that I was disabled, however, and, tying a handkerchief as best I could around my leg, I went back to my post, and there remained until the battery was withdrawn after sunset."

From the day that he went on board the Confederate steamer *Nashville* at Southampton to the end of the glorious struggle for constitutional government at Appomattox, on sea and on land, in the Navy and Army, as sailor and private soldier, in the artillery and cavalry, in the field and on the staff, this brave young Englishman performed his duty with singular courage and devotion. His record is kept among the archives of the Survivors' Association of Charleston District, and reads as follows:

"Entered Confederate service in December, 1861, at Southampton, England, as sailor, aboard the C. S. Steamer *Nashville*. Promoted to master's mate, C. S. N., February, 1862. Resigned as master's mate, C. S. N., June, 1862. Entered Purcell Battery, Field's Brigade, Army Northern Virginia, as private, June, 1862. Promoted to First Lieutenant of Artillery, August, 1862. Promoted to Captain of Artillery, April, 1864. Served from June, 1862, to October, 1864, as Assistant Ordnance Officer, First Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, and from that time to April, 1865, as Ordnance Officer, Fitzhugh Lee's Cavalry Division.

"Present at the following engagements: Mechanicsville, Second Manassas, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Chattanooga, Knoxville, Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, North Side James River, 1864, Valley of Virginia, 1864, Five Forks.

"Wounded at Mechanicsville, June 26, 1862; at Harrisonburg, Va., 1864; at Five Forks, March 31, 1865.

"Taken prisoner near Williamsport, Va., September 14, 1862. Released on parole, October, 1862.

"Surrendered and was paroled, May, 1865."

In their endorsements of Captain Dawson's application for admission to membership in the Survivors' Association, Captain R. B. Pegram of the Confederate Navy earnestly recommended him "as one eminently entitled, by his efficient services, to enjoy all the advantages and honors of a Survivor." General James Longstreet took "pleasure in certifying to the services of Captain Dawson in the First Corps, Army of Northern Virginia." General R. H. Anderson was afforded pleasure to "say that the services rendered by the applicant eminently entitle him to share the privileges and distinctions of a Survivor. My acquaintance with Captain Dawson began in the early part of the war; but during a period of about six months, following the Battle of the Wilderness, (whilst in command of Long

street's Corps) I had constant opportunities to observe the meritorious conduct and gallant bearing of this officer." Fitzhugh Lee wrote: "Captain F. W. Dawson was my Ordnance Officer at the time he specifies. He was a brave soldier and an efficient officer. Survivors! Let him in."

It was not remarkable, after the unavailing effort of the South to achieve independence, that Captain Dawson should have determined to make his home in the South. He had given to its cause his most loyal service, he believed with his whole heart in its cause, he had established among its people his firmest friendships, and he felt that worse even than the struggle in the field would be the restoration of well-ordered government. He elected to stay with them. Seeking whatever employment offered, first as a clerk in a grocery store, then as a farm hand and afterwards as road agent of an express company, he found at last his true place in the guild of journalism. His first work was done as a local reporter on the staff of the *Richmond Examiner* under H. Rives Pollard, a notable figure of the period, and done so well that the news editor commended him most heartily for his fluency, style and indefatigable energy. The *Examiner* fell under the displeasure of the Federal Commandant at Richmond, and its publication was suspended because of the "disloyal" reports of the Yankee Hops which were a feature of the military occupancy of the Confederate capital. Captain Dawson was immediately employed on the *Dispatch* as legislative and local reporter until September, 1866, when, because there was little prospect of advancement, and because there was a disposition on the part of the proprietors of the paper to stop his salary during his absence on account of illness contracted in their service, he resigned his position and became for a few months route agent of an express company. His employment in this business fortunately did not last long, and coming to Charleston in November, 1866, he entered the service of the *Charleston Mercury* under Colonel Robert Barnwell Rhett, where he remained until the autumn of the following year, when he and B. R. Riordan became one-third proprietors of the *Charleston News*, a newspaper with a circulation of about twenty-five hundred, two very old presses, a broken-down engine, a suit of badly worn type, but with debts of nearly \$20,000 and—a future. Upon this foundation these two ambitious young men built up one of the great newspapers of the South, acquiring in 1873 the old *Charleston Courier* and uniting the two properties under the name of *The News and Courier*.

It was as editor and manager of *The News and Courier* that Captain Dawson performed his greatest work. For years he was the controlling spirit in the political life of South Carolina. He directed its politics and in large measure he shaped its laws. Whatever the

cause, if it were a good and just cause, he enlisted in it with his whole heart. If it were a bad cause, whatever the sacrifices required, he made them cheerfully, and, however great the odds, he faced them with courage, intent only upon doing what was best for his State and its people. To this day it is a tradition among his people how he scorched with his invective the doers of iniquity and exposed with pitiless severity the shams and cheats of his day and generation. It required courage of the highest order to meet the crowding issues of the Reconstruction era in South Carolina, and to the bravery with which this man met his responsibilities more than to any single influence or force is the State indebted for the prosperity which has come to it in these piping times of peace. When the civilization of the white man was in peril and the State was overwhelmed by the hosts of darkness, sustained by the bayonets of the conquerors, he was the voice of the people. Wise in counsel, eloquent in speech, steady in action, indifferent to danger, pleading for peace while there was any hope of peace and riding into the midst of the mob when there was "blood in the air," he was master of himself and of the fate of his people. He stood for the white man, yet he was just to the negro. With a great many of the best and bravest men of the State he favored in 1876 the election of Chamberlain, the last of the Stranger Governors, not on the ground of principle but as a matter of strategy, but when the nomination of Hampton was determined upon none did more for Hampton than he and the newspaper he made.

Captain Dawson stood for the honor of the State. He insisted that it should meet all its honest financial obligations, that the public credit must be maintained, that the Law and not the Mob must rule, that the cause of education must be advanced, that the people must be secured in all their political rights, that the *Code Duello* must be banished, that the public charities must be supported, that the industrial development must be nourished, that justice must be done to all men, the guilty punished and the captives set free, whatever their color. He was a politician only in the higher and better sense. He never held office and never sought office and would not take office. In the Democratic party he was a tower of strength. He knew its principles by heart and held to them with his whole heart. As delegate to numerous state and national conventions of the party he served with devotion, and in his newspaper he wrought with tremendous force for the success of Democratic principles. In the discussion of the tariff question, of the rights of the states, of the limitations of the Federal power, of the suffrage, he proved his mastery. In the making of the platforms of the party in State and Nation he took an active part. His style was most effective, and in all that he said and all that he wrote he understood what "The Country Par-

son" has happily described as "the art of putting things." Writing of him several years ago, a very intimate friend said that one of his marked characteristics was "his unfailing industry," to which was added "his power of absorption." "His mind was like a sponge which sucks up water." "He possessed the most extraordinary facility of grasping at once the information and thoughts and ideas of others and assimilating them for his own purposes." More than that, he could express the thoughts of others better than they themselves could express them, so clear was his mind and so graceful his style of composition.

Speaking of Captain Dawson just after his death, and when all that he had done for the State was fresh in the mind, the Honorable James Simons, one of the most distinguished men of the State and for years Speaker of the South Carolina House of Representatives, said: "Gifted with rare abilities, he combined extraordinary brilliancy with extraordinary energy. Fearless, undaunted, prompt, and abounding in resources, he was at his best in the most trying emergencies." Another notable tribute paid to him at the same time was written by Judge George S. Bryan, of the United States District Court, who said: "He united zeal with discretion, courage with prudence, the gifts of genius with practical common sense and worldly wisdom." It so happened that during his lifetime almost every day brought its "trying emergencies," and that he was on guard while others took their ease and slept. For the conditions of the times in which he lived and worked the most superb courage was required, not the courage fortified oftentimes by the numbers of those engaged in some perilous enterprise, but the courage of the individual mind and conscience, and this sort of courage was possessed by Dawson in marked degree. All things considered, possibly, it was never more forcibly illustrated than in his fight against the *Code Duello*, which had become a part of the unwritten law of South Carolina. In Captain Dawson's opinion it was a barbaric survival and should be placed under the ban of the criminal code of the State. No one who knew him felt that his course was influenced by any wish on his part to escape personal responsibility for any offenses he might give to those with whom he came into contact in his strenuous life—he had been tried on too many fields in which his valor had been proved, he had on more than one occasion acted in "affairs of honor"; but because he had reached the conclusion that duelling was unchivalric and un-Catholic, he set himself against the institution and, largely through his influence, secured the passage of a law making duelling murder and requiring every public officer in the State, in addition to the usual oath of office, to take an oath not to send or receive a challenge or to engage in a duel while in office, upon pain of disfranchisement.

chisement and making himself ineligible to hold any public office of honor or trust. That was the end of duelling in South Carolina; indeed, so far-reaching was the reform that the *Code Duello* has become one of the obsolete customs of the whole South. It required a degree of moral courage that can hardly be appreciated in these days of expediency when the lawmakers follow the crowd, and journalism has degenerated into a business of circulation and not of influence upon public thought and conduct. So great was the effect of his work in this cause that upon the petition of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark, England, Pope Leo XIII conferred upon Captain Dawson the dignity of knighthood, because, as the Papal brief expressed the will of the Holy Father, "you have defended the doctrines of the Catholic Church in South Carolina and the United States, and have bravely and victoriously attacked the duel, which has in those regions been practised in a deplorable manner." The Order conferred for this signal service to law and religion was that of St. Gregory the Great of the military class.

It must not be supposed, however, that because of his successful fight against duelling Captain Dawson was lacking in any sense in the spirit of resentment, or that he feared any contest that might be thrust upon him. On more than one occasion he was threatened with personal violence, but in all the invitations that were given he proved his entire willingness to defend himself in the most effective way possible whenever and wherever the attack should come. It was his experience, as it has been the experience of many other brave men, that it required far greater courage to resist and overthrow an established custom of the best society than to withstand the assaults of well-advertised enemies.

Not only did Captain Dawson exhibit courage of the highest order in matters affecting him directly as an individual, but in all the "trying emergencies" to which the community in which he lived was subjected, it was his spirit that gave life and hope and strength to the people. It was his voice and example and service in the great earthquake of 1886 that gave a new meaning to disaster, and larger hope in despair. Writing with the walls crumbling about his head in the early morning of September 1, 1886, he said: "We cannot, as yet, measure the extent of the calamity of last night. It is enough to know that the loss of life is heavy, and that the injury to private property appears to be greater than that which was caused by the cyclone. Charleston is hit sorely this time. Perhaps our misfortune will bring our people nearer and closer together." There was no "sensational journalism" in that simple statement, nothing but a courage that inspired every man and woman in the community with new faith and hope.

Two days later, before the fires which were kindled in many parts of the town had died out, before the dead had been buried and while yet the houses were in ruins and the streets piled up with wreckage, came this magnificent challenge to the world:

"Charleston is ready for business despite the earthquake and its ravages. The warehouses give ample accommodations; the compresses are fully up to their work; the merchants and factors, undaunted by misfortune, have girded up their loins anew for the battle of commercial life. . . . Let it not be imagined for a moment that Charleston is sitting in the ashes bewailing the loss of millions."

Throughout the period of reconstruction which followed the catastrophe Captain Dawson labored with tongue and pen, day and night, relieving the suffering, encouraging the despondent and saying in his newspaper and in the best and truest way only the things that should have been said, until the broken walls had been built up and the waste places made smooth. It was a wonderful manifestation of the power of a brave man exercised always with a deep sense of personal responsibility. Not only did he strive for the upbuilding of the community in which he lived, but there was no concern in the large business and industrial life of the State and the South that he did not promote to the largest measure of his resources. It was by him that the new slogan of Southern development—"The Mills Must Come to the Cotton"—was first raised, and it was by the help of his editorial work that "outside capital" and home investors as well, began to exploit the South as the most promising field of the cotton manufacturing industry. In his mind nothing would contribute so surely to the growth and salvation of the South as the diversification of its industries; and it has come to pass that in the course of comparatively few years South Carolina has become the second largest cotton manufacturing State of the Nation, controlling as it already does the coarse goods market, with the certain prospect in time of controlling also the fine goods market of the country and dominating the cotton goods trade of the world.

Another triumph Captain Dawson achieved in the industrial life of the State was the development of tobacco growing in South Carolina. In his opinion no state could be prosperous that confined its energies to the production of one crop, and by the employment of expert talent and the distribution of seed, with careful instructions as to the best methods of cultivation, he established tobacco growing as one of the staple industries of the State, thus making the farming people independent in considerable measure of the manipulators of the cotton market. It was also at his instance that the marvellous agricultural possibilities of the Sea Islands of South Carolina were first advertised to the world, and by his assistance also, and his ever-

lasting preaching, that the Charleston District was converted into the centre of the largest truck growing district in the United States and the largest fertilizer manufacturing centre in the world. His interest in these arts of peace was as zealously pursued as were his activities in the political field. No man can measure, save by what has been accomplished, the influence of his intelligent work upon the commercial, agricultural and industrial development of his State and of the South.

It must be seen that with so much of his time and energies employed in what may very well be described as constructive work, Captain Dawson did not have the opportunity he so much coveted of engaging in purely literary effort. He was an omnivorous reader and remembered everything he read. He possessed a wonderfully adaptable mind and a style of special purity and grace. He held "fine writing" in particular aversion. He encouraged in many ways the writing spirit of those ambitious of literary distinction, and built up about the newspaper establishment he controlled a corps of excellent writers, some of whom have since achieved distinction in the world of letters. He realized that there was a great unexplored field of history and romance in the South that had not been touched, the high living of ancestral progenitors not less than the simple annals of the poor, and it was his hope that in time the careful chronicler would rescue from pitiless oblivion these muniments of a rapidly disappearing civilization. It was with some such object in mind that he invited the women of the South to tell in their own way the story of their experience during the War for Southern Independence, and assembled in *The News and Courier* the most vivid narratives of the part played by them in this great struggle that have ever been written. The campaigns of the Confederacy had been fully described by those who had participated in them, the National Government had provided out of its abundant resources for the records of the War of the Rebellion, but no provision had anywhere been made for an account of what the women, the most loyal of all the "Rebels," had done. "Only the part played by the Southern women, the wives, sisters and daughters of the Southern soldiers, had been overlooked or ignored." "It seems to us," wrote Captain Dawson in his preface to this work, "that no Confederates were more worthy of our loving remembrance than those who bound their warrior's sash when he went forth to fight; who suffered worse than death, a thousand times, when battle raged loud and long; who were stung and wounded by privations that the hardy soldier never knew; and who, besides, were exposed to the injuries and taunts of the infamous raiders who, during and after the war, visited Southern homes and stripped them of what was holiest and dearest because it was dear and holy. . . .

They (these sketches) serve to portray the Confederate War as it was never portrayed before—as it was seen and felt by the women at home. None can read these simple tales of heroism, suffering and patriotism without loving and honoring the tender mothers, the thoughtful sisters, and all the gracious gentlewomen who unfalteringly bade their kinsmen do their duty, and who, for their part, bore unflinchingly mental suffering and physical pain such as no other nation of women has ever known since the world began.” As Captain Dawson said in writing about this work when it had been completed: “Our women died a hundred deaths, died day after day and almost hour by hour. The Southern Cross was on their breast always, and on their lips. True soldiers of the Southern Cross were they; though no ribbon or star is the badge of their nobility. It is little, very little, for their dear sake, to try to give the public, nineteen years after the capitulation of General Lee at Appomattox, some faint idea of what they saw and what they did, what they hoped and what they feared, in those exciting times which are gone forever.” The volume containing these *Memorabilia* has long since gone out of print, but it was as well a monument to Captain Dawson’s literary instinct as to the writers who contributed to its pages the story of the glory of the cause in which they were enlisted with the men at the front. Captain Dawson did not often woo the poetic muse, but in October, 1866, while waiting at a wayside station in Virginia, he wrote these verses, which deserve preservation in any satisfactory account of his life and work:

ONLY A PRIVATE

Only a private! his jacket of gray
Is stained by the smoke and the dust;
As Bayard, he’s brave; as Rupert, he’s gay;
Reckless as Murat in heat of the fray,
But in God is his only trust!

Only a private! to march and to fight,
To suffer and starve and be strong;
With knowledge enough to know that the might
Of justice, and truth, and freedom and right,
In the end must crush out the wrong.

Only a private! no ribbon or star
Shall gild with false glory his name!
No honors for him in braid or in bar,
His Legion of Honor is only the scar,
And his wounds are his roll of fame!

Only a private! one more hero slain,
On the field lies silent and chill!
And in the far South a wife prays in vain
One clasp of the hand she may ne'er clasp again,
One kiss from the lips that are still.

Only a private! there let him sleep!
He will need nor tablet nor stone;
For the mosses and vines o'er his grave will creep,
And at night the stars through the clouds will peep,
And watch him who lies there alone.

Only a martyr! who fought and who fell
Unknown and unmarked in the strife!
But still as he lies in his lonely cell,
Angel and Seraph the legend shall tell—
Such death is eternal life.

The most effective of Captain Dawson's many public addresses was that delivered by him to the South Carolina State Press Association in 1876, in which he laid down the true chart of journalism. Not only were the counsels he gave the members of this craft of great practical value, but there was a distinct literary refinement in his utterances on that occasion which shows how well he might have wrought had he found opportunity in his abundant labors to devote more of his time to literary work. The address is far too long for the limits of this appreciation of the man and his work; but it touches so intimately the mission of the press, which is the handmaiden of literature, that quotations from it would be in complete harmony with the purpose of this 'Library of Southern Literature.' Taking the saying of William Cullen Bryant: "The Press is a mill that grinds all that is put in its hopper. Fill the hopper with poisoned grain, and it will grind it to meal, but there is death in the bread," as his text, Captain Dawson said:

"Whether the newspaper press shall build up or pull down; whether it shall stimulate morality or encourage vice; whether it shall give healthfulness to thought and vigor to action, or palsy the hand and fetter the tongue of them who would expose the myriad forms of modern Pharisaism, depends mainly upon the character and purposes of those who control and direct it. . . . It formulates and crystallizes opinion, clothing it in the garb of winning or repellent words. It may not create public sentiment; but it shapes, develops and directs it. It makes of inward convictions and silent beliefs living, breathing realities: and, speaking with

myriad tongues, day after day, causes them to enter into every nook and corner of our daily life. By its newspapers is the community judged; for the newspaper seldom rises higher or falls lower than the level of its average constituency. To its public it is what the warp is to the woof; and the warp and the woof make up that social fabric which varies from the familiar homespun of the western village to the gorgeous tapestries of the eastern metropolis.

"We are told that what is written stands, and passes not away. And the awful thought has come to speculative philosophers that on some later day, and in other worlds than ours, every man shall see before him, as on a scroll, every syllable he has ever breathed, shining in the heavens where each word, as it is uttered, sets its eternal seal. And so, out of his own mouth shall every man be judged. It is an appalling thought, and the realization of it is had, in a measure, by the journalist. Assemble the blanched pages together; display them in the plains, for no valley of Jehoshaphat would hold the army of silent witnesses; and the journalist has before him the story of his life. There stand the undying words. Each one has done its work. Of each one must account be given. This accountability, whether here or hereafter, near or remote, cannot be escaped; and in the degree that the journalist realizes this truth must he be imbued with a deep sense of personal responsibility. It is his first debt to the public."

The other tests which Captain Dawson would apply to the calling of the journalist, and which he sought to apply in his own administration of the newspaper he founded, were fearlessness and independence and last of all, "the keystone of the arch," honesty. Upon these four cardinal principles, in his opinion, "hang all the law and the prophets," so to say. In this spirit and with these sentiments breathing in all that he said to his associates of the Press of South Carolina, he closed his address, as this sketch may now be closed with these words:

"Be patient, be steadfast, be true! And when the race is run, whether good or evil fortune shall have crowned our labors, we shall be restful and content if we only have within us the sweet, sweet knowledge that, with voice and pen, we have stricken with all our strength, while life lasted, at the impostures, the follies, and the vices of the times."

J. C. Hemphill

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE

From 'Confederate Reminiscences.'

ON the evening of the nineteenth of February we were told that we might expect to make land the next morning, and as soon as the sun rose every one was on the lookout. In an hour or two land was in sight on the port bow, and even my unskilled eye could make out what seemed to be a long dark cloud on the horizon. Gradually the land became distinct, and by noon we were lying off Bermuda signalling for a pilot. The general aspect of the island was far from inviting, as nothing could be seen but rugged hills covered with dwarfed trees, and I looked in vain for the fine harbor of which I had heard so much. A boat with four negroes who were making considerable fuss came alongside with a splash, and, in great state, the black pilot clambered up the side and took his place in the pilot house. He understood his business. The *Nashville* ran squarely towards the island as though she was to be thrown upon the rocks. Then a narrow passage between two lofty hills was visible, and into this we steamed. Above our heads on each side towered the rocks, and the passage was so narrow that the yards seemed to scrape the trees on either side as we passed in. The passage gradually opened, and we dropped anchor in the beautiful harbor of St. George's. This harbor is, without exception, the most beautiful and picturesque that I have even seen. There was not a ripple on the water, while dotting its brightly blue bosom in every direction were hundreds of islands, some of them of considerable size and others mere spots upon the placid surface of the harbor. The surrounding hills were adorned with houses built of white stone and shining like snow in the light of the sun. On the highest point was the signal station, where floated the red cross of St. George. It was near the end of February, yet the weather was warm and the sky was unclouded. It was hard to realize that only a few days before we had left cold fogs and drizzling rain in England.

The principal object in calling at Bermuda was to obtain a supply of coal, and Captain Pegram made a bargain with the master of a Yankee bark then in the harbor for as much

as we needed. I think the coal had been intended to supply United States cruisers which were expected to stop at St. George's, but the high price we offered was too much for the patriotism of the master of the bark. I had a great desire to go ashore and see what Bermuda looked like, but this privilege was denied me, as Bo'sun Sawyer found abundant occupation for the whole of us in shovelling coal and then scrubbing the paint. I was allowed on Sunday to be one of the boat's crew who went to the landing to bring off Captain Pegram, who had gone to church, and I had the satisfaction of waiting there in the sun for two or three hours and of being roundly abused by the rest of the crew for "catching crabs" in the most awkward manner as we rowed back to the *Nashville*.

Up to this time Captain Pegram had not determined positively whether he would run into Charleston, Savannah or New Orleans, and the information which he obtained at Bermuda satisfied him that these ports could only be reached with great difficulty, as the blockade had now become rigid. A ship captain whom he talked with informed Captain Pegram that he thought we might run into Beaufort, North Carolina, with comparative ease, and it was determined to try our fortune there.

After leaving Bermuda I was relieved from some of the scrubbing and cleaning, and was allowed to take my turn as lookout, being posted for two hours at a time on the foretop-sail yard. There I had the pleasantest hours that I knew on the *Nashville*. It was quiet and still. I was far removed from the bickering and blackguardism of the crew and could indulge myself freely in watching the varied hues of the dancing waters, broken now and again by a shoal of porpoises, or by the brief flight of the flying-fish as they darted from the wave in the effort to escape from their pursuers. But all this was not conducive to keeping a sharp lookout. The second day after leaving Bermuda I was busily thinking of what might happen when we should reach our destination. The hail came from below: "Foretopsail yard there!"

I answered promptly "aye! aye! sir."

"Why haven't you reported that sail?"

I looked around the horizon and replied: "I have not seen a sail this morning, sir."

"No, I suppose not! come on deck!"

When I reached the deck I was received with a grin of derision, and found that a fine schooner was running under full sail within half a mile of us. I had looked too far. Every one too had been busy while I was dreaming aloft. The American flag was flying at our peak, and the men were now sent to the guns. A boat's crew was called away, and, eager to atone for my neglect, I jumped in. We pulled over to the schooner, which was now lying to, boarded her, and found her to be the *Robert Gilfillan*, from Boston to Hayti, with an assorted cargo. The master, a loquacious down-easter, was led to believe that the *Nashville* was the United States steamer *Keystone State*, and he invited the officer in charge of the boat to take breakfast with him. The hot rolls looked most tempting, and the fragrance of the coffee was particularly tantalizing. The master, whose name was Gilfillan, told us that everything was going on splendidly for "the Union," and that the Union troops has been "whipping the bloody Rebels like forty." In fact, "the Rebellion was nearly played out." Lieutenant Ingraham, who was in command of the boat, very quietly said: "Haul down your flag and take your papers aboard my ship immediately."

"What for?" asked Captain Gilfillan.

The answer came promptly: "That vessel is the Confederate States steamer *Nashville*, and you are my prisoner."

The poor fellow was part-owner of the schooner, and I shall not soon forget the mingled dismay and astonishment on his face. But resistance was useless, and he did as he was ordered. All our boats were now lowered and everything of value, the bells, chronometer, glasses and nautical instruments, some provisions, brooms and a lot of "notions," were taken aboard the *Nashville*. The schooner was then set on fire, and in a few hours had burned to the water's edge. For some days the hearts of the crew were gladdened by the fresh butter and choice Boston crackers which formed part of the stores of the ill-fated *Gilfillan*. The master and crew were given as comfortable quarters as we had, and all possible care was taken of them.

As we neared Beaufort every light was carefully covered at night, even the binnacle lamps being masked. At midnight

we hove to for soundings, and found that we might expect to make land by daybreak. The men seemed to think we should certainly be captured, and packed up their clothing in their bags ready for a run. No one slept much that night, and as soon as the fog lifted in the morning every eye was on the alert. Beaufort Harbor was plainly visible some miles distant, and we saw, besides, what we did not care to see. "Sail astern!" shouted the lookout; and then came the cry: "Sail on the starboard bow!" and then again: "Sail on the port bow!" Things looked rather blue. The vessel astern did not cause us much anxiety, but the blockaders on our port and starboard bows, although not directly in our course, were so far ahead that if we attempted to run in, we might expect to be cut off. But Captain Pegram was prepared for the emergency. "The Stars and Stripes" were run up at the mainmast head, and a small private signal of Messrs Spofford & Tileston, the former agents of the vessel, was run up at the foremast. Our course was then changed so that we headed for the nearer of the two United States vessels. The "Stars and Stripes" were displayed by them, in response to our flags, and a vigorous signaling began. It was plain that the blockader could not make out the meaning of Spofford & Tileston's pennant. On we went without heeding this until Beaufort Harbor was not more than five or six miles distant on our starboard bow. We could see the officers on the quarter-deck of the blockader, and the men at the guns. The engines were slowed down, and we blew off steam. The blockader nearest to us thought that we had something to communicate, and lowered a boat. As this was done, we hove around, the "Stars and Stripes" came fluttering to the deck, and the Confederate flag was run up at the foremast, the mainmast and the peak. With all the steam we could carry, we dashed on towards Beaufort. The Yankee now saw the trick, and fired a broadside at us. No harm was done. She followed rapidly, firing occasionally from the bow guns; but without injury we crossed the bar under the protection of the guns of Fort Macon, and came safely to anchor near the railroad wharf, at Morehead City. For a little while we were in more danger from our friends than from the enemy. The commandant at Fort Macon took us for one of the enemy's vessels, and

was about to open on us with his heavy guns, when one of his officers suggested that, as we were running towards the fort, they might as well wait until we were somewhat nearer. This proved our salvation. Before we had reached the point where they could effectively fire at us from the fort, we had shown our true colors and given the blockader the benefit of a clear pair of heels. It was a beautifully calm morning, and the *Nashville* surpassed herself. In splendid sailing trim and with little or no cargo, she must have made sixteen or eighteen knots as we ran into the harbor.

On the *Nashville* now all was joy, for the blockader attempted no further pursuit. The men hurrahed, and the officers tossed up their caps and congratulated each other on our success. Well they might. They were looking forward to a speedy reunion with their families and their friends. For the first time I realized my isolated position. There was no home or friends for me; nothing but doubt and uncertainty, yet I had confidence that with time, faith and energy, I might accomplish what I desired. The day, a pregnant one for me, was February 28, 1862.

HARRIS DICKSON

[1868—]

CHARLES P. KEMPER

HARRIS DICKSON, author and jurist, was born at Yazoo City, Mississippi, July 21, 1868. He is the eldest son of Thomas H. and Harriet E. (*née* Hardenstein) Dickson. He received his common school education at Meridian and Vicksburg, Mississippi, attended the justly celebrated Summer Law Class of Dr. John B. Minor, of the University of Virginia, in 1891; and was graduated from Columbia University, Washington, D. C., in 1894, taking the degree of Bachelor of Laws.

He was private secretary to Andrew Price, Congressman for the Third District of Louisiana, in 1893-1894. He has been a member of the Bar and an active practitioner of law since 1896, at Vicksburg, Mississippi. His marriage to Madeline L. Metcalf, of Kentucky, was celebrated April 19, 1906.

He was elected judge of the Municipal Court of Vicksburg, by the influence of a so-called reform movement happening at about that time. While occupying this position, Judge Dickson "hewed to the line" in his decisions, striving for real reform; and reaped, as a reward for his laudable efforts—official decapitation. His judgeship was marked by a drastic tone that became a "terror to evil-doers"; and seemed too radical to those in authority.

As an author the distinguishing feature of Mr. Dickson's career is his remarkable versatility, with voluminosity a close second. His first book, 'The Black Wolf's Breed,' was published in 1899. This was followed, in close succession, by 'The Siege of Lady Resolute,' in 1902; 'She That Hesitates,' in 1903; 'The Ravenels,' in 1905; 'Duke of Devil-May-Care,' in 1905; and by 'Gabrielle (Transgressor),' in 1906. In addition to these publications (all of which are novels) Harris Dickson, with unsurpassed industry in the gathering of facts and statistics, has prepared and had published in the *Saturday Evening Post*, of Philadelphia, a series of articles dealing, in the broader sense, with facts and ideals in sociology: "The Way of the Reformer"; "Please Y'Onner"; "The Vardaman Idea"; "Black Belt Finance"; and five well-elaborated articles, entitled "The Battle of the Bottle," and dedicated, as it were, to a great wave of public sentiment, then existing, versus the sale and dis-

pensation of spirituous liquors; also a well-enunciated article, published in the same periodical, of date May 11, 1908, entitled "The Dwindling Black Ballot." The Bottle articles began with a general discussion of the great struggle, in its many and varied phases; then took up a special treatment of the subject, by states; taking, first, Alabama; then Georgia; then Kentucky and Tennessee; and in concluding the argument and historical narration, the fifth paper began in Virginia, and embracing the issue in point as applied to the intervening South, winds up in Texas.

So much for the chronology of the literary labors of this versatile, voluminous and gifted writer. It is now in order to turn our attention to some of the notable merits of his writings. His 'Black Wolf's Breed' is a genuine historical novel, being "A story of France in the Old World and the New, happening in the reign of Louis XIV"; and has had great success. The dedicatory page of this volume bespeaks the magnitude of the interest which may well be taken in the subject-matter of 'The Black Wolf's Breed,' when it recites as follows: "To the memory of Bienville, the soldier Governor of Louisiana, out of whose province has grown nearly one half of the world's greatest republic." The word-painting of his Nature descriptions is of fine tone, original, and rhythmical. His analytical arrangement of events is systematic and strong, while the burden of his narrative proper is carried along with a splendid swing. He does not always make use of the most approved English in his phrasing; and yet he expresses his ideas forcefully. He also indulges, occasionally, in anachronistic vagaries that try the patience of any well-ordered mind; as, for example,* his locating a quasi-assassination in a Vicksburg hotel in 1897, as a postponed vengeance of a period, when it might have well been legitimized by actual occurrence; but totally incongruous to the existing conditions of that specific later epoch. Also, the naming of certain localities some decades before they were originally christened by other historians.

His tendency, at times, to portray gruesome events in too vivid colors, in order to test and prove his capacity for strenuous description, is another major fault with Mr. Dickson's method, for example, in "The Death Struggle," in 'The Black Wolf's Breed;' and several scenes in 'She That Hesitates' that need not be mentioned. Moreover, his touches of humor, exceedingly well-flavored and pleasing in his pieces of lighter vein, oftentimes become, in his serious productions, out of plumb and unnecessary. In his socialistic philosophies Harris Dickson has found his strongest point as

*Vide 'The Ravenels.'

a writer. His "Vardaman Idea" and his "Battle of the Bottle" series are full of potent reasonings and suggestions, and replete with honesty of conviction. In "The Vardaman Idea," however, he misses, in company with the illustrious Mr. Vardaman, the *main issue* to be handled in a proper solution of The Negro Problem; to wit, the condition *not* parallel with Egyptian history, of mixed-race-propagation, and the resultant anomalies which go with it: with the fault at the door of the Anglo-Saxon, primarily and indisputably. The economy of God's wisdom alone can solve it, logically and *equitably*. The "Battle of the Bottle" articles are all monuments to Mr. Dickson's untiring industry and zeal, and consonant with the public good.

Again, throughout all of his writings Mr. Dickson evinces, upon proper occasion, a most perspicacious insight into the labyrinthine turnings and twistings of feminine idiosyncrasies, coupled with a sparkling touch of sentiment that appeals to the daughters of Eve as the sweets of the honeysuckle to the adventurous bee.

UNRECONSTRUCTED

From 'The Ravenels.' Copyright by The J. B. Lippincott Company. By kind permission of the publishers.

OLD Davezac grumbled to himself and his swarthy face looked positively black. An ugly scar that ran from the corner of his mouth, southwest across his chin, flamed angrily. He did not pause; he mounted the steps emphatically, crossed the gallery, opened the door, and entered without the formality of a knock.

The front room to the left was still designated "The Parlor," although the Graysons had never used it since the war. It was a huge square room, with a long pier glass in it which the chances of a siege had left unbroken, family portraits, a veteran piano, and a lot of ancient furniture. John Davezac knew it well, and he knew exactly what he had come to see.

He stamped into the room and walked straight to the

mantelpiece. There he stopped, glanced around at the old-fashioned hangings, the wall-paper with queer medallions all over it; then he kicked aside a rug; he shoved the centre-table out of its place, moved a big chair, another rug, and another. Under everything he touched there was a hole cut cleanly out of the carpet and the bare floor showed beneath it.

The Graysons' carpet had once been their family pride—a soft cream color, with huge red roses at intervals. Now it looked more like a chess-board, with every other square left blank. The roses were all gone, every one of them cut out by Federal cavalymen to make into saddle-blankets. Aunt Blessy could remember seeing the whole squad ride off with those brilliant roses underneath their saddles.

Mr. Davezac stood there glaring down at the holes; he gritted his teeth and swore, "Damn the dam-Yankees."

In his dictionary "dam-Yankee" was a compound word, riveted together and utterly indivisible.

The old man examined the scars on the piano—saw where the strings had been torn out so that the troopers might feed their horses in the box—and he swore; he stuck his fingers into the rips of the horse-hair sofa, and swore, and swore.

Then he looked at all those familiar portraits again; they were really very comical, with their eyes punched out and mouths slit straight across, slashed by bayonet and sabre.

Davezac stood beneath one of these portraits, a woman, young and very beautiful. Both her eyes were gone and she had a great gash on her breast. A vein began to swell in the old man's throat, but he forgot to swear.

John Davezac drew a long breath and stamped out of the room. "Don't give a damn!" he muttered. "We killed more o' them than they did of us."

He strode across the hall and looked into the library; there was nobody there. Then he went around in front and stalked down the long gallery to General Grayson.

The General was reading; his beard brushed a copy of *'Amiel's Journal,'* which he held in his lap, and a steady finger followed the passages as he read. In the Frenchman's placid philosophy he always found a companionship that enabled him to smile upon the backs of a forgetful world. Davezac startled him.

"I say, Marcy," Davezac burst out, "it's a damn shame! I've just been looking around in there again."

"Looking around at what?" Grayson closed the book, holding his forefinger between the pages.

"Why, the way those dam-Yankees tore up your house."

The General glanced at him, and the merriest of twinkles came into his eye; but he said nothing; he knew that Davezac would break out again in a minute.

"One of them came down to my place last Monday—you know I'm staying down here for a while until my house on the plantation is repaired—a long-legged fellow from I-o-way, as he calls it; he said his battery had occupied a hill out there by my house somewhere and he was looking for it; had a lot of maps and things. Of course, the nigger hackman didn't know that hill from a hole in the ground, so I told Captain Quarles that I'd help him locate it. I knew the hill very well from the way he described it.

"Now, Marcy, don't you know I must have been hard up for something to do? Nan and Matilda are gone away and I get kind o' lonesome. But I couldn't 'a' done less than show the feller a hill, could I, Marcy?"

General Grayson nodded. He did not smile—visibly.

Davezac leaned against the gallery rail, looking uneasily at the river, and went on; "So we got a couple of horses and rode over to that hill. By dogs, Marcy, what do you think? He was the same dam-Yankee captain that commanded the battery stationed right in front of mine—we were pluggin' away at each other for nearly three months. Sometimes I used to see him jump up on his gun and cheer when he sent a shell that knocked us all to flinders."

Davezac writhed in spirit, then he began to admit the worst.

"Now, Marcy, I wouldn't tell a soul in the world about this but you. What do you think we did—two old sniffin' fools? Soon as we found that out we got down, right there in the mud, and stood bareheaded, shakin' hands. Couldn't neither one of us say a damn word. Ain't I just a natural-born chuckle-head?"

General Grayson made no comment—it was too serious.

"It was pretty blame hot when we got back home; I made

the feller a julep—had to be sort o' polite to him in my own house, didn't I? We talked a little while, and here came Zilly Ann with the supper—that nigger hasn't got a bit o' sense. I just had to invite him to supper. There he was, sittin' right there. After supper he mixed up a drink—a new one on me—it tasted fine. We took several like that, and kind o' talked about old times. Would you believe it, Marcy, that dam-Yankee must 'a' put me to bed—I can't exactly remember how it was. But the next morning before I was up he had the impudence to come into my room, lookin' fresh as paint, with a cocktail in each hand—said they were good for the headaches."

Davezac turned a sheepish glance toward the General; the General leaned over and carefully marked a passage in his book. Davezac squirmed, waited—and exploded. "Damn it, Marcy, whyn't you say something?"

"There's nothing to say, John. You've gone and done it."

Then there was a long silence, and both men watched the sunset turning the river into a shimmering sea of amethysts.

Presently Davezac continued, with his eyes still fixed upon the river:

"Tuesday I went walking with the feller—all over the battlefields where they are goin' to have the park. Long-legged devil, nearly walked me to death. I called him 'Dam-Yank' and he called me 'Johnny Reb,' just as the boys used to holler at each other when they weren't shootin'. Ain't it funny, Marcy, how the same old tricks crop out again in the same old dogs?"

Davezac's confession dribbled away into silence and he smiled unconsciously—a smile of undefinable sweetness when he was sure that no one saw it—but he shook his head stubbornly.

"I got to thinkin' about it this evenin', Marcy, and it kind o' scared me. That dam-Yankee was beginnin' to put me in a good-humor with 'em again. So I thought I'd just drop in and take another look at your carpet, all cut up for saddle-blankets."

General Grayson looked very solemn. This melting mood of Davezac's was not a thing to be treated lightly. After a while he ventured, "How did you finally get rid of the fellow?"

"Ain't rid of 'im yet, that's the trouble. He's some kind of a judge, or governor, or something up where he lives, and the Park Commissioners are giving him a dinner to-night."

John Davezac rose abruptly and walked back and forth with his hands behind him; he kicked an ottoman viciously and started around to the front of the house again. He had gone only a few steps when he turned savagely to General Grayson.

"But I never will forgive 'em, never have a bit of use for one of 'em as long as I live. No, no, I don't give a cuss about Mister Nigger, I'm glad he's free—ain't wuth a continental cold-water damn anyhow; that ain't what riles me up. Those folks brought Mister Nigger here, we didn't. They had the slave ships and got rich by it. While they were busy rakin' Africa with a fine comb, sellin' niggers to us at five hundred apiece, we never heard a word about abolition. Oh, no! Just like these promoters of a boom town—soon as the outsider stepped in and bought the lots the boom busted. No, I don't want to see the country divided, never did, I'm too proud of her as she stands. But those folks commenced that, too. They started this secession business right at Hartford, but when we catch on to the idea they come down and hammer it out of us. That's what makes me so hot in the collar."

General Grayson threw himself back in his chair and laughed at the other man as he waddled down the long gallery and disappeared around the corner.

As soon as he had got out of sight, Davezac stopped and thought about it. Then he slipped to the telephone.

"Hello, Central. Park Commission, please. Hello, hello, is that the Park Commission? Is Captain Quarles there? Yes, if you please, ask him to the 'phone. Hello, is that you, Quarles? This is Davezac. Don't forget that you are coming out home to-night; my driver will call for you at half-past ten. No, no trouble, he can wait. All right! Good! See you then. Good-by."

Davezac paced back to General Grayson and sat down without a word. "Look here, John," asked the General, "didn't the feller have any clothes all that time? A long-legged man couldn't even wear your pocket handkerchief."

Davezac wriggled in his chair, then explained how it was. "Well, you see, Marcy, it happened this way: I had a wagon

coming out from town that night, and I just told the driver to stop by the hotel and get the feller's trunk."

FOREWORD

From 'The Black Wolf's Breed.' Copyright by Bobbs-Merrill Company. By permission of the publishers.

IT is fitting that old men, even those whose trade is war, should end their days in peace, yet it galls me grievously to sit idly here by the fire, in this year of grace 1746, while great things go on in the world about me.

The feeble hound at my feet, stretching his crippled limbs to the blaze, dreams of the chase, and bays delighted in his sleep. Nor can I do more than dream and meditate and brood.

News of Fontenoy and the glory of Prince Maurice thrills my sluggish blood; again I taste the wild joys of conflict, the clashing steel, the battle shouts, the cries of dying men—yea, even the death scream of those sorely stricken, comes as a balm to soothe my droning age. But the youthful vigor is gone. This arm could scarcely wield a bodkin; the good friend of many campaigns rusts in its scabbard, and God knows—France had never more urgent need of keen and honest swords.

Thus run my thoughts while I sit here like some decrepit priest, bending over my task; for though but an indifferent clerk I desire to leave this narrative for my children's children.

My early life was spent, as my children already know, for the most part in the American Colonies. Of my father I knew little, he being stationed at such remote frontier posts in the savage country that he would not allow my mother and myself to accompany him. So we led a secluded life in the garrison at Quebec. After the news came of his death somewhere out in the wilderness, my brave mother and I were left entirely alone. I was far too young then to realize my loss, and the memory of those peaceful years in America with my patient, accomplished mother remains to me now the very happiest of my life.

From her I learned to note and love the beauties of mountain and of stream. The broad blue St. Lawrence and the mighty forests on its banks were a constant source of delight to my childish fancy, and those memories cling to me, ineffaceable even by all these years of war and tumult.

When she died I drifted to our newer stations in the South, down the great river, and it is of that last year in Louisiana, while I was yet Captain de Mouret of Bienville's Guards, that I would have my children know.

Along the shore of Back Bay, on the southern coast of our Province of Louisiana, the dense marsh grass grows far out into the water, trembling and throbbing with the ebb and flow of every tide. Thicker than men at arms, it stands awhile erect where the shallow sea waves foam and fret, then climbing higher ground, it straggles away, thinner and thinner, in oaken-shaded solitudes long innocent of sun. Beginning on the slopes, a vast mysterious forest, without village, path, or white inhabitant, stretches inland far and away beyond the utmost ken of man. There the towering pines range themselves in ever-receding colonnades upon a carpet smooth and soft as ever hushed the tread of Sultan's foot. Dripping from their topmost boughs the sunlight's splendor flickers on the floor, as if it stole through chancel window of some cool cathedral where Nature in proud humility worshiped at the foot of Nature's God.

It was in those wilds, somewhere, the fabled El Dorado lay; there bubbled the fountain of eternal youth; through that endless wilderness of forest, plain and hill flowed on in turbid majesty the waters of De Soto's mighty grave.

BIENVILLE

From 'The Black Wolf's Breed,' Copyright by Bobbs-Merrill Company. By permission of the publishers.

MUSING on this strange story, and the old man's unwonted fear, I walked on down toward the water's edge where my Indian friends, already in the pirogue, awaited me. Another half hour and we were in Biloxi. When we reached the barracks I found orders to attend the governor at once.

Bienville stood before his fire alone, quiet, but in a very different mood from any in which I had theretofore seen him.

"Captain de Mouret," the rough old warrior began, without any prelude or indirection, "I desire to send you at once to Paris on an errand of the utmost importance to myself and to this colony. I select you for this task, though I can ill

spare you here, because it is a delicate matter. I believe you to be honest, I know you are courageous." I bowed, and he went on. Something had evidently occurred to vex and irritate him.

"You know the people who surround me here, the weak, the vicious, the licentious of all the earth. A band of unprincipled adventurers, vile Canadians and half-breeds, all too lazy to work, or even to feed themselves out of the bountiful earth which would give everything we need almost for the asking. The air is full of rumors of a Spanish war, and a Natchez-Chickasaw alliance. If these things are true we would find ourselves entirely cut off from French supplies, and this colony would literally starve to death. Yes, starve to death with untold millions of fruitful acres all about us. Had we strength to fight I would not care so much. With but two companies of undisciplined troops, a mere straggling handful, officered by drunkards, we could not defend this post a day against any organized attack."

All this I knew to be true, so I made no comment. He pursued the conversation and evidently relieved his mind of much that had troubled him for months.

"Then this beggarly commissary of mine, and the traffick-ing priest, de la Vente; they are constantly stirring up strife against me here, and putting lies in the hands of my enemies at court. The King, too, is wearied out with this endless drain upon his treasury for money and supplies, and is now, so I am informed, almost already to accede to Crozat's proposition, and turn over to him the revenues and government of the colonies."

The old man grew earnest and eloquent.

"What! turn over an empire such as this to a miserable trading huckster, the son of a peasant—permit him to name governors and officers! Why, under his rule, such cattle as La Salle and de la Vente would feed fat upon the miseries of the people! Great God, Placide, do you appreciate what that means? To create this peddler of silks and laces lord of a boundless domain, more magnificent than Louis in his wildest schemes of conquest ever dreamed? Why, boy, the day will come when for a thousand leagues the silver lilies will signal each other from every hill top; marts of commerce will thrive and flourish; the land will smile with farms and cities, with

proud palaces and with granite castles. The white sails of our boats will fleck every lake and sea and river with their rich burdens of trade, pouring a fabulous and a willing wealth into the coffers of the king. Gold and silver mines will yield their precious stores, while from these niggard natives we will wrest with mighty arm the tribute they so contemptuously deny the weakling curs who snap and snarl at my heels. Grey tower and fortress will guard every inlet, and watch this sheltered coast. In every vale the low chant of holy nuns will breathe their benediction upon a happy people. And hordes of nations yet unknown and races yet unborn, in future legends, in song, in story and in rhyme, will laud the name of Bourbon and the glory of the French. Oh lad! lad! 'tis an ambition worthy of a God."

The governor had risen, and waving his long arms this way and that, pointed out the confines of his mighty dreamland empire with as much assurance as if cities and towns would spring up at his bidding. His whole frame spoke the most intense emotion. The face, glorified and transfigured by the allurements of his brilliant mirage, seemed that of another man.

THE FALL OF PENSACOLA

From 'The Black Wolf's Breed.' Copyright by Bobbs-Merrill Company. By permission of the publishers.

I SLIPPED down the anchor chain without noise into the throbbing sea, and swam ashore to a point some three or four cable lengths away. Guided by the single voice which still sang of war, of glory and of death, I pushed easily into the ring of hideously painted savages who surrounded the singer. To unaccustomed eyes this would have been a fearful sight.

Two hundred warriors sat motionless as bronze idols, about their chief, two hundred naked bodies glinted back the pine knot's fitful glow. In the centre of this threatening circle moved Tuskahoma, two great crimson blotches upon his cheeks, treading that weird suggestive measure the Indians know so well. Round and round a little pine-tree, shorn of its branches and striped with red, he crept, danced and sang. His words came wild and irregular, a sort of rhythmic medley, now soft and low as the murmur of the summer ocean, now thrilling

every ear by their sudden ferocity and fearful energy. Now it was the gentle lullaby, the mother's crooning, the laughter of a child; again, the bursting of the tempest, the lightning's flash, the thunder's rumbling roar.

His arms raised to heaven like some gaunt priest of butchery, he invoked the mighty Manitou of his tribe, then dropping prone upon the ground he crawled, a sinuous serpent, among the trees.

For awhile his listeners wandered away upon their chieftain's words to the waiting ones at home, to hunting grounds of peace and plenty; melodious as a maiden's sigh that song breathed of love and lover's hopes; it wailed for departed friends, extolled their virtues, and called down heaven's curses upon the coward of to-morrow's fight. Then the fierce gleam of shining steel, one wild war-whoop and all again was still. His words faded away in the echoless night till a holy hush brooded o'er beach and forest. Then the solitary dancer wound about the ring as the crouching panther steals upon her prey, while peal after peal came the frightful cries of barbaric conflict, the shrieks of the wounded—a wild, victorious shout blending with a hopeless dying scream.

With a master's touch he played upon their vibrant feelings; not a key of human emotion he left unsounded—fame, pride, hate, love and death—his song expressed them all.

Thoroughly frenzied, warrior after warrior now began to join him in the ring; voice after voice caught up the dread refrain which terrorized the trained soldiery of Europe and filled their imaginations with the nameless horrors of unrelenting war.

High above the din Tuskahoma lifted now his ferocious battle cry; advancing upon the blazed sapling he sank his tomahawk deep into the soft white wood, then moved swiftly out of the circle of his own fire. This was the act by which he announced his assumption of supreme authority.

Frantic with excitement the unleashed throng rushed upon this fancied enemy, and soon but the mangled fragments and the roots marked where it had stood. And the forest slumbered and the sentry paced his lonely path.

It is not my purpose to speak in detail of those matters of history which have been so much better described by men

of learning. I would merely mention, in passing, such smaller affairs as relate directly to my own narrative.

Short and sharp was the conflict which, under God, gave our arms the victory at Pensacola. Swarming over the palisades or boldly tearing them down, the Choctaws, led by Tuskahoma, swept the Spaniards from their works. It so happened that Tuskahoma and I mounted the fortifications together. As I essayed to drop down upon the inside my sword-belt caught upon the top of a picket, leaving me dangling in mid air, an easy prey to those below, had they but noticed my plight. Tuskahoma paused to sever the belt with his knife, and by this accident I was first within the Spanish works, sword and pistol in hand. Soon a hundred were by my side. The Spanish troops, inured to civilized warfare, could not stand before these yelling demons, springing here and there, elusive as phantoms, wielding torch and tomahawk with deadly effect.

In the forefront, shoulder to shoulder, with a laugh and a parry, a lunge and a jest, fought the Chevalier de la Mora. Merry as a lad at play, resolute and quick, I could but stop sometimes to wonder at the fellow. Gallant, gay and *débonnaire*, he sang a rippling little air from soft Provence, and whirled his blade with such dainty skill that even the stoical Indians gazed in awe upon the laughing cavalier. Fighting through a by-street, he met, steel to steel, a Spanish gentleman, within the sweep of whose sword lay half a dozen of our good fellows. De la Mora glanced at this silent tribute to the Spaniard's prowess, his face lighted up with a soldier's joy. He planted one foot staunchly across a prostrate corpse, and right jauntily rang out the hissing music of their steel. Instinctively I paused to watch, and as instinctively understood that though pressed to his best, De la Mora desired to be left alone. Verily, it was a gentleman's fight, and no odds, for love and glory's sake, though the Spaniard might have had a whit the better. As I fought on, I heard the swift hurtle of a flying knife, and saw the Spaniard drop his sword. De la Mora glanced around with indignant eyes to the Choctaw who had made the cast, now looking for approval from this gentleman who sang like a woman and fought like a fiend. The Chevalier was like to have wreaked summary vengeance for striking so

foul a blow. Through the press I could see him go up to his late adversary, bare-headed and courteous, to extricate him from the motley, bleeding group wherein he had fallen. Throwing his powerful shoulder against a door, he broke it down, and tenderly carried the wounded gentleman within. I could then see him quietly standing guard at the door, waiting for the turmoil to cease, for it was then quite evident that the day was ours.

EVENING IN THE DELTA

From 'Duke of Devil-May-Care.' Copyright by The D. Appleton Company. By permission of the publishers.

THE grim gray mystery of a February twilight came slinking through the swamp. At the edge of the clearing, where the circling forest broke, an occasional glimmer blurred the window of a cabin—blurred it with a faint light that choked and strangled in the fog. Afar off, some belated negro was chopping wood for supper. The muffled strokes of his ax boomed dully among the deadened trees, where stark white cottonwoods thrust their naked arms into the sky.

The mist, clammy and vague and full of sinister suggestion, crept out of the cypress brake, and spread like a slow-unrolling shroud across the level fields of Devil-May-Care Plantation.

On and on it crept, stealing through the fences, blotting out the pastures, curling round the cotton-houses and throttling the stables.

Horses and mules stalked about; huge, misshapen creatures, they seemed like dripping phantoms that had been drowned and had risen again from some intangible, suffocating sea.

It was as if the sky had grown too heavy and had sunk upon the earth. Nothing but the trees and houses held their heads above the fog, swimming hopelessly, and battling for breath.

Not an inch of dry land remained, nothing except that thin long line of levee—one slender thread of certainty through the realm of the unreal.

PEG-LEG DAWKINS

From "The Battle of the Bottle," *The Saturday Evening Post*, December 28, 1907.
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THE slate has been wiped so clean in Tennessee that little can now be done except to write the obituary, pronounce the customary eulogies and carve the epitaph. Let no unkindly word be said. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

Better than any man in Tennessee Peg-leg Dawkins knows how this calamity occurred. All of it he saw, much of it he was. Peg-leg drove a thriving trade in the Turkey Trot Precinct until that cranky Legislature of 1877 passed a fool law which prohibited saloons within four miles of incorporated schools outside of chartered towns. The invasion of personal liberty Peg-leg resented bitterly. He announced that the law was unconstitutional, and he "fit it." He sold whisky merrily, in spite of Turkey Trot Academy, and argued the folly of sumptuary laws. He stood as squarely on his constitutional rights as a one-legged man could stand on anything. And his little lawyer advised him that the Supreme Court would never sanction the repeal of Magna Charta. This sounded reasonable to Peg-leg.

But a prejudiced jury convicted him, in spite of his lawyer, and utterly regardless of a misspelled word in the indictment. The whole proceeding was shameful—and Peg-leg always maintained that somebody corrupted the supreme judges to decide against him. His lawyer advised that they could never put him in jail—"that's what the writ of habeas corpus is for." "But they are a-doin' it," complained Peg-leg. And the lawyer had to admit that much.

"We'll sue 'em for damages."

"—— that," said Peg-leg.

Sixty days is a long time to spend in jail, especially when a horse-thief in the next cell kept suggesting to Peg-leg that he had better climb up on his constitutional rights again.

When Peg-leg got out he moved his saloon—exactly four miles and three inches from the Academy. Then he winked his eye and remarked that "he knew a thing or two."

This did very well until a bunch of hayseeds took a notion to set up a school on the other side of him. And the worst

of it was they hired a little blue-eyed school miss from Nashville to come down and teach the children. "An' it looked like every blamed fool in the county went plum crazy about them danglin' ribbons o' her'n, an' that dinky little hat she wore."

Teacher had to pass his place every morning. She hurried by on the other side of the road and kept her eyes upon the ground. "Some sparkin' young fellers began keepin' her company and see her past my place in safety." It looked awfully funny to Peg-leg for a while.

One morning two of his best customers lounged in and remarked, "Well, Peg-leg, we reckon you had better shut up shop; 'twon't do for Miss Pearly to be a-seein' all of these drunken niggers settin' aroun'—"

"I was here fust—" Peg-leg objected.

"Don't make no diffunce—the law don't say nothin' 'bout which was here fust—you're in less'n four miles o' that school, and you got to move."

"My lawyer says—"

"See here, Peg-leg, better not stand on your Constitutional rights—you done tried that oncet. Moreover, constitutions ain't no good in this settlement ef they meddles with Miss Pearly's school. You gotter git."

Peg-leg got. He got a surveyor to locate him a place in a thickly-settled neighborhood where no school could interfere with his constitutional rights. Then he set to work building him a shanty.

The very next day some meddlesome fellows came along and commenced measuring off the ground right beside his shanty, and driving down a stake at each corner.

"Whisky allers brings business," remarked Peg-leg affably. "We'll have a town here after a while."

"Sho will," the man answered.

"What kind o' store you goin' to build?" asked Peg-leg.

"Ain't goin' to be no store—goin' to be a schoolhouse; the trustees of Happy Hollow has been thinkin' about it fer quite a spell."

Peg-leg hustled off to see his lawyer, who said a lot about "injunctions" and "mandamuses." He got out a pile of books, and charged twenty-five dollars. But someway or other their

proceedings slipped a cog, and Peg-leg moved to town, where there were plenty of saloons. "The more the merrier," laughed Peg-leg.

Before he got his chair warm and his bar fixtures paid for the town surrendered its charter and all the saloons were closed. He consulted another lawyer, who explained that "where a town gave up its charter the four-mile law applied." Peg-leg knew all about four-mile laws—he'd cut his wisdom teeth on them already. This lawyer charged him one hundred dollars—and took his bar fixtures for the fee.

"Always did hate a rube town," said Peg-leg. Then he moved to Nashville.

Here he contracted with a brewer to sell his brew, and none other. The brewer promptly secured him a house near the railroad where negroes congregated, paid his license, furnished a bar, a big mirror, and set him up in legitimate business. He began to consider running for alderman.

Of course, the brewer took his twelve installment notes to pay for the license. This was only fair and didn't bother Peg-leg.

Nashville was a fine town, and railroad negroes were always thirsty. Peg-leg did not read the daily papers and had no scent of trouble until one morning when the brewer's agent called him into the back room to talk business. "We are very sorry, Mr. Dawkins, but this place will have to be discontinued. We did all we could to prevent it, but the city council has passed the segregation ordinance."

"What's that?" asked Peg-leg. He would not have known a segregation ordinance if he had met it with a bell on.

"Well, they just ain't going to allow any more saloons in this part of town—all of 'em have to be up yonder in a bunch right under the nose of the police."

"Then I'll move up yonder," suggested Peg-leg. He was getting tame now and amenable to reason; constitutional rights didn't appeal so strongly to him.

The agent shook his head. "Sorry, Mr. Dawkins, but we have rented every house we can get in the restricted district, and you know we've got to take care of our old customers first. We can't get you a location."

Peg-leg leaned against the door facing. "Ain't thar no way to git around the law?" he questioned.

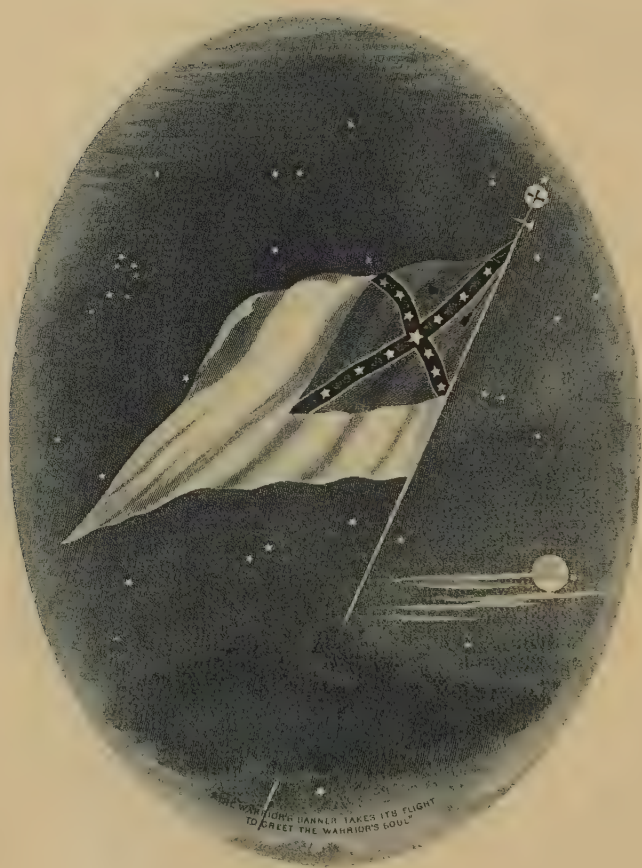
"I don't see any way," answered the brewer's agent. "We've taken the best legal advice, and our lawyers say 'tain't no use in fighting it."

"That puts me out of business," gasped Peg-leg and dropped on a beer keg to rest. The whole thing made him tired.

The temperance people got quick action in Tennessee. Saloons were driven to the towns by operation of the four-mile laws. Town after town surrendered its charter and ousted them.

Parksville, Bristol, Jackson, even Knoxville, reincorporated under charters forbidding the sale of whisky. The vote in Bristol was 539 against the saloon to 17 in its favor. In Jackson there were only three votes for the saloon—and this is said to be a joke the saloon men played upon the Prohibitionists.

There are now only three cities in the State of Tennessee where liquor may be legally sold: Nashville, Chattanooga and Memphis. Nashville has a restricted saloon district; Chattanooga will reduce her saloons to 67—with 120 applicants for license in the scramble. Memphis alone does business in the old way at the old stand.



THE CONFEDERATE FLAG

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VOLUME IV

DIXON—GLASGOW

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THOMAS DIXON, JUNIOR

[1864—]

J. W. BAILEY

THOMAS DIXON, JUNIOR, was born in Cleveland County, North Carolina, January 11, 1864. His career suggests the significance of the time, for in his personality are the storm, the lightning and the swift changes of war. Born in the midst of the great civil struggle, he reached his most impressionable period in the stern hours of the Reconstruction, was a college student when the New South called for a new generation, and entered manhood during that wide readjustment, North and South, that has brought forth a nation. He was sensitive in the highest degree, endowed with rare genius for expression, passionately fond of the tragic and heroic, and drew from his environment the essence of the Old South both in its glory and its doom.

His father, yet active, although more than eighty years old, has been a Baptist minister all his life. He has confined his activity to rural churches within a small field, having been pastor of one church for more than fifty years. His bearing is that of a gentleman of the old school, yet in a time when those about him opposed education, he advocated it: when others were sending their sons to the plough, he sent his to college. And in the midst of provincial prejudices he breathed the spirit of progress and broad sympathy with an onward generation. And in a time and in a calling of poverty he accumulated a comfortable estate. Mr. Dixon's mother was no less unusual—a woman of intense spirit, brilliant mind and pronounced individuality. Such parents must be reckoned with in any estimate of Dixon's genius.

The author's boyhood was passed in Cleveland County among a sturdy people in the trying years that followed the war. He graduated from Wake Forest College, North Carolina, at the age of nineteen, having achieved greater distinction than any other of the thousands of students who have enrolled in that institution. Later he pursued his studies in history and politics in Johns Hopkins University. He was elected member of the General Assembly of North Carolina in 1884, was licensed to practice law in 1886, and in the same year married Miss Harriet Bussey of Montgomery, Alabama. In that year also he entered the ministry and became

pastor of a Baptist church in Goldsboro, North Carolina. He has filled other pastorates, in Raleigh (1887), in Boston (1888), and in New York (1889). There he remained ten years, the excitement of his ministry in that great city satisfying his restless spirit. At length, however, he severed his denominational relations and founded an independent church. This he soon abandoned—repudiating his ministerial title—and yet under fifty, now devotes his time to lecturing and to the production of books and plays.

Mr. Dixon's first novel was 'The Leopard's Spots' (1902), and seldom has an author's initial volume been so widely read, so violently criticised, and so little defended. The North abhorred it, the South did not praise it—but both read it. In the general storm, Mr. Dixon was quick to defend his own. The following extracts from a letter to the press explains his view-point:

"I have not sought to arouse race hatred or prejudice. For the negro I have the friendliest feelings and the profoundest pity. What I have attempted to show is that this Nation is now beginning to face an apparently insoluble problem.

"I claim the book is an authentic human document, and I know it is the most important moral deed of my life. There is not a bitter or malignant sentence in it. It may shock the prejudices of those who have idealized or worshipped the negro as canonized in "Uncle Tom." Is it not time they heard the whole truth? They have heard only one side for forty years.

"The only question for a critic to determine when discussing my moral right to publish such a book is this: Is the record of life given important and authentic? If eighteen millions of Southern people, who at present rule, believe what my book expresses, is it not well to know it? . . . If it is true, is it not of tremendous importance that the whole nation shall know it?"

Manifestly 'The Leopard's Spots' is a realistic and quasi-historical novel with an overshadowing purpose. The author made the nation to hear his and not a few to know. Within a year one hundred thousand copies were sold, and so great was the sensation produced that numerous editions were printed in the European tongues, and the author's fame became international. He was regarded as the exponent of a doctrine with regard to the races in the Southern States of the United States, a subject in which modern civilization has maintained a peculiarly extensive and curious interest.

Mr. Dixon's next work was a novel—'The One Woman'—designed to expose socialism in its light (or, as Mr. Dixon would say, in the true light and according to authentic facts). It is want-

ing in literary interest and value, and fell rather flat, after an enormous sale of the two hundred thousand copies.

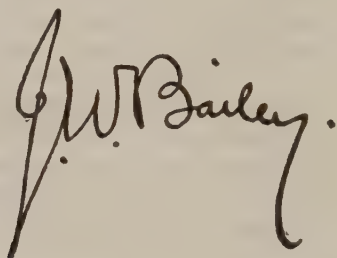
Within a remarkably brief period Mr. Dixon's third and fourth novels, entitled respectively 'The Clansman' and 'The Traitor,' appeared. The first treats of the Reconstruction period in the South, with especial reference to the part played by the Ku Klux Klan in restoring to the Southern people their rights: the second, in the nature of a sequel, narrates the decline of the Ku Klux. 'The Clansman' at once took rank as the author's best work: 'The Traitor' as his least meritorious.

'The Clansman' is historical. It is not without its manifest purpose, but that purpose is not obtrusive. With vigorous dramatic power Dixon portrays the cruel facts of Reconstruction history, and his characters live in his pages as they lived in that time that tried men's souls. Whether the true South would care to have its woes recited is not the question, but that 'The Clansman' does recite those woes is beyond dispute: and it cannot be but well that the truth is worthily told. Certainly 'The Clansman' has had no mean part in helping the Northern people to a better understanding of the South. With genuine insight its pages preserve the life of the Southerner of the old school and the son of the new time: the ante-bellum darkey and the ambitious negro of those latter days when emancipation and sudden citizenship and association with unscrupulous white politicians led to outrage after outrage. If he has failed at all in this work, Mr. Dixon's failure is in the portrayal of his women, but they serve him excellently in his chamber of horrors. He says that Chapter XII, Book II of 'The Clansman' is "the best chapter I ever wrote and every word cost me a tear." The failure of 'The Traitor' may indicate that Mr. Dixon has been in too great haste, or perhaps that he has exhausted his material and that his style has cloyed. For he has but one resource—the woes of the South in Reconstruction; and his style has but one note—the tragic.

Further of Mr. Dixon's style not much can be said. It is crude. One of his friendly critics, the late John Charles McNeill, says of him, "he paints with a broom." His realism is the realism of the open sore; his art the art of the billboard. His dramas are not developed, but scene after scene is thrust upon the stage, each with its direct and heart-rending—or hair-raising—impression. He claims only in his own behalf that the "record of life" that he has made is "important and authentic." 'The Leopard's Spots' reveals only half the truth, and this half at least is important and authentic. The other two volumes disclose only the fact that Mr. Dixon's triumphs

depend upon his skill in selecting the story rather than upon the art of its exposition.

Whether Mr. Dixon has produced literature or not, and whether the future will have use for his books, are questions not lightly to be answered. Our generation is reckoning with 'The Leopard's Spots' and 'The Clansman.' Few modern books have been so widely read or so extensively discussed. They have voiced the long-dumb South's protest, not in the noble restrained spirit we ascribe to the South, but in strident reproach and defiant challenge and naked disclosure. One may say it were better had the South gone on in silence, another that it is good the facts have been given living forms; but everyone must recognize the genius that understood the situation and commanded the ear of civilization. He has interpreted in his own passionate way the life about him. This is Mr. Dixon's distinction, and it is the only claim of himself and his works to fame.



AN EXPERIMENT IN MATRIMONY

From 'The Leopard's Spots.' Copyright by the Doubleday and Page Company. By permission of the publishers.

NELSE was informed by the agent of the Freedman's Bureau when summoned before that tribunal that he must pay a fee of one dollar for a marriage license and be married over again.

"What's dat? Dis yer war bust up me en Eve's marryin'?"

"Yes," said the agent. "You must be legally married."

Nelse chuckled on a brilliant scheme that flashed through his mind.

"Den I see you ergin 'bout dat," he said as he hastily took his leave.

He made his way homeward revolving his brilliant scheme.

"But won't I fetch dat nigger Eve down er peg er two! I gwine ter make her t'ink I won' marry her nohow. I make 'er ax my pardon fur all dem little disergreements. She got ter talk mighty putty now, sho nuf!" And he smiled over his coming triumph.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when he reached his cabin door on the lot back of Mrs. Gaston's home. Eve was busy mending some clothes for their little boy, now nearly five years old.

"Good evenin', Miss Eve!"

Eve looked up at him with a sudden flash of her eye.

"What de matter wid you, nigger?"

"Nuttin' tall. Des drapped in lak ter pass de time er day, en ax how's you en yer son stanin' dis hot wedder!" Nelse bowed and smiled.

"What ail you, you big black baboon?"

"Nuttin' tall, Ma'am, des callin' roun' ter see my frien's." Still smiling, Nelse walked in and sat down.

Eve put down her sewing, stood up before him, her arms akimbo, and gazed at him steadily till the whites of her eyes began to shine like two moons.

"You wants me ter whale you ober de head wid dat poker?"

"Not dis even', Ma'am."

"Den what ail you?"

"De Buro des inform me, dat es I'se er young han'some man en you'se er gittin' kinder ole en fat, dat we ain't married nohow! En dey gimme er paper fur er dollar dat allow me ter marry de young lady er my choice! Dat sho is a great Buro!"

"We ain't married?"

"Nob-um."

"Atter we stan' up dar befo' Marse John Durham en says des what all dem white folkes say?"

"Nob-um."

Eve slowly took her seat and gazed down the road thoughtfully.

"I t'ink I drap eroun' ter see you en gin you er chance wid de odder gals fo' I steps off," explained Nelse with a grin.

No answer.

"You 'member dat night I say sumfin' 'bout er gal I know once, en you riz en grab er poun' er wool outen my head fo' I kin move?"

No answer yet.

"Min' dat time you bust de biscuit bode ober my head, en lam me wid de fire-shovel, en hit me in de burr er de year wid er flatiron es I wuz makin' for de do'?"

"Yas, I min's dat sho!" said Eve with evident satisfaction.

"Doan you wish you nebber done dat?"

"You black debbil!"

"Dat's hit! I'se er bad nigger, Ma'am,—bad nigger fo' de war. En I'se gittin' wuss en wuss," Nelse chuckled.

She looked at him with gathering rage and contempt.

"En den fudder mo, Ma'am, I doan lak de way you talk ter me sometimes. Yo voice des kinder takes de skin off same's er file. I laks ter hear er 'oman's voice lak my Missy's, des es sof' es wool. Sometimes one word from her keep me warm all winter. De way you talk sometime make me cole in de summer time."

Nelse rose while Eve sat motionless.

"I des call, Ma'am, ter drap er little intment inter dem years er yoarn, dat'll percerlate froo you min', en when I calls ergin I hopes ter be welcome wid smiles."

Nelse bowed himself out the door in grandiloquent style.

All the afternoon he was laughing to himself over his triumph, and imagining the welcome when he returned that evening with his marriage license and the officer to perform the ceremony. At supper in the kitchen he was polite and formal in his manners to Eve. She eyed him in a contemptuous sort of way, and never spoke unless it was absolutely necessary.

It was about half past eight when Nelse arrived at home with the license duly issued and the officer of the bureau ready to perform the ceremony.

"Des wait er minute here at de corner, sah, twell I kinder breaks de news to 'em," said Nelse to the officer.

He approached the cabin door and knocked.

It was shut and fastened. He got no response.

He knocked loudly again.

Eve thrust her head out the window.

"Who's dat?"

"Hit's me, Ma'am, Mister Nelson Gaston, I'se call ter see you."

"Den you hump yo'se'f en git away from dat do, you rascal."

"De Lawd, honey, I'se des been er foolin' you ter day. I'se got dem licenses en de Buro man right out dar now ready ter marry us. You know yo ole man nebber gwine back on you—I des been er foolin'."

"Den you been er foolin' wid de wrong nigger!"

"Lawd, honey, doan keep de bridegroom er waitin'."

"Git er way from dat do!"

"G'long chile, en quit yer projeckin'." Nelse was using his softest and most persuasive tones now.

"G'way from dat do'!"

"Come on, Eve, de man waitin' out dar fur us!"

"Git away, I tells you, er I scald you wid er kittle er hot water!"

Nelse drew back slightly from the door.

"But, honey, whar yo ole man gwine ter sleep?"

"Dey's straw in de barn, en pine shatters in de dog house!" she shouted, slamming the window.

"Eve, honey!—"

"Doan you come honeyin' me, I'se er spec'able 'oman, I is. Ef you wants ter marry me you got ter come co'tin' me in de day time fust, en bring me candy, en ribbons en flowers and sich, en you got ter talk purtier'n you ebber talk in all yo born days. Lots er likely lookin' niggers come settin' up ter me while you gone in dat wah, en I keep studin' 'bout you, you big black rascal. Now you got ter hump yo'se'f ef you ebber see de inside er dis cabin ergin'."

Crestfallen Nelse returned to the officer.

"Wal, sah, deys'er kinder hitch in de preceedins'."

"What's the matter?"

"She 'low I got ter come co'tin' her fust. En I spec I is."

The officer laughed and returned to his home. She made Nelse sleep in the barn for three weeks, court her an hour every day, and bring her five cents' worth of red stick candy and a bouquet of flowers as a peace offering at every visit. Finally she made him write her a note and ask her to take a ride with him. Nelse got Charlie to write it for him, and

made his own boy carry it to his mother. After three weeks of humility and attention to her wishes, she gave her consent, and they were duly married again.

A FALLEN SLAVEHOLDER'S MANSION

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PIEDMONT, South Carolina, which Elsie and Phil had selected for reasons best known to themselves as the place of retreat for their father, was a favourable summer resort of Charleston people before the war.

Ulster County, of which this village was the capital, bordered on the North Carolina line, lying alongside the ancient shire of York. It was settled by the Scotch folk, who came from the North of Ireland in the great migrations which gave America three hundred thousand people of Covenanter martyr blood, the largest and most important addition to our population, larger in numbers than either the Puritans of New England or the so-called Cavaliers of Virginia and Eastern Carolina; and far more important than either, in the growth of American nationality.

To a man they had hated Great Britain. Not a Tory was found among them. The cries of their martyred dead were still ringing in their souls when George III started on his career of oppression. The fiery words of Patrick Henry, their spokesman in the Valley of Virginia, had swept the aristocracy of the Old Dominion into rebellion against the King and on into triumphant Democracy. They had made North Carolina the first home of freedom in the New World, issued the first Declaration of Independence in Mecklenburg, and lifted the first banner of rebellion against the tyranny of the Crown.

They grew to the soil wherever they stopped, always home-lovers and home-builders, loyal to their own people, instinctive clan leaders and clan followers. A sturdy, honest, covenant-keeping, God-fearing, fighting people, above all things they hated sham and pretence. They never boasted of their families, though some of them might have quartered the royal arms of Scotland on their shields.

To these sturdy qualities had been added a strain of Huguenot tenderness and vivacity.

The culture of cotton as the sole industry had fixed African slavery as their economic system. With the heritage of the Old World had been blended forces inherent in the earth and air of the new Southland, something of the breath of its unbroken forests, the freedom of its untrod mountains, the temper of its sun, and the sweetness of its tropic perfumes.

When Mrs. Cameron received Elsie's letter, asking her to secure for them six good rooms at the "Palmetto" hotel, she laughed. The big rambling hostelry had been burned by roving negroes, pigs were wallowing in the sulphur springs, and along its walks, where lovers of olden days had strolled, the cows were browsing on the shrubbery.

But she laughed for a more important reason. They had asked for a six-room cottage if accommodations could not be had in the hotel.

She could put them in the Lenoir place. The cotton crop from their farm had been stolen from the gin—the cotton tax of \$200 could not be paid, and a mortgage was about to be foreclosed on both their farm and home. She had been brooding over their troubles in despair. The Stonemans' coming was a godsend.

Mrs. Cameron was helping them set the house in order to receive the new tenants.

"I declare," said Mrs. Lenoir, gratefully. "It seems too good to be true. Just as I was about to give up—the first time in my life—here came those rich Yankees and with enough rent to pay the interest on the mortgages and our board at the hotel. I'll teach Margaret to paint, and she can give Marion lessons on the piano. The darkest hour's just before day. And last week I cried when they told me I must lose the farm."

"I was heart-sick over it for you."

"You know, the farm was my dowry with the dozen slaves papa gave us on our wedding-day. The negroes did as they pleased, yet we managed to live and were very happy."

Marion entered and placed a bouquet of roses on the table, touching them daintily until they stood each flower apart in careless splendour. Their perfume, the girl's wistful dreamy

blue eyes and shy elusive beauty, all seemed a part of the warm sweet air of the June morning. Mrs. Lenoir watched her lovingly.

"Mama, I'm going to put flowers in every room. I'm sure they haven't such lovely ones in Washington," said Marion, eagerly, as she skipped out.

The two women moved to the open window, through which came the drone of bees and the distant music of the river falls.

"Marion's greatest charm," whispered her mother, "is in her way of doing things easily and gently without a trace of effort. Watch her bend over to get that rose. Did you ever see anything like the grace and symmetry of her figure—she seems a living flower!"

"Jeannie, you're making an idol of her——"

"Why not? With all our troubles and poverty, I'm rich in her! She's fifteen years old, her head teeming with romance. You know, I was married at fifteen. There'll be a half-dozen boys to see her to-night in our new home—all of them head over heels in love with her."

"Oh, Jeannie, you must not be so silly! We should worship God only."

"Isn't she God's message to me, and to the world?"

"But if anything should happen to her——"

The young mother laughed. "I never think of it. Some things are fixed. Her happiness and beauty are to me the sign of God's presence."

"Well, I'm glad you're coming to live with us in the heart of town. This place is a cosy nest, just such a one as a poet-lover would build here in the edge of these deep woods, but it is too far out for you to be alone. Dr. Cameron has been worrying about you ever since he came home."

"I'm not afraid of the negroes. I don't know one of them who wouldn't go out of his way to do me a favour. Old Aleck is the only rascal I know among them, and he's too busy with politics now even to steal a chicken."

"And Gus, the young scamp we used to own; you haven't forgotten him? He is back here, a member of the company of negro troops, and parades before the house every day to show off his uniform. Dr. Cameron told him yesterday he'd

thrash him if he caught him hanging around the place again. He frightened Margaret nearly to death when she went to the barn to feed her horse."

"I've never known the meaning of fear. We used to roam the woods and fields together all hours of the day and night, my lover, Marion and I. This panic seems absurd to me."

"Well, I'll be glad to get you two children under my wing. I was afraid I'd find you in tears over moving from your nest."

"No, where Marion is, I'm at home, and I'll feel I've a mother when I get with you."

"Will you come to the hotel before they arrive?"

"No; I'll welcome and tell them how glad I am they have brought me good luck."

"I'm delighted, Jeannie. I wished you to do this, but I couldn't ask it. I can never do enough for this old man's daughter. We must make their stay happy. They say he's a terrible old Radical politician, but I suppose he's no meaner than the others. He's very ill, and she loves him devotedly. He is coming here to find health, and not to insult us. Besides, he was kind to me. He wrote a letter to the President. Nothing that I have will be too good for him or for his. It's very brave and sweet of you to stay and meet them."

"I'm doing it to please Marion. She suggested it last night, sitting out on the porch in the twilight. She slipped her arm around me and said:

"'Mama, we must welcome them, and make them feel at home. He is very ill. They will be tired and homesick. Suppose it were you and I, and we were taking my papa to a strange place.'"

When the Stonemans arrived, the old man was too ill and nervous from the fatigue of the long journey to notice his surroundings or to be conscious of the restful beauty of the cottage into which they carried him. His room looked out over the valley of the river for miles, and the glimpse he got of its broad fertile acres only confirmed his ideas of the "slaveholding oligarchy" it was his life-purpose to crush. Over the mantel hung a steel engraving of Calhoun. He fell asleep with his deep, sunken eyes resting on it and a cynical smile playing about his grim mouth.

Margaret and Mrs. Cameron had met the Stonemans and their physician at the train, and had taken Elsie and her father in the old weather-beaten family carriage to the Lenoir cottage apologising for Ben's absence.

"He has gone to Nashville on some important legal business, and the doctor is ailing, but as the head of the clan Cameron he told me to welcome your father to the hospitality of the county, and beg him to let us know if he could be of help."

The old man, who sat in a stupor of exhaustion, made no response, and Elsie hastened to say:

"We appreciate your kindness more than I can tell you, Mrs. Cameron. I trust father will be better in a day or two, when he will thank you. The trip has been more than he could bear."

"I am expecting Ben home this week," the mother whispered. "I need not tell you that he will be delighted at your coming."

Elsie smiled and blushed.

"And I'll expect Captain Stoneman to see me very soon," said Margaret, softly. "You will not forget to tell him for me?"

"He's a very retiring young man," said Elsie, "and pretends to be busy about our baggage just now. I'm sure he will find the way."

Elsie fell in love at sight with Marion and her mother. Their easy, genial manners, the genuineness of their welcome, and the simple kindness with which they sought to make her feel at home put her heart into a warm glow.

Mrs. Lenoir explained the conveniences of the place and apologised for its defects, the results of the war.

"I am sorry about the window-curtains—we have used them all for dresses. Marion is a genius with a needle, and we took the last pair out of the parlour to make a dress for a birthday party. The year before, we used the ones in my room for a costume at a starvation party in a benefit for our rector—you know we're Episcopalians—strayed up here for our health from Charleston among these good Scotch Presbyterians."

"We will soon place curtains at the windows," said Elsie cheerfully.

"The carpets were sent to the soldiers for blankets during the war. It was all we could do for our poor boys, except to cut my hair and sell it. You see my hair hasn't grown out yet. I sent it to Richmond the last year of the war. I felt I must do something, when my neighbours were giving so much. You know Mrs. Cameron lost four boys."

"I prefer the floors bare," Elsie replied. "We will get a few rugs."

She looked at the girlish hair hanging in ringlets about Mrs. Lenoir's handsome face, smiled pathetically, and asked:

"Did you really make such sacrifices for your cause?"

"Yes, indeed. I was glad when the war was ended for some things. We certainly needed a few pins, needles, and buttons, to say nothing of a cup of coffee or tea."

"I trust you will never lack for anything again," said Elsie, kindly.

"You will bring us good luck," Mrs. Lenoir responded. "Your coming is so fortunate. The cotton tax Congress levied was so heavy this year, we were going to lose everything. Such a tax when we are all about to starve! Dr. Cameron says it was an act of stupid vengeance on the South, and that no other farmers in America have their crops taxed by the National Government. I am so glad your father has come. He is not hunting for an office. He can help us, maybe."

"I am sure he will," answered Elsie, thoughtfully. Marion ran up the steps, lightly, her hair dishevelled and face flushed.

"Now, mama, it's almost sundown; you get ready to go. I want her awhile to show her about my things."

She took Elsie shyly by the hand and led her into the lawn, while her mother paid a visit to each room, and made up the last bundle of odds and ends she meant to carry to the hotel.

"I hope you will love the place as we do," said the girl, simply.

"I think it very beautiful and restful," Elsie replied. "This wilderness of flowers looks like fairyland. You have roses running on the porch around the whole length of the house."

"Yes, papa was crazy over the trailing roses, and kept planting them until the house seems just a frame built to hold them, with a roof on it. But you can see the river through

the arches from three sides. Ben Cameron helped me set that big beauty on the south corner the day he ran away to the war—”

“The view is glorious!” Elsie exclaimed, looking in rapture over the river valley.

The village of Piedmont crowned an immense hill on the banks of the Broad River, just where it dashes over the last stone barrier in a series of beautiful falls and spreads out in peaceful glory through the plains toward Columbia and the distant sea. The muffled roar of these falls, rising softly through the trees on its wooded cliff, held the daily life of the people in the spell of distant music. In fair weather it soothed and charmed, and in storm and freshet rose to the deep solemn growl of thunder.

The river made a sharp bend as it emerged from the hills and flowed westward for six miles before it turned south again. Beyond this six-mile sweep of its broad channel loomed the three ranges of the Blue Ridge Mountains, the first one dark, rich, distinct, clothed in eternal green, the last one melting in dim lines into the clouds and soft azure of the sky.

As the sun began to sink now behind these distant peaks, each cloud that hung about them burst into a blazing riot of colour. The silver mirror of the river caught their shadows, and the water glowed in sympathy.

As Elsie drank the beauty of the scene, the music of the falls ringing its soft accompaniment, her heart went out in a throb of love and pity for the land and its people.

“Can you blame us for loving such a spot?” said Marion. “It’s far more beautiful from the cliff at Lover’s Leap. I’ll take you there some day. My father used to tell me that this world was Heaven, and that the spirits would all come back to live here when sin and shame and strife were gone.”

“Are your father’s poems published?” asked Elsie.

“Only in the papers. We have them clipped and pasted in a scrap-book. I’ll show you the one about Ben Cameron some day. You met him in Washington, didn’t you?”

“Yes,” said Elsie, quietly.

“Then I know he made love to you.”

“Why?”

"You're so pretty. He couldn't help it."

"Does he make love to every pretty girl?"

"Always. It's his religion. But he does it so beautifully you can't help believing it, until you compare notes with the other girls."

"Did he make love to you?"

"He broke my heart when he ran away. I cried a whole week. But I got over it. He seemed so big and grown when he came home this last time. I was afraid to let him kiss me."

"Did he dare to try?"

"No, and it hurt my feelings. You see, I'm not quite old enough to be serious with the big boys, and he looked so brave and handsome with that ugly scar on the edge of his forehead, and everybody was so proud of him. I was just dying to kiss him, and I thought it downright mean in him not to offer it."

"Would you have let him?"

"I expected him to try."

"He is very popular in Piedmont?"

"Every girl in town is in love with him."

"And he in love with all?"

"He pretends to be—but between us, he's a great flirt. He's gone to Nashville now on some pretended business. Goodness only knows where he got the money to go. I believe there's a girl there."

"Why?"

"Because he was so mysterious about his trip. I'll keep an eye on him at the hotel. You know Margaret, too, don't you?"

"Yes; we met her in Washington."

"Well, she's the slyest flirt in town—it runs in the blood—has a half-dozen beaux to see her every day. She plays the organ in the Presbyterian Sunday school, and the young minister is dead in love with her. They say they are engaged. I don't believe it. I think it's another one. But I must hurry, I've so much to show and tell you. Come here to the honey-suckle—"

Marion drew the vines apart from the top of the fence and revealed a mocking-bird on her nest.

"She's setting. Don't let anything hurt her. I'd push her off and show you her speckled eggs, but it's so late."

"Oh, I wouldn't hurt her for the world!" cried Elsie with delight.

"And right here," said Marion, bending gracefully over a tall bunch of grass, "is a pee-wee's nest, four darling little eggs; look out for that."

Elsie bent and saw the pretty nest perched on stems of grass, and, over it, the taller leaves drawn to a point.

"Isn't it cute!" she murmured.

"Yes, I've six of these and three mocking-bird nests. I'll show them to you. But the most particular one of all is the wren's nest in the fork of the cedar, close to the house."

She led Elsie to the tree, and about two feet from the ground, in the forks of the trunk, was a tiny hole from which peeped the eyes of a wren.

"Whatever you do, don't let anything hurt her. Her mate sings '*Free-nigger! Free-nigger! Free-nigger!*' every morning in this cedar."

"And you think we will specially enjoy that?" asked Elsie, laughing.

"Now, really," cried Marion, taking Elsie's hand, "you know I couldn't think of such a mean joke. I forget you were from the North. You seem so sweet and homelike. He really does sing that way. You will hear him in the morning, bright and early, '*Free-nigger! Free-nigger! Free-nigger! Free-nigger!*' just as plain as I'm saying it."

"And did you learn to find all these birds' nest by yourself?"

"Papa taught me. I've got some jay-birds and some cat-birds so gentle they hop right down at my feet. Some people hate jay-birds. But I like them, they seem to be having such a fine time and enjoy life so. You don't mind jay-birds, do you?"

"I love every bird that flies."

"Except hawks and owls and buzzards—"

"Well, I've seen so few I can't say I've anything particular against them."

"Yes, they eat chickens—except the buzzards, and they're so ugly and filthy. Now, I've a chicken to show you—please

don't let Aunt Cindy—she's to be your cook—please don't let her kill him—he's crippled—has something the matter with his foot. He was born that way. Everybody wanted to kill him, but I wouldn't let them. I've had an awful time raising him, but he's all right now."

Marion lifted a box and showed her the lame pet, softly clucking his protest against the disturbance of his rest.

"I'll take good care of *him*, never fear," said Elsie, with a tremor in her voice.

"And I have a queer little black cat I wanted to show you, but he's gone off somewhere. I'd take him with me—only it's bad luck to move cats. He's awful wild—won't let anybody pet him but me. Mama says he's an imp of Satan—but I love him. He runs up a tree when anybody else tries to get him. But he climbs right up on my shoulder. I never loved any cat quite as well as this silly, half-wild one. You don't mind black cats, do you?"

"No, dear, I like cats."

"Then I know you'll be good to him."

"Is that all?" asked Elsie, with amused interest.

"No, I've the funniest yellow dog that comes here at night to pick up the scraps and things. He isn't my dog—just a little personal friend of mine—but I like him very much, and always give him something. He's very cute. I think he's a nigger dog."

"A nigger dog? What's that?"

"He belongs to some coloured people, who don't give him enough to eat. I love him because he's so faithful to his own folk. He comes to see me at night and pretends to love me, but as soon as I feed him he trots back home. When he first came, I laughed till I cried at his antics over a carpet—we had a carpet then. He never saw one before, and barked at the colours and the figures in the pattern. Then he'd lie down and rub his back on it and growl. You won't let anybody hurt him?"

"No. Are there any others?"

"Yes, I 'most forgot. If Sam Ross comes—Sam's an idiot who lives at the poorhouse—if he comes, he'll expect a dinner—my, my, I'm afraid he'll cry when he finds we're not here! But you can send him to the hotel to me. Don't let

Aunt Cindy speak rough to him. Aunt Cindy's awfully good to me, but she can't bear Sam. She thinks he brings bad luck."

"How on earth did you meet him?"

"His father was rich. He was a good friend of my papa's. We came near losing our farm once, because a bank failed. Mr. Ross sent papa a signed check on his own bank, and told him to write the amount he needed on it, and pay him when he was able. Papa cried over it, and wouldn't use it, and wrote a poem on the back of the check—one of the sweetest of all, I think. In the war Mr. Ross lost his two younger sons, both killed at Gettysburg. His wife died heart-broken, and he only lived a year afterward. He sold his farm for Confederate money, and everything was lost. Sam was sent to the poorhouse. He found out somehow that we loved him and comes to see us. He's as harmless as a kitten, and works the garden beautifully."

"I'll remember," Elsie promised.

"And one thing more," she said hesitatingly. "Mama asked me to speak to you of this—that's why she slipped away. There's one little room we have locked. It was papa's study just as he left it, with his papers scattered on the desk, the books and pictures that he loved—you won't mind?"

Elsie slipped her arm about Marion, looked into the blue eyes, dim with tears, drew her close, and said:

"It shall be sacred, my child. You must come every day if possible, and help me."

"I will. I've so many beautiful places to show you in the woods—places he loved, and taught us to see and love. They won't let me go in the woods any more alone. But you have a big brother. That must be very sweet."

Mrs. Lenoir hurried to Elsie.

"Come, Marion, we must be going now."

"I am very sorry to see you leave the home you love so dearly, Mrs. Lenoir," said the Northern girl, taking her extended hand. "I hope you can soon find a way to have it back."

"Thank you," replied the mother, cheerily. "The longer you stay, the better for us. You don't know how happy I am over your coming. It has lifted a load from our hearts."

In the liberal rent you pay us you are our benefactors. We are very grateful and happy."

Elsie watched them walk across the lawn to the street, the daughter leaning on the mother's arm. She followed slowly and stopped behind one of the arbor-vitae bushes beside the gate. The full moon had risen as the twilight fell and flooded the scene with soft white light. A whippoorwill struck his first plaintive note, his weird song seeming to come from all directions and yet to be under her feet. She heard the rustle of dresses returning along the walk, and Marion and her mother stood at the gate. They looked long and tenderly at the house. Mrs. Lenoir uttered a broken sob, Marion slipped her arm around her, brushed the short curling hair back from her forehead, and softly said:

"Mama, dear, you know it's best. I don't mind. Everybody in town loves us. Every boy and girl in Piedmont worships you. We will be just as happy at the hotel."

In the pauses between the strange bird's cry, Elsie caught the sound of another sob, and then a soothing murmur as of a mother bending over a cradle, and they were gone.

THE REIGN OF THE KLAN

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IN quick succession every county followed the example of Ulster, and the arms furnished the negroes by the state and National governments were in the hands of the Klan. The League began to collapse in a panic of terror.

A gale of chivalrous passion and high action, contagious and intoxicating, swept the white race. The moral, mental, and physical earthquake which followed the first assault on one of their daughters revealed the unity of the racial life of the people. Within the span of a week they had lived a century.

The spirit of the South, "like lightning, had at last leaped forth, half startled at itself, its feet upon the ashes and the rags," its hands tight-gripped on the throat of tyrant, thug, and thief.

It was the resistless movement of a race, not of any man or leader of men. The secret weapon with which they struck was the most terrible and efficient in human history—these pale hosts of white-and-scarlet horsemen! They struck shrouded in a mantle of darkness and terror. They struck where the power of resistance was weakest and the blow least suspected. Discovery or retaliation was impossible. Not a single disguise was ever penetrated. All was planned and ordered as by destiny. The accused was tried by secret tribunal, sentenced without a hearing, executed in the dead of night without warning, mercy, or appeal. The movements of the Klan were like clockwork, without a word, save the whistle of the Night Hawk, the crack of his revolver, and the hoof-beat of swift horses moving like figures in a dream, and vanishing in mists and shadows.

The old club-footed Puritan, in his mad scheme of vengeance and party power, had overlooked the Covenanter, the backbone of the South. This man had just begun to fight! His race had defied the Crown of Great Britain a hundred years from the caves and wilds of Scotland and Ireland, taught the English people how to slay a king and build a commonwealth, and, driven into exile into the wilderness of America, led our Revolution, peopled the hills of the South, and conquered the West.

As the young German patriots of 1812 had organized the great struggle for their liberties under the noses of the garrisons of Napoleon, so Ben Cameron had met the leaders of his race in Nashville, Tennessee, within the picket lines of thirty-five thousand hostile troops, and in the ruins of an old homestead discussed and adopted the ritual of the Invisible Empire.

Within a few months this Empire overspread a territory larger than modern Europe. In the approaching election it was reaching out its daring white hands to tear the fruits of victory from twenty million victorious conquerors.

The triumph at which they aimed was one of incredible grandeur. They had risen to snatch power out of defeat and death. Under their clan-leadership the Southern people had suddenly developed the courage of the lion, the cunning of the fox, and the deathless faith of religious enthusiasts.

Society was fused in the white heat of one sublime thought and beat with the pulse of the single will of the Grand Wizard of the Klan at Memphis.

Women and children had eyes and saw not, ears and heard not. Over four hundred thousand disguises for men and horses were made by the women of the South, and not one secret ever passed their lips!

With magnificent audacity, infinite patience, and remorseless zeal, a conquered people were struggling to turn his own weapon against their conqueror, and beat his brains out with the bludgeon he had placed in the hands of their former slaves.

Behind the tragedy of Reconstruction stood the remarkable man whose iron will alone had driven these terrible measures through the chaos of passion, corruption, and bewilderment which followed the first assassination of an American President. As he leaned on his window in this village of the South and watched in speechless rage the struggle at that negro armory, he felt for the first time the foundations sinking beneath his feet. As he saw the black cowards surrender in terror, noted the indifference and cool defiance with which those white horsemen rode and shot, he knew that he had collided with the ultimate force which his whole scheme had overlooked.

He turned on his big club-foot from the window, clinched his fist, and muttered:

"But I'll hang that man for this deed if it's the last act of my life!"

The morning brought dismay to the negro, the carpet-bagger, and the scalawag of Ulster. A peculiar freak of weather in the early morning added to their terror. The sun rose clear and bright except for a slight fog that floated from the river valley, increasing the roar of the falls. About nine o'clock, a huge black shadow suddenly rushed over Piedmont from the west, and in a moment the town was shrouded in twilight. The cries of birds were hushed, and chickens went to roost as in a total eclipse of the sun. Knots of people gathered on the streets and gazed uneasily at the threatening skies. Hundreds of negroes began to sing and shout and pray, while sensible people feared a cyclone or cloud-burst. A furious

downpour of rain was swiftly followed by sunshine, and the negroes rose from their knees, shouting with joy to find the end of the world had after all been postponed.

But that the end of their brief reign in a white man's land had come, but few of them doubted. The events of the night were sufficiently eloquent. The movement of the clouds in sympathy was unnecessary.

Old Stoneman sent for Lynch, and found he had fled to Columbia. He sent for the only lawyer in town whom the Lieutenant-governor had told him could be trusted.

The lawyer was polite, but his refusal to undertake the prosecution of any alleged member of the Klan was emphatic.

"I'm a sinful man, sir," he said with a smile. "Besides I prefer to live, on general principles."

"I'll pay you well," urged the old man, "and if you secure the conviction of Ben Cameron, the man we believe to be the head of this Klan, I'll give you ten thousand dollars."

The lawyer was whittling on a piece of pine meditatively.

"That's a big lot of money in these hard times. I'd like to own it, but I'm afraid it wouldn't be good at the bank on the other side. I prefer the green fields of South Carolina to those of Eden. My harp isn't in tune."

Stoneman snorted in disgust:

"Will you ask the Mayor to call to see me at once?"

"We ain't got none," was the laconic answer.

"What do you mean?"

"Haven't you heard what happened to his Honour last night?"

"No."

"The Klan called to see him," went on the lawyer with a quizzical look, "at 3 A. M. Rather early for a visit of state. They gave him forty-nine lashes on his bare back, and persuaded him that the climate of Piedmont didn't agree with him. His Honour, Mayor Bizzel, left this morning with his negro wife and brood of mulatto children for his home, the slums of Cleveland, Ohio. We are deprived of his illustrious example, and he may not be a wiser man than when he came, but he's a much sadder one."

Stoneman dismissed the even-tempered member of the bar, and wired Lynch to return immediately to Piedmont. He de-

terminated to conduct the prosecution of Ben Cameron in person. With the aid of the Lieutenant-governor he succeeded in finding a man who would dare to swear out a warrant against him.

As a preliminary skirmish he was charged with a violation of the statutory laws of the United States relating to Reconstruction and arraigned before a commissioner.

Against Elsie's agonising protest, old Stoneman appeared at the court-house to conduct the prosecution.

In the absence of the United States Marshal, the warrant had been placed in the hands of the sheriff, returnable at ten o'clock on the morning fixed for the trial. The new sheriff of Ulster was no less a personage than Uncle Aleck, who had resigned his seat in the House to accept the more profitable one of high sheriff of the county.

There was a long delay in beginning the trial. At 10:30, not a single witness summoned had appeared, nor had the prisoner seen fit to honour the court with his presence.

Old Stoneman sat fumbling his hands in nervous, sullen rage, while Phil looked on with amusement.

"Send for the sheriff," he growled to the commissioner.

In a moment Aleck appeared, bowing humbly and politely to every white man he passed. He bent half way to the floor before the commissioner and said:

"Marse Ben be here in er minute, sah. He's er eatin' his breakfus'. I run erlong erhead."

Stoneman's face was a thundercloud as he scrambled to his feet and glared at Aleck;

"*Marse* Ben? Did you say *Marse* Ben? Who's he?" Aleck bowed low again.

"De young colonel, sah—*Marse* Ben Cameron."

"And you the sheriff of this county trotted along in front to make the way smooth for your prisoner?"

"Yessah!"

"Is that the way you escort prisoners before a court?"

"Dem kin' er prisoners—yessah."

"Why didn't you walk beside him?"

Aleck grinned from ear to ear and bowed very low:

"He say sumfin' to me, sah!"

"And what did he say?"

Aleck shook his head and laughed:

"I hates ter insinuate ter de cote, sah!"

"What did he say to you?" thundered Stoneman.

"He say—he say—ef I walk 'longside er him—he knock hell outen me, sah!"

"Indeed."

"Yessah, en I 'spec' he would," said Aleck, insinuatingly. "La, he's a gemman, sah, he is! He tell me he come right on. He be here sho'."

Stoneman whispered to Lynch, turned with a look of contempt to Aleck, and said:

"Mr. Sheriff, you interest me. Will you be kind enough to explain to this court what has happened to you lately to so miraculously change your manners?"

Aleck glanced around the room nervously.

"I seed sumfin'—a vision, sah!"

"A vision? Are you given to visions?"

"Nao-sah. Dis yere wuz er sho' 'nuff vision! I wuz er feelin' bad all day yistiddy. Soon in de mawnin', ez I wuz gwine 'long de road, I see a big black bird er settin' on de fence. He flop his wings, look right at me en say, 'Corpse! Corpse! Corpse!'—Aleck's voice dropped to a whisper—"en las' night de Ku Kluxes come ter see me, sah!"

Stoneman lifted his beetling brows.

"That's interesting. We are searching for information on that subject."

"Yessah! Dey wuz Sperits, ridin' white hosses wid flow-in' white robes, en big blood-red eyes! De hosses wuz twenty feet high, en some er de Sperits wuz higher dan dis cote-house! Dey wuz all bal' headed, 'cept right on de top whar dere wuz er straight blaze er fire shot up in de air ten foot high!"

"What did they say to you?"

"Dey say dat ef I didn't design de sheriff's office, go back ter farmin' en behave myself, dey had er job waitin' fer me in hell, sah. En sho's you born dey wuz right from dar!"

"Of course!" sneered the old Commoner.

"Yessah! Hit's des lak I tell yer. One ob 'em makes me fetch 'im er drink er water. I carry two bucketsful ter 'im 'fo' I git done, en I swar ter God he drink it all right dar 'fo' my eyes! He say hit wuz pow'ful dry down below, sah! En den

I feel sumfin' bus' loose inside er me, en I disremember all dat come ter pass! I made er jump fer de ribber bank, en de next I knowed I wuz er pullin' fur de odder sho'. I'se er pow'ful good swimmer, sah, but I nebber git ercross er creek befo' ez quick es I got ober de ribber las' night."

"And you think of going back to farming?"

"I done begin plowin' dis mornin', marster!"

"Don't you call me marster!" yelled the old man. "Are you the sheriff of this county?"

Aleck laughed loudly.

"No-sah! Dat's er joke! I ain't nuttin' but er plain nigger—I wants peace, judge."

"Evidently we need a new sheriff."

"Dat's what I tell 'em, sah, dis mornin'—en I des flings myself on de igrance er de cote!"

Phil laughed aloud, and his father's colourless eyes began to spit cold poison.

"About what time do you think your master, Colonel Cameron, will honour us with his presence?" he asked Aleck.

Again the sheriff bowed.

"He's er comin' right now, lak I tole yer—he's er gemman, sah."

Ben walked briskly into the room and confronted the commissioner.

Without apparently noticing his presence, Stoneman said:

"In the absence of witnesses we accept the discharge of this warrant pending developments."

Ben turned on his heel, pressed Phil's hand as he passed through the crowd, and disappeared.

The old Commoner drove to the telegraph office and sent a message of more than a thousand words to the White House, a copy of which the operator delivered to Ben Cameron within an hour.

President Grant next morning issued a proclamation declaring the nine Scotch-Irish hill counties of South Carolina in a state of insurrection, ordered an army corps of five thousand men to report there for duty, pending the further necessity of martial law and the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*.

WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE

[18 —]

WILL T. HALE

IT is related that a score of years after the appearance of his best known poem Thomas Campbell was introduced to some one as the author of 'The Pleasures of Hope.'

"Confound 'The Pleasures of Hope'! Can't I write anything else?" he exclaimed.

Since the publication of "Fiddling His Way to Fame" in *The Arena* in the early nineties, Miss Dromgoole has been in a position to appreciate Campbell's protest. Her sketch struck a popular chord, and though she has done some better writing, she is still thought of first as the author of that bit of dialect. It was not, however, her earliest literary venture, for, besides winning a prize offered by the *Youth's Companion*, she had already become locally quite well known. It gave her a wider public, and created a larger demand for her work. Since then she has grown steadily in popularity until now she might well rest contented with her achievements in letters.

Of all who have won a degree of distinction, perhaps the personality of the *literati* appeals most to the curiosity of the public. Miss Dromgoole, then, as one of her biographers has said, is small of stature, fragile in appearance, intense in her nature, and of a high-strung nervous organism. She was born in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, of parents who soon after marriage moved to Tennessee from Brunswick County, Virginia, where the family stood high, numbering as it did among its members, ministers and statesmen. Since the death of her mother a few years ago she has not resided at her birthplace, though still through affection calling it "home," but when not traveling "refugees" (to use her own words), in her little cottage in the Cumberland foothills.

Mr. Howells has averred in effect that genius is hard work. While not endorsing the dictum in its entirety—holding in mind the indolent Campbell and Goldsmith among others—there is a vestige of truth in it. Dr. Talmage likewise said that if a person of mediocre ability only applied himself to the accomplishment of one thing with all his power, he would make a tremendous man. Observation bears him out in this. Our author possesses not genius alone, but in industry and application meets the demands of Howells

and Talmage. Within the past dozen or fifteen years she has published quite a number of books, has given frequent readings, holds a trying position on a daily newspaper, contributes occasionally to leading periodicals, and at this writing (1908) has two other volumes ready for publication. Her published works are: 'The Heart of Old Hickory, and Other Tennessee Stories'; 'The Moonshiner's Son'; 'The Valley Path'; 'Cinch, and Other Stories of Tennessee'; 'A Boy's Battle'; 'The Furrier's Dog and His Fellow'; 'The Adventures of a Fellow'; 'Best of Friends'; 'Rare Old Chums'; 'Hero Chums'; 'Harum-Scarum Joe'; and 'Down in Dixie'. Any attempt⁴ to refer critically to each of these books in a paper of this kind would necessarily be unsatisfactory, and it will not be made. We must be content to sum up the author's quality somewhat in a general way.

A staunch admirer of Miss Dromgoole's work, Mr. B. O. Flower, editor and author, says in a preface to one of her volumes that "there is a strong tendency to dwell too much on the gloomy side of life" in her writings, and that "this is due, I think, largely to the blow occasioned by the death of her mother and the terrible struggle which has marked her life, and which has been waged against adversity with much the same sense of loyalty to right as marked the Roundheads in their conflicts with King Charles I." While this may not seem unjust, it may not be wholly just. We are utterly without fixed, reliable canons of literary criticism. Criticism is really little more than an expression of individual taste. Then who shall point out for the universal reader defects that are not plainly palpable? If Miss Dromgoole violates any rule of art in this respect, it must be admitted that she errs along with such popular idols as Miss Mary Johnston, Dr. John Watson, and Mr. James Lane Allen. Those familiar with her writings must admit that she is not without the power of admirably blending pathos and humor; and this and other characteristics of her style give point to the dictum that runs to this effect; if a book pleases, seek to judge it no further—it is a good work and made by a good builder.

This is still an era of *diversified* writing, though in the business world generally there is a tendency to specialize; so we find our author engaged in writing stories and poems as well as what may be conveniently denominated *sketches*. One has but to study them to become convinced of her versatility. And since she has catered to the juveniles in some of her prose and verse, this is a good time to say that the execution of this work is more than creditable. She was wise in selecting such themes, for they will ensure a certain amount of recognition for years to come, whether or not her other efforts stand the test of time. In one of Anthony Hope's books there is

a quaint character who is constantly giving the little ones tips, his selfish though harmless object being to hold their memory after he passes hence. The writer who appeals to children is not without hope, if he desires a modicum of prestige after death: no matter who may forget, they, so long as they may live, will not. The grandfathers, though possessed of fair acumen in literary matters, revert with intense pleasure to the delight felt in reading Weems's biographies, though they be fearfully and wonderfully made; and the grandmothers, while familiar with "the most successful novel" of to-day, cannot quite understand why their old-time favorites are slighted by a younger generation.

Of Miss Dromgoole's short stories, perhaps the best is "The Heart of Old Hickory." Mr. Flower considers it "one of the finest short stories of the present generation—a masterpiece in its way." Another sketch which merits reading at any time—it is very popular as a Christmas recitation—is "Christmas Eve at the Corner Grocery." 'Rare Old Chums' is a little volume having to do with her own girlhood, sparkling with noble sentiments almost, or quite, epigrammatically expressed. Of her longer stories, without doubt the strongest is "The Moonshiner's Son."

Her poems are numerous, and of course of varying merit—for is not that to be said of all poets whose verses are not on a dead level? "The Doll's Funeral" is an especially appealing bit of juvenile verse. In negro dialect "Balaam" excels in humor, and "When Daddy Went Away" in pathos. Yet, after all is said, it is probable that the critical reader if not the unknown million will most appreciate her lyrics and sonnets. Though aware of the peremptory manner of the future in dealing with those we may believe immortal, it is predicted that a generous number of the things written by Miss Dromgoole will not willingly be allowed by the public to die.

Will T. Hale,

TO-NIGHT

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How would it seem to have her face
In its old place to-night?
Her presence filling all the place
With joy's old vanished light;
The childlike form, the woman's grace,
How would it seem to-night?

How would it seem to have her back?
She has been gone so long
On that unanswering, soundless track,
Where neither sob nor song
Can reach, to plead life's lonely lack,
Or plaint of human wrong.

If I could have her back to-night,
If only just to plead
The task undone, the bitter fight,
The plans that bear no deed,
The wrestling, rankling soul of might
In stress of human need.

It seemed so very slight a thing,
Alas, that she should go;
How could I know the years would bring
Such bitter pain and woe,
That fragile, woman hands could cling
About my heart strings so?

If time could follow that old trace
Back through the silent years,
And she could take her same old place,
Which memory endears,
I could not find her dear, dead face,
Or see it, for my tears.

A LITTLE GIRL'S CHRISTMAS

Old Santa Claus brought heaps of things
To all the other folks;

I heard them Christmas morning say
They are cracking nuts and jokes;

And opening the packages,
And guessing what they were;
And if this one had came fum him,
And that one came fum her.

But best of all he brought to me
A letter with a curl;
My papa in the prison wrote,
"God keep my little girl."

GOD OF THE DEEP

God of the deep, the fathomless,
On land or sea,
Whate'er the unborn year may bring,
Be Thou with me;
What untried paths my feet must tread,
What hidden ways of fear and dread,
Hold Thou Thy shadow o'er my head,
Where'er I be.

God of the deep, the fathomless,
Thy gracious sun
May shine not on the unknown way
My course must run;
If where I pass shall come no ray,
No star to gladden my dismay,
Still through my dark help me to say,
Thy will be done.

God of the deep, the fathomless,
While hope shall burn,
Teach me some graver lesson still
Of life to learn;

Teach me in fate's distressed alarm
Myself alone can do me harm,
And to the shelter of Thine arm,
 To trusting, turn.

God of the deep, the fathomless,
 Throughout Thy year,
I do not ask that I be spared
 The bitter tear;
I do not ask Thee, Lord, for gain
Of happy friends or garnered grain;
But only in my hour of pain
 To hear, to hear.

COULD WE FORGET

Could we forget the past that grief endears,
 Shake off the mem'ry of each buried pain,
 And start, as little children, forth again,
Hearts all unused to sorrow, eyes to tears,
The noise of sobbing alien to our ears,
 With souls as fresh as roses after rain
 And lips that happy laughter loves to drain,
Would we go back, undoing all the years?
Would we forego the sword that pierced our side?
 The thorn that with our crown of roses blent
 To drive us forth to find the way He went,
And, sobbing, seek the cross on which He died?
Ah, Christ, of Thine own anguish grant us yet
Life's healing gift of memory and regret.

LITTLE SONG

Go little song, go out, go on,
And sing to the heart that hears;
Sing of the sun as the good years run,
Hiding the heart's poor tears.

Go little song, go out, go on,
Sing for the music's sake;
Carrying cheer to the hearts that hear,
Though the singer's heart must break.

Go little song, go out, go on,
Go like a ray in the gloom;
Who knows, who knows, you may live in a rose
Some day, for the singer's tomb?

UNAFRAID

If that strange guest should call for thee,
Dear friend, to-night,
Gaunt form, and visage white,
How would it be,
If he should call for thee?

Wouldst thou, all fearless, answer "Here"?
Bid him come in,
And all unshrived of sin,
Unmoved by fear,
Wouldst thou still answer "Here"?

And after that if he should call for me,
I would rise up and say,
"He whom I love has gone this way,
Lead on, where'er it be,"
If he should call for me.

WHEN THE TIDE TURNS, HONEY

When the tide turns, Honey,
When the tide turns in,
Den dar's gwine ter be a change come sho',
An' you better watch de current
When de tide turns, chile,
An' be ready fur ter take it at de flow.

Fur times am scan'lous weery,
An' de fact am known ter all,
An' dar isn't any gittin' round it now;
An' de bes' dat you c'n do is
Dest ter stan' it lack a man,
An' maybe hol' tergether anyhow.

De big wave come a-sloshin',
An' you think you sho'ly drown,
An' you tell yo'se'f you hasn't any luck,
But instid o' settin' moanin',
Better watch de comin' wave,
An' duck, or it will ketch yer, Honey, duck.

When de skies am sof' an' sunny,
An' de sea is mighty ca'm,
An' de times is sort o' mendin', so you think,
But Lordy, Honey, Lordy,
Better watch de weather van,
Dat's de ve'y time de ship is gwine ter sink.

So 't ain't no use a-talkin',
An' it ain't no use ter growl,
Nor ter mope, an' weep, an' kick up such a row;
You better dest be raidy
Fur whatever comes along,
De onexpected's gwineter happen anyhow.

A LITTLE WHITE BOAT

A dear little boat went a-sailing once,
Oh away, and away, so far;
And its sails were made of butterfly wings,
Of violet leaves, and beautiful things,
And its prow was a silver star.

A little white boat, a frail little boat,
And a pitiless, wide, wide sea;
Will the little star's light
Keep the long track bright,
And bring her back safe to me?

A dear little boat, a frail little boat,
And a wide, wide, echoless sea;
Oh, a violet's leaf is a tender thing,
And frail is a golden butterfly's wing,
And the sea is so vast, ah me!

Ah me! for the little white boat, ah me!
For the beautiful dreams that drown!
When she signalled "Help," did nobody hear?
On the vast, wide sea was nobody near
When my Happiness boat went down?

AN OLIVE LEAF

A singer sent his song upon the winds' wing,
To comfort one in pain;
And lo, the turn of tides brought back the song
To his own heart again.
So full, and strong, and sweet, and clear,
It cheered his own soul many a year.

WHEN MY DOLLY DIED

When my dolly died, when my dolly died,
I sat on the step, and I cried, and I cried—
And I wouldn't eat any jam and bread,
'Cause it didn't seem right when my doll was dead.
And Bridget was sorry as she could be,
For she patted my head, and "Oh," said she,
"To think that the pretty has gone and died!"
Then I broke out afresh, and I cried—and I cried.

And all the dolls from all around
Came to see *my* doll put under the ground:
There was Lucy Lee, and Mary Clack
Brought their dolls over, all dressed in black:
And Emmeline Hope, and Sarah Lou
Came over and brought their dollies, too.
And all the time I cried, and cried:
'Cause it hurt me so, when my dolly died.

We dressed her up in a new white gown,
With ribbon and lace edged all around;
And made her a coffin in a box
Where my brother keeps his spelling blocks.
And we had some prayers, and a funeral too:
And our hymn was the "Two Little Girls in Blue."
But for me, I only cried, and cried:
'Cause I *couldn't* sing when my doll had died.

We dug her a grave in the violet bed,
And planted violets at her head;
And raised a stone, where we wrote quite plain:
"Here lies a dear doll, what-died-of-*pain*."
And then my brother he said "Amen;"
And we all went back to the house again.
But for me, I only cried and cried—
'Cause it hurt me so when my dolly died.

And then we had some jam and bread,—
I didn't eat—'cause my doll was dead;
But I tied some crepe on my doll-house door,
And then I cried and cried some more.
And I couldn't be happy, don't you see?
'Cause the funeral all belonged to me.
Then the others went home; and then—
I went out and dug up my doll again.

WINGS

Dear God, as through Thy strange, great world,
My naked soul must go,
I do not ask that naught of tears
That soul may know.

I do not ask that helpers wait
Along the danger road,
With ready arms, and willing hands,
To lift my load.

I do not pray "Save me from foes,
From weariness and tears,"
That wounds, and scars, and struggles fail
To find me through the years.

I only ask in time of need,
Of danger and surprise,
Of foes within, and foes without,
"Give me the wings to rise."

The little deeds of little souls,
That wound, and sear, and blight;
Give me, to soar above, beyond,
On wings of conscious Right.

WHEN LOVE IS DEAD

When Love, like any human thing, lies dead,
Stone cold, and stark within the house of pain;
No matter how Love died, in battle slain,
Or smothered deep in kisses, poppy-red,
Best bar the door against Grief's mocking tread;
Best close the shutters 'gainst the slanting rain;
Bank up the fires, Love will not wake again,
To any call, or cry, or tears you shed.

For Love, that beareth long, and still is true,
If once the God's gift slip your careless hold,
The fires upon the heart's hearth burn too low,
No human breath can rouse the flame I know,
No human hand can warm that frigid cold,
Nor God's voice bid the dead come forth for you.

WHEN DADDY WENT AWAY

When Daddy went away,
It wuz winter time ter me,
Aldo the sun uz shinin'
Ez sassy ez could be,
En de mockin' bird been singin'
In de honeysuckle tree.

When Daddy went away,
Dar uz nuthin' lef' at all
But de fishin' poles a-hangin'
Up on de cabin wall,
En de minner-buckets waitin'
Dest whar dey stood las' fall.

When Daddy went away,
De birds furgot ter sing;
De yellor go'd-vine withered,
What he planted in de spring;
En de grape vine trails de low groun',
Furgettin' how ter cling.

When Daddy went away,
 Dem what uster be mos' kin'
 Seem ter fall away furgetful
 O' dese little griefs o' mine;
 En sorrow tuk de saddle,
 Wid trouble on behin'.

When Daddy went away,
 It uz sad as it could be,
 A-tryin' ter strangle sighin'
 En weepin', don't yer see,
 Lest I spile my Daddy's heaven,
 Wid sorrowin' fur me.

When Daddy went away,
 De river caught de sigh,
 En de winds uz all a-stirrin'
 En a-whisperin' "Good-bye";
 En de cedar trees a-moanin',
 Des lack dey boun' ter cry.

En de banjo caught de key-note
 Fum de river's lonesome moan,
 En all de music in de worl'
 Tuk de same ole weary tone;
 When Daddy went ter Jesus,
 En lef' me **all** alone.

BALAAAM

Dis mule? Why, he name Balaam;
 Hucome he got dat name?
 Suh, ef dat name don' suit him
 De Bible, hits ter blame.

'Cause I name him dest accordin'
 Ter meh religus lights;
 Name him fur de man 'uz sent
 Ter cuss de Isullites.

Fur dis de stubb'nis' critter,
I reckon, in de lan';
En dat's hucome I name him
Des lack dat Bible man.

I bleege ter go ter Norf-eas'
Dat mule mus' go Souf-wes';
En in de middle o' de creek,
He mus' lay down en res'.

Ef de road am sorter narrer,
En danger ob a fall,
Dat cussed mule gwine ram me
Smack up ag'inst de wall.

Ef I's in a 'ticklar hurry,
En want ter trabul quick,
Ye ain' gwine move dat critter
Ef yer lam him wid a brick.

En ef I's sorter w'ary,
En want ter trabel slow,
Ye'd 'low he hit a hawnet's nes',
De way dat ole mule go.

Ef I's gwine fur de doctor,
En meh chill'n all uz dyin',
He wouldn't stir a blessed stump,
Onless he had de min'.

Ef de worl' uz all a-burnin',
En hit uz jedgmint day,
Dat triflin' mule not lif' a huf
Ter git out Satan's way.

En so I name him Balaam,
A hopin' it might be
De good Lawd strack him daid some time
'N 'e's projeckin' wid me.

Naw, 'taint no mule name, maybe,
But I reckon' hit'll stan';
He ain' name fur de mule nohow,
But fur de udder man.

RAGS

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HIS first recollection of anything was of the Bottom, the uninclosed acres just without the city limits, the Vagabondia of the capital, and the resort of numberless stray cattle, *en route* to Bonedom. It was the cattle first called into active play those peculiar characteristics which marked the early career of my hero, and gave evidence of other characteristics, equally unusual, lying dormant perhaps in the young heart of him, but lacking the circumstance or surrounding of fate necessary to their awakening.

In one room of a tumble-down old row of buildings that had once gloried in the name of "Mills," our Rags was born, among the rats and spiders and vermin, to say nothing of the human vermin breeding loathsome life among its loathsome surroundings. And indeed, what else was to be expected, since life takes its color from the color that it rests upon? Just as the spring in the Bottom, where man and beast quench alike their thirst, becomes a fever-breeding pool when the accumulated filth about it gets too much for even the blessed water. It was here that Rags was born. He owed his name to his clothes, and to the kindred souls of the Bottom, who had detected a fitness in the nick-name, which, by the bye, soon became the only name he possessed. If he had ever had another nobody took the trouble to remember it, while as for him he found the name good enough for all his purposes.

From the time he could use his legs well he was out among the cattle; fetching water in an old oyster cup that he had raked out from an ash heap, for such of the strays as were dying of thirst; or chasing the express trains across the Bottom, saluting with his ore little rag of a petticoat the engineer on the tall trestle where the trains were constantly crossing and recrossing the Bottom; but giving his best attention always to the crippled cows and the old horses abandoned to the pitiless death of the Bottom. Any one who had chosen to study his character might have detected the humane instinct at a very early age. The instinct of justice, too, was rather strongly developed, also at an early age.

Did I say he was a negro? A mulatto with a clear olive complexion, kinky hair, and eyes that were small and black, and showed humor and pathos and fire all in sharp flash. He was reared in a queer school, and the lessons he learned had strange morals to them. It is no wonder they worked unusual results.

The first patient that came under Rags's ministration was an old cow which had been abandoned to the mercy of the Bottom, and which, in an attempt to return to its unworthy owner, perhaps, had been caught by a passing engine and tossed from the trestle, thereby getting its back broken. Rags faithfully plied the tin cup all the afternoon, only to see at evening the poor old beast breathe its last, leaving its bones to bleach upon the common graveyard of its kind, the Bottom.

The next morning Rags's old grandmother found the boy engaged in rather a promising attempt to fire the bridge, to wreck the car, that killed the cow, that roamed the wild, that Rags ruled.

When she had pulled him away from the trestle, and had dragged him home and thrashed him soundly, what she said was, "You fool you, don't you know they'll jail you fur life if they ketch you tryin' to burn that bridge?"

If they *caught* him. Rags had learned shrewdness if not virtue; henceforth he resolved not to abandon rascality, but to make sure that he was not overtaken in it.

His life from the time he could remember was a series of beatings and a season of neglect. Of his mother he retained no recollection whatever; he had at a very early stage of the life-game fallen to the mercy of his grandmother and her rod. When he was not being beaten he was roaming the Bottom, along with the other stray cattle—they of the soulless kind.

Once he remembered a party of very fine folk that had come out in carriages to look after the old horses that had been cast out by the owners they had served while service was in them. A great to-do had been made over the condition of the dumb things found there, and more than one heartless owner had been forced to carry home and care for the beast that had served him. But the little human stray that fate had abandoned to destruction—there was no humane society whose business it was to look after him. But when the cities

are so full, so crowded with these little vagabond-strays; what is to be done about it?

So Rags drifted along with the fresh cattle that wandered into his domain, until one morning in January, when he awoke from sleep without being beaten and dragged from his bed for a worthless do-nothing. He sat up among the bedclothes that made his pallet and wondered what had happened. It was broad daylight; the sun streamed in at the curtainless window; while over in the city the shrill, sharp sound of whistles proclaimed the noon. In all his life he had never had such a sleep. The wonder of it quite stupefied him. He soon remembered, however, that a reckoning would be required; the wonder was that the reckoning had not already been called for. He sat up, rubbing his eyes and looking about him. Over in the corner stood his grandmother's bed; the covers were drawn up close about a figure, long rigid, distinctly outlined under the faded covers. Sleep never yet gave a body that stiff, unreal pose—only the one sleep. The old grandmother had fallen upon that sleep.

After her death Rags found a shelter with a very old negress whom he called "Aunt Jane," a cripple, who lived over in the city, in a little den of a room off one of the chief thoroughfares, where progress was too busy to ferret out such small concerns. From the very first Rags was fond of the woman, possibly because she did not beat him.

And now it was that he really began to live. In an incredibly short time he became an expert sneak thief. The evil in him developed with indulgence. And so, too—alas, the wonder of it!—did the humane. He was a strange contradiction; in color he would have been called "a rare combination." He would risk his life to rescue a child from peril, and he would risk his liberty for the penny in the child's pink fingers. He was not cruel; he had no fight against the rich. He only wanted to keep Aunt Jane and himself in food, and rags sufficient to cover their nakedness. He was not grasping; on the contrary, when he had more than was absolutely necessary for their immediate needs, he would give a bite to a less fortunate comrade of the gutters. He did not do this with any idea of show either, which cannot be said of all who give to beggars; he gave because of the humane that was a

part of him; having given, he never gave the matter another thought.

He had a wonderful mind for deducing conclusions, as well as for refusing conclusions founded upon premises that were unsatisfactory to his ideas of justice. One morning, when Rags's years had gone as far as twelve, a great circus came to the city in which fate had decreed him citizenship. Rags made one of the hundreds who followed the great procession of cages showing the painted faces of monkeys, apes, and orang-outangs, moving majestically down the crowded street, halting now and then, as the law required, to give right of way to a passing street car.

Following the procession, pressing close to the cages, watching the wonderful pictured monkeys, an eager absorbed look upon his face, was a little boy. He could not have been more than six years of age, and had evidently escaped from his nurse and been crowded off the pavement into the almost equally crowded street. His rich, dainty clothes, his carefully curled, bright hair, no less than the delicate, patrician features, proclaimed him a child of the upper classes. Nobody noticed him; nobody but Rags, inching along by the chimpanzees' cage. Rags's keen eye had caught the glint of silver in the little animal-lover's hand. It was the child's money to get into the circus, and which, as an inducement to manliness perhaps, he had been allowed to carry.

"Brr-rr-rr-rr!" sneered Rags. "No use o' that. Kin crope under the tent, easier'n eat'n. That's how I do." And he inched nearer, his eyes never once removed from the small, half-clinched hand holding the bit of silver. The circus was for the moment forgotten; the painted monkeys grinned on, unobserved by Rags; the lion lashed its tawny sides in malicious anticipation of a broken bar or an inadvertent lifting of the cage door; the hump-backed camels in the rear of the procession plodded along under the persuasions of the boys in orange and purple and gay scarlet, mounted upon their unwilling backs. Rags was unconscious of it all—and of the car coming down the street in a crackle and flash of electricity.

The first thing he did see clearly was a little golden head go down under the strong, lightning-fed wheels. He gave a wild, unearthly shriek and dashed to the rescue. A hun-

dred throats took up the cry; a hundred feet hurried to help. But too late. A little motionless bundle of gay clothes and bright hair, with crimson spots upon the brightness, lay upon the track when the fiery wheels had passed. And near by lay Rags, his eyes seeing nothing, and the toes of one foot lying on the other side of the track.

It was months before he could hobble about again; but the very first trip he made was to limp down to the place where the accident had occurred, and, leaning against the iron fence of a yard that opened off the sidewalk, to go over the whole scene again. Had the boy escaped, he wondered; and what had become of the silver? He fancied it might be out there in the gray slush somewhere, together with his own poor toes. At the thought of them he grew faint and sick, leaning against the fence to prevent himself falling into the gutter.

While he stood thus a physician's buggy drew up to the sidewalk, and a man got out. He saw the very miserable-looking boy leaning upon a crutch and stopped.

"Are you sick?" he asked.

"No," said Rags, "I ain' sick." Then as the man was about to pass on he rallied his courage and said, "Where's the boy was hurt that day?"

"The boy?"

"The boy what the car runned over; where's he at?"

"Ah! The little boy that was run over the day of the circus you mean! He is dead. The car killed him. The company will have it to pay for."

"Dead!" The little brown face twitched nervously; the sight of it set the physician's memory twitching also.

"Now, I wonder," said he, "if you are not the boy who got hurt trying to save the little fellow. That was a brave act, my boy."

There was a mist in the vagabond's eyes.

"I couldn't, though," said he. "Them wheels was too quick for me. They—kotched—uv—him—." He drew his old sleeve across his face; he had been sick and was still weak and nervous; it was a new thing with Rags to cry.

"Never you mind," laying his hand upon the boy's head. "It was a brave, grand thing to do. It will stand for you with God some day; remember that, if you are ever in trouble.

You did your best; you tried to save a fellow being; you gave up one of your feet almost; crippled yourself for life in order to rescue another from death; and although you failed, you still did your best. That is all God cares to know; the deed stands with God for just what we mean it. He will count it for you some day, God will!"

The brown, tear-wet face looked into his with a strangely puzzled expression.

"God?" said Rags, "who's God?"

"Boy, where were you brought up—not to know the good God, who watches over you, over everybody, and loves us all, and cares for us?" He paused, looked down into the knowing little old face, and wondered what manner of trick the beggar was trying to put upon him.

Suddenly the dark face lighted. Rags had turned questioner. "An' you say God sees ever'thin'? He seen the car what runned over the little kid? God was a-watchin'? Could God 'a' stopped it?"

"Certainly."

The dark face took on the first vindictive expression it had ever worn. Rags had been asked to believe too much; the mystery of God's measures was too vast for the street child's comprehension; his conclusion was deduced only from the most humane of premises.

"Damn God," said he. "I wouldn't a let it runned over a cow, nor a dog, nor a rat, an' I ain't nothin', I ain't."

"You're a wicked, sinful boy, that's what you are, and you ought to be—"

"It's a lie," said Rags stoutly. "I ain't done nothin' half as mean as God done. Psher! Damn God, I say!"

"Papers? Papers? Want a paper, mister?"

The newsboy's insistent cry had to be silenced; when that was done the good man who had stopped to speak the "word in season" looked to see Rags limping down the street upon the feet maimed in humanity's cause, and quite too far away to recall. He was half tempted to get into his buggy and go after him; there was that about the boy that was strangely and strongly appealing. But he considered: "The city is full of vagabonds like him; a man cannot shoulder them all; after all nobody knows that he is really the boy he professes to be; the

papers said that boy was carried off by an old negress, a cripple, nobody could tell where." Rags passed on and out of his sight forever.

The matter ended there, so far as the man knew. But Rags hobbling down the street, gave expression to his thought with sudden vehemence.

"Somef'n's allus a-killin' o' somef'n,' said he. "Firs' it wuz a cow; then it wuz a boy; somef'n's wrong."

He had no idea wherein the wrong lay; he had never heard of Eden and the great First Cause; but he had witnessed two tragedies.

He was able to throw away his crutch after awhile, but was painfully lame, and he was never able to shut out the vision of a little golden head under a whirl of rushing, fiery wheels. Another thing that he remembered was that God could have prevented the catastrophe.

With the winter Aunt Jane grew so feeble that Rags was forced to add begging to his list of accomplishments. Day in, day out, his stub toes travelled up and down the sleety pavements in search of food, and a few pennies whereby to keep a spark of fire on the hearth before which the old negress sat in her rope-bottomed chair trying to keep warmth in her pain-racked limbs.

It was Christmas day and the shops were closed; even the fruit-venders were off duty in the forenoon, so that Rags found begging a profitless employment that morning. At noon he had not tasted food since the night before, nor had old Jane. He looked in at one o'clock to rake over the ashes and hand her a cup of water. She still sat before the hearth, her feet thrust in among the warm ashes. The old face looked strangely gray and weary. Rags felt that she was starving. She looked up to say, in that half-affectionate way that had made Rags a son to her, "Neb' min', son, I ain' so hongry now; mebby someun gwine gib you a nickle dis ebenin' anyhow."

Her faith sent him out again to try for it. At three o'clock he passed a house with glass doors opening down to the street, revealing a scene which, to Rags's hungry eyes, was the most royal revelling. Some children were having a Christmas dinner-party. The table was spread with the daintiest of luxuries—oranges, grapes, and the golden bananas; cakes that were

frosted like snow; candies of every kind and color. So much; so much that would never be eaten, and he asked for so little! What beggar doesn't know the feeling? Around the table a group of happy children toyed with the food for which Rags was starving; he watched them through the glass door like a hungry bear, yet not thinking of himself and his own great hunger. He was thinking how just one of those brown loaves heaped upon the side-table would put new life into the old woman at home. Had there been the slightest chance for stealing a loaf, Rags would have spent not a moment of time at the glass door more than was necessary to possess himself of the coveted feast.

He watched a white-aproned waiter carefully slice a loaf and slip a thin piece of ham between two of the narrow slices and serve to the overfed children, who nibbled a bite out of their sandwiches and threw them aside for the daintier knick-knacks. The sight of the wasted food almost drove him mad. Oh, to get behind that plate glass for one moment!—for one chance at the bread which the rich man's child had thrown away! He felt as though he could have killed somebody if that would have given him the food.

Then, without warning, without any sort of volition on his part, there came to him a recollection of the man who had told him about God. Why not try if there was any truth in what the man had said? Surely God would never find a more propitious time for exercising His power. He was ignorant alike of creeds and conditions; he was simply trying God *as* God, and all-powerful; disrobed of all things earthly and impossible.

"God," said he, "don't you see? Don't you know they've got it all, more than they kin eat? An' don't you know Aunt Jane is starvin'? I want some of it, God! I want it fur her, fur Aunt Jane. Give it to me. *He* said you kin give it to me, God. God! God! God! I say, give it to me, fur Aunt Jane."

As the crude petition ended the aproned waiter stepped to the side-door with a plate of scraps in his hand and whistled softly to a little terrier dog, that came frisking up to get them. The man had no sooner disappeared within the door than Rags seized upon the cast-out bits. The dog resented the intrusion upon his rights in a low growl that brought the waiter to the

door again. Rags made one dash for the precious heap before he disappeared around the corner. Safe out of sight he took an inventory of his possessions: half a slice of bread, a filbert, a lemon-rind, a banana with a spoiled spot on one end, and a half-eaten pickle. A pitiful mixture for which to risk his liberty, but his heart beat with jubilation that found expression in words as he hurried off home with his treasures:

"I got it, anyhow," he was mumbling. "You wouldn't git it fur a pore ole nigger as wuz starvin', but I got it, Mr. God; I stole it fum the dogs."

The maimed foot came down upon a bit of ice that must have brought him to the ground with a smart thump but for a hand that was put out to stay him—a strong, safe, woman's hand; the hand of a lady; white, soft, bejewelled. It rested for a moment upon Rags's tattered old sleeve; the velvet of her wrap brushed his cheek. In all his hard little life he had never felt anything like it. There was about her that presence of cleanliness which attaches to some women like a perfume.

"Are you hurt, little boy?" she asked.

At the voice's sweetness the dark eyes lifted to hers suddenly filled with tears. Like a far-off gleam of light it came to him, that after all, there might be a side of humanity with which he had never come in contact; a something responding to something within himself, deep down, unknown, unnamed, like the glorious possibilities slumbering unchallenged within his own benighted little soul.

The owner of the voice stood looking down a moment at the queer, silent little figure, the rags, with the tawny-brown skin showing through, the maimed foot, and the tears which the little beggar staunchly refused to let fall. She was young and beautiful; she belonged to God's great army of good women, whom the less philanthropic are pleased to denominate "cranks."

"What is your name, boy?" she asked, releasing the tattered sleeve.

"Rags."

The pathos of the reply, and the name's great fitness, appealed to her more than any beggar's plea he could have framed.

She thrust her hand into the pocket of her velvet wrap and took from it her purse.

"You are to buy yourself something to eat, and then you are to come to me—*there*. Anybody can show you the place."

She placed a half-dollar and a white visiting card in his hand, and passed on before Rags could fashion a reply; even had there been anything for him to say. His usually nimble tongue had no words for the great event that had come into his life, but the quick brain had opened to receive a thought—a thought which, like fire, carried all his fierce doubts before it.

"He heard me! He heard me!—God did."

It had come direct, swift, certain. And the knowledge of prayer answered thrilled him with a strange, sweet awe that was almost fearful in its intensity. The man had spoken truly; there *was* a God; He had given him food and help for Aunt Jane. Ah! He was a good God, though He let the little boy be killed; perhaps he should know why some day, when he came to know Him better. He would have many things to ask Him, many things to tell Him—this good God that kept them from starving. He had not thought to throw away the scraps he had taken from the dog nor stopped to buy the dinner of which he stood in such sore need. The knowledge of food possible had served to blunt the edge of hunger. He only wanted to get home with his wonderful news, to get a bite for Aunt Jane, and then by and by, when she could spare him, he would find the lady.

He pushed open the door and entered, calling the good news as he went. The old negress was sitting just as he had left her in the big chair before the fireless hearth. She neither moved nor spoke, but sat with her head leaned back against the chair, mouth open, and the sightless eyes staring, unseeing, away into that mystery where none might follow. Instantly he recognized that she was dead. He stood looking at her in awe, stricken, silenced, frightened; not at death, but at life, which he began to understand was something too deep and vast and terrible for him. It was the second time that death had met him thus, the third time they two had faced each other without warning or preparation. The persistency with which it seemed to trail and pursue him sent a kind of superstitious

thrill through him. What a tragedy in a nutshell his life had been!

He glanced from the changed, dead face to his full, clinched hands, and slowly his fingers opened. The silver rang upon the hearth bricks and disappeared quickly in the fireless white ashes, as though fleeing from the new presence in the room. The broken bits of food lay upon the floor at the dead woman's feet, and the lady's white visiting card fell, face up, forgotten, as with a wild cry Rags turned and fled—away from death, away into the ice-crusted, frozen street: away from life and its too mysterious meaning.

A wagon was coming down the street as he tried to cross, and in his haste he tripped and fell. He heard the driver's startled shout to the horses, but he did not know when the wagon passed over him.

The crowd that gathered was not altogether drawn by curiosity to see the little maimed body of a child among the slush and ice of the street. A lady in velvet was picking her way through the frozen mud, giving directions to the driver of the team.

"Carry him in there," she commanded, pointing to the door Rags had left wide open. "I saw him run out of there; I was following him. Then do some of you men run for the hospital wagon, quick—don't stand there staring, you may need it yourselves some day. Be easy with him, my man, there is life there yet."

Within the room to which they bore him, an old woman's dead face, lifted to the sooted ceiling with a kind of defiant triumph, met them. Half hidden by the white ash upon the hearth a piece of coldish gray silver seemed to be spying upon their movements; and at the feet of the dead a bit of white cardboard, bearing the marks of a child's soiled fingers, lay turned up to catch the winter sun streaming through the uncurtained window; the black letters seemed to catch a radiance of their own:

ISABEL GRAY
THE WOMAN'S RELIEF SOCIETY
72 N. SUMMER

When Rags opened his eyes in the hospital they rested upon

a lady, richly dressed, standing at his bedside. She saw the recognition in the wide, wondering eyes, and stooping, spoke his name:

"Rags?"

"Yessum," said Rags, "yessum, I hears yer, Miss Lady."

"Boy," she began, startled, and afraid that the struggling life might slip before she could deliver her message to the wanderer—"boy, do you know who sent me to you?"

Under its cuts and bruises the dark face glowed.

"Yessum," said Rags, "Hit wuz God. Dat ar white man say God ud count it up for me, an' I reckon He done it."

She hadn't the least idea what he was talking about, but she understood that someone had dropped a seed. Slowly the beautiful head drooped forward, the lips moved softly, but with no sound that could reach beyond the ear of God—"Lord, if I might rescue one, but one, of Thy poor wandering race!"

REUBEN THOMAS DURRETT

[1824—1913]

J. STODDARD JOHNSTON*

REUBEN THOMAS DURRETT, son of William and Elizabeth (*née* Rawlings) Durrett, was born in Henry County, Kentucky, January 22, 1824. After receiving such educational advantages as the schools of his native county afforded, he went to Georgetown College, at Georgetown, Kentucky, in 1844 and remained there until 1846. He then went to Brown University, in Providence, Rhode Island, where he graduated with the degree of A.B. in 1849. The same year he entered the law department of the University of Louisville, where by superior application he combined the course of study for two years into one and was graduated with the degree of LL.B. in 1850. In 1853 the degree of A.M. was conferred upon him by Brown University for continued advancement of learning, and since then he has received from each of the three colleges he attended—Brown University, Georgetown College, and the University of Louisville—the degree of LL.D., which was the highest honor they could confer upon him.

Immediately after leaving the law school Mr. Durrett began the practice of law in Louisville, and was one of the most finished scholars of his age who ever appeared at the Louisville bar. His knowledge of languages, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish and German, and his rare gifts both as a speaker and a writer contributed largely to his success at the bar. After continuing at the practice for thirty years he was able to retire in 1880 upon the competency he had earned. A number of his speeches to juries and arguments to courts were deemed worthy of publication and appeared in the newspapers at the time they were made. His speech in defence of Heitz for the murder of Lobstein, published in the *Courier-Journal* of January 20, 1871, and his argument in behalf of that paper in defence of the libel suit of Hull, March 30, 1872, are specimens of learning, style, and eloquence which have seldom been surpassed in the Louisville Court House. His fame as an orator, however, will more permanently rest upon his orations prepared for public occasions. When he was graduated from the law school in

*This sketch was prepared by Colonel Johnston for his 'Memorial History of Louisville' and was revised by him personally for inclusion in the 'Library of Southern Literature.'

1850 he delivered the valedictory and it was so much admired that it was published and highly praised in the newspapers. His Fourth of July oration at the invitation of the City Council of Louisville in 1852, his address before the Mechanics' Institute of Louisville in 1856, his Centennial oration for Louisville in 1880, when the city was an hundred years old, and for Kentucky in 1892 when the Commonwealth had reached the same venerable age, and his address to the Alumni of Georgetown College in 1894, all of which were published at the dates of delivery, were so replete with learning and so beautifully written that they cannot fail to occupy a permanent place in our literature.

In his earlier years Mr. Durrett yielded to an imagination which demanded the expression of thoughts in verse, and had he not acquired distinction in other lines he might have been widely known as a poet. In poetry he was exceedingly versatile and passed from the humorous to the grave with marked facility. His serious mood, however, predominated, and his best productions may be considered in this vein. His "Night Scene at Drennon's Springs," in 1850, his "Thoughts Over the Grave of Rev. Thomas Smith," in 1852, and his "Old Year and New in the Coliseum at Rome," in 1856, each of which was published when written, are fine specimens of classic thought expressed in blank verse and entitle him to high rank among Southern poets.

It is as a prose writer, however, that Mr. Durrett will be most favorably and most enduringly known. As soon as he left college he began writing for the newspapers and periodicals, and has kept it up ever since. Most of his articles, however, appeared in print as editorials or over anonymous signatures, so that he got no credit for them except among a few intimate friends. From 1857 to 1859 he was the editor of the *Louisville Courier*, and his leaders, always distinguished for their broad range of knowledge and vigor of style, made him an enviable reputation as a journalist. After retiring from the bar in 1880 he devoted much of his leisure to historic studies, for which he always had an inclination. His articles in the *Southern Bivouac* for March, April and May in 1886, on the Kentucky Resolutions of 1798-1799, may serve as specimens of his writings in this line. He corrected the errors which had prevailed for three-quarters of a century concerning these celebrated resolutions and placed the authors and the resolutions themselves in their true position in history. His numerous historic articles, principally published in the *Southern Bivouac* and the *Courier-Journal* since 1880, have been widely read and much admired for their original research and the new colors with which they invested important events and subjects. In the annual reports of the American Historical Asso-

ciation for 1891 and 1892, several pages are occupied with a list of his historical writings.

In 1884 a few of his associates of similar tastes joined Mr. Durrett in establishing an association in Louisville for coöperative effort in collecting and preserving and publishing historic matter relating to Kentucky. This association was named "The Filson Club," in honor of John Filson, the first historian of Kentucky; and Mr. Durrett, who was made its president, prepared and read the first paper before it. This paper was "The Life and Times of John Filson," and was published as a number of the series of club publications. It is a quarto of 132 pages, so full of original matter and so beautifully written that it at once gave the club a prominent standing among kindred associations. Mr. Durrett is also the author of No. 5 of the club publications, entitled "An Historic Sketch of St. Paul's Church, Louisville, Kentucky"; of No. 7, entitled "The Centenary of Kentucky"; of No. 8, entitled "The Centenary of Louisville"; of No. 12, entitled "Bryant's Station"; and No. 23, entitled "The Earliest Visits of Foreigners to America, the first formed and first inhabited of the continents." The characteristic of Mr. Durrett's historical writings is original research, and he invests his new matter with such charms of style that it is always a pleasure to read what he has written.

In his literary studies, Mr. Durrett has always bought the books he needed, and in thus purchasing from year to year he has accumulated a large and valuable library. The volumes and pamphlets and papers and manuscripts upon his shelves number more than 50,000, and he is adding to them every day. His collection embraces the best work in almost every branch of human knowledge, but is particularly rich in history, and especially American history. He has the principal histories of every state as well as those of the United States at large and of the North American continent. In Kentucky histories and Kentucky books his collection surpasses those of all others combined. He has made it an object to secure every book about Kentucky or Kentuckians or that has been written by a Kentuckian or even printed in Kentucky. He has thus covered the whole field of Kentucky bibliography; and the other libraries of the world contain nothing to compare with his collection. He is so familiar with his books that he can promptly lay his hands on any one of his fifty thousand volumes without the aid of a catalogue; but, better than this, he is as familiar with the contents of his books as he is with their location upon the shelves.

In recognition of his various attainments, Mr. Durrett has been made a member of numerous historic, scientific, and learned societies in this country and in Europe. Unlike most men distinguished for

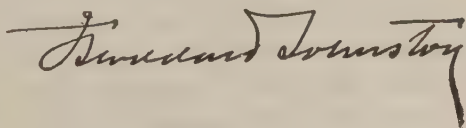
learning, he has a clear business head and sound judgment, which has weight among men of affairs. As president, vice-president, director, trustee, commissioner, etc., he is connected with various corporations in Louisville and is noted for giving as unremitting attention to those of a charitable as to those of a business character. He is a man of broad benevolence and contributes liberally to all the charities which he deems worthy.

In 1852 Mr. Durrett was married to Miss Elizabeth H. Bates, the only daughter of Caleb and Elizabeth (*née* Humphreys) Bates, of Cincinnati, Ohio. Mrs. Durrett was a lady of rare intellectual attainments, and, like her husband, had literary tastes of a controlling nature. There were but few good books in the accessible range of literature which had not contributed to her knowledge, and Mr. Durrett owes much of his varied learning and culture to the companionship of his gifted wife. She bore him four children, three of whom preceded her to the grave. Of these Lily Bates Durrett, who died at the dawn of young womanhood, had written a series of letters from Europe and from Florida which were published in the *Courier-Journal* in the winter and spring of 1880, and which gave abundant proof that she had inherited her father's gifts as a writer. The only survivor of their children is Dr. William T. Durrett, of Louisville, Kentucky.

The Durrettts are of French origin, and the family traditions date back to Louis Duret, an eminent French physician and author, who flourished about the middle of the Sixteenth Century. He was the author of several learned books and especially of a commentary in Greek, Latin and French upon the works of Hippocrates, which was first published in Paris in 1588. It is a venerable folio bound in thick boards covered with vellum and now in possession of the subject of this sketch. Mr. Durrett has also other venerable volumes of which different members of the family were authors, and which are quaint specimens of the art of printing and binding in early times. Among these may be mentioned 'A Commentary on the Customs of the Dutch' by Jean Duret, a folio published at Lyons in 1584; 'A Treatise on the Causes and Effects of Tides' by Claude Duret, an octavo published at Paris in 1600; 'A History of the Languages of the East', by Claude Duret, a quarto published at Cologne in 1613. After the Massacre of St. Bartholomew some of the Durets crossed the British Channel and settled in England. In 1644 Christopher Duret was prominently connected with the Baptists in London, and his name appears subscribed to the Articles of Faith put forth that year. In England the French pronunciation was dropped and the name pronounced Duret, as it was spelled, instead of Duray. In the course of time this English pronunciation was emphasized by doubling

the "r" and "t" which produced the name "Durrett" as we now have it. Early in the Eighteenth Century three brothers, John, Richard and Bartholomew Durrett, came from England to Spottsylvania County, Virginia, where they purchased lands and permanently settled. From these three Virginian ancestors all the Durrettts in the United States have descended. Francis Durrett, the grandfather of the subject of this sketch, was with General George Rogers Clark in the Illinois campaign of 1788-89, but returned to Virginia instead of settling at once as others did in the new country. Early in the present century, however, he moved to Kentucky and settled upon land which he purchased in Henry County. Here William, the oldest son of Francis and the father of Mr. Durrett, became a wealthy farmer and erected upon his plantation the first brick house that was built in Henry County. That house stands to-day as sound as it was when erected, nearly a century ago.

Mr. Durrett, now an advancing octogenarian, is a well-preserved man of health and vigor, who at an advanced age crossed over from the Nineteenth to the Twentieth Century. He belongs to the school of old Virginia gentlemen now so rare among us, and his hospitable home is ever open to those who wish to see him. His collection of books and antiquities has made him a kind of show in Louisville, whither strangers as well as acquaintances resort with an assurance of seeing something worth seeing and learning something worth learning. He is never more delighted than when in his great library with one or more persons in search of information from rare books and manuscripts. In this way most literary persons at home and many from abroad have been placed under obligations to him, and his constant regret is that he has not been able to do more good to others with his books.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Reuben Thomas Durrett". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned at the bottom right of the page.

JOHN BRECKINRIDGE

From Southern Bivouac, May, 1886.

It must be conceded that John Breckinridge stands not as he should appear in the history of his country. Cut off in the prime of life, when his early-earned fame was beginning to fill the national ear, he left his good works to the keeping of successors who have scarcely used them well. Had he been allotted the wonted years of the great man of the world, there was no height in his country's ascent which he might not have attained and honored; but as it was he flashed across the political horizon, a meteor brilliant but ephemeral, to be admired for a moment and forgotten. After he had passed from the scenes of his usefulness and the blue grass of Cabell's Dale had formed the sod of years over his grave, Kentucky's most gifted artist, Matthew Harris Jouett, who had known him while living, painted his portrait and preserved, for all time, his appearance in life. By the permission of Hon. W. C. P. Breckinridge, who also furnished the original letter from Mr. Jefferson to J. Cabell Breckinridge, the Jouett portrait was copied for the writer by Rudolph Boccassini, an Italian artist. The leading events in the life of John Breckinridge are as follows:

Among the Covenanters of Ayrshire, who made the religious conflicts of Scotland famous in the Seventeenth Century, were the Breckinridges. Driven from their native plains to the highlands by the victorious arms of persecution, they finally crossed the North Channel and took refuge in Ireland. In 1728 Alexander Breckinridge emigrated to America, and after remaining for a short time in Pennsylvania, finally settled on his plantation in Augusta County, Virginia, near the present city of Staunton, where he became the progenitor of the family in this country. His son, Colonel Robert Breckinridge, who had married Lettice, the oldest daughter of Colonel John Preston, was residing upon this place when his son, John Breckinridge, the subject of this sketch, was born, the second day of December, 1760. The land of his birth, therefore, embraced that of his death, for

Augusta County, as it then extended in its vast occidental sweep to the Mississippi, not only comprehended all of Kentucky, but the greater part of the immense territory out of which Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, etc., have since been carved.

While but an infant his father moved to the county of Bottetourt, where he died in 1771. Here still in the midst of his native mountains, the Blue Ridge to the east and the Alleghanies to the west, his childhood and youth passed into manhood with the pinching wants and the appalling dangers of a frontier life never from his surroundings. The care of a widowed mother and a half dozen little brothers and sisters devolved upon his tender years and early developed that strong character and great intellect for which he was distinguished in after life.

His early education could have derived but little advantage from the pioneer schools of Bottetourt, where a seminary was not established until 1785; and whatever instruction he enjoyed was due rather to a provident mother and private assistants. His natural inclination, however, early directed his attention to books and throughout life his thirst for knowledge was insatiable. His education was completed at the College of William and Mary, where tradition affirms that his studious habits were twice disturbed by elections to the House of Burgesses from Bottetourt before he had become old enough to take his seat. A third election seated him in the House, then removed from Williamsburg to Richmond, which must have been in 1781, when he had reached the age of twenty-one, as his name first appears in the journal of the House of that year. He was again elected for the years 1783 and 1785, and it was something to have been a member of the Virginia Legislature and to have had part in the making of her laws during the last dark years of the war for independence and the first bright ones for peace. It was peculiarly opportune for Mr. Breckinridge to have been a member of that Legislature in the year 1781, when the first act was passed to cede to the General Government the Northwest Territory, out of which Kentucky's neighboring states, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, were afterwards formed; to have been a member of that body in 1783, when Transylvania University, Kentucky's first seat of learning, was established,

and to have sat with those who, in 1785, passed the first enabling act allowing Kentucky to separate from Virginia and become an independent state.

In 1785 he married Mary Hopkins, a daughter of Colonel Joseph Cabell, and settled in Albemarle County for the practice of the law. He was now near the residence of Mr. Jefferson, with whom relations, social, professional, and political soon grew up of the most intimate and lasting kind. His practice extended over a broad range of country, and he rose to such eminence that in 1791, on the recommendation of Mr. Jefferson, then Secretary of State, he was commissioned by President Washington, attorney for the district of Kentucky, then a part of Virginia. His professional duties compelled him to decline the position thus tendered him, but it was not long before Governor Lee again recognized his legal standing by retaining him in 1792 as counsel to assist the state attorney in prosecuting delinquent collectors of the revenues in the county of Augusta.

In February, 1792, he was elected to Congress for the district composed of Albemarle, Amherst, Fluvanna, Goochland, Louisa, Spottsylvania, Orange and Culpeper, but the professional engagements which compelled him to decline the district attorneyship for Kentucky also induced him to forego the opportunity for distinction and usefulness in the National Legislature. His thoughts were, no doubt, already fixed upon a field of action far to the west of his native mountains, where the rich valley of the beautiful Ohio, with its young life and splendid prospects, invited to fame and to fortune such intellects and characters as his.

In 1793 he bade farewell to the friends and scenes of his early years, and, with his wife and three tender children—Letitia, half a dozen years old, and Joseph and Mary yet younger—mounted on a pack-horse with provisions for the journey and such of his movables as could be thus transported, led the little caravan along blazed traces and winding ways, a distance of five hundred miles, to Lexington, the principal village then in Kentucky, containing about one thousand inhabitants. But the charm of the marvelous country around soon wooed him from the town. Six miles to the northward, on a branch of the

Fair Elkhorn,
Surrounded by groves of the milk-white thorn,
And papaw with long and silvery stem,
And dog-wood of beautiful diadem;
Green meadows with antlered deer yet dotted,
And lawns with flowers the loveliest spotted,

he secured two thousand five hundred acres of land in the primeval woods. The native trees that grew upon it indicated the rich soil from which they sprang, and showed that it had been selected by an experienced eye—an eye that sought a soil that would generously reward the labor of man. There, among the century-grown maples and hickories and hackberries and cherries and buckeyes, stood the towering blue ash and the giant black walnut and the huge black locust, never varying indexes of the richest of soils. Wherever there was break in the dense forest that let in the sunlight, the wild rye and the clover struggled for ascendancy, and the pea-vines rambled among canes that matted the earth, while the papaw flourished in the shadows of the great trees. The crumbling mounds, thrown up by human beings so far back in the inscrutable past as to have left neither name nor tradition, appeared here and there, suggesting that even at a time inconceivably remote such a land had not been overlooked by man. But fair as it seemed, it was not yet a home of safety, for the Indian, who had come after the mound-builder and kept it as his hunting ground, stole into its wilds when he dared for the life of those who had wrested it from him.

Here Mr. Breckinridge entered a two-story, double log house, very far in advance of the pioneer cabin, and gave to the place the name of Cabell's Dale. The family name of his wife furnished the first part of the compound word, and a valley that drained into the Elkhorn and afforded a delightful view from the front door along its gentle and extended decline supplied the second. In the corner of the lawn to the left of his house a law office was erected, and here, in after years, the great lawyer had his books and his papers, and received the clients for whom he conducted a large and lucrative practice that extended through most of the surrounding counties. The dwelling-house was swept

away by fire in 1850, and the original estate, reduced to one-tenth of its dimensions and owned by Colonel Joseph C. Breckinridge, of the army, has been converted into one vast and beautiful blue-grass pasture; but the law office yet remains, a quaint, one-story, weather-boarded structure, with the door and chimney at the front gable end, and a window in each of its sides, carrying us back to a time when learned counsellors, like the barons of old, dispensed the law on their plantations instead of in the centres of trade as in our day. In this venerable office assembled the students who sought Mr. Breckinridge's instruction in the law, and one of them, General Robert B. McAfee, has left the following account of this pioneer Kentucky Law School, in his autobiography, of which the writer has a manuscript copy:

Mr. Breckinridge had at this time some eight or ten students under him, and among them Christopher Tompkins (afterwards Judge Tompkins, of Barren County), who had lived in his office several years, and occupied the place I had expected previous to my father's death; his son Joseph Cabell Breckinridge, about my own age, Mr. Marshall from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, a fine looking young man, but extremely diffident, Mr. Fowler, from Pennsylvania, also Mr. William Stephenson, David Allen from Virginia, and myself, to whom was afterwards added John Brown of Tennessee, a nephew of Major Russell. . . . The students, under Mr. Breckinridge, were required to attend every other Saturday at his office for examination, and we established a debating society the other two Saturdays in each month; and soon after Mr. Breckinridge established a moot court on the days of our examinations so that our whole time was fully employed, and we were assiduously devoted to our studies, and great emulation existed.

Here, then, was a law school on the farm of Mr. Breckinridge, six miles from Lexington, and yet farther from any other important town, with students not only from Kentucky, but from Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Tennessee. It had its line of studies marked out, its examinations, its moot court, and its debating society; and with the teaching of law thus conducted we need not wonder that many of the early lawyers of Kentucky were marked men in their profession.

In 1794, although Mr. Breckinridge had been in Kentucky but little more than a year, he had made such a reputation

that he was put forward by the Republicans as a candidate for the United States Senate. The election was to fill the place made vacant by John Edwards, who had fallen into the second class into which the Senators were divided under the Constitution, and went out at the end of four instead of six years. The Republicans, although largely in the majority in Kentucky, had become disgusted with the insolent conduct of their friend Genet and his French satellites in the West, and were not as well pleased as they had been with some of the French proceedings of the Democratic Club of which Mr. Breckinridge was president, and, above all, had been divested of much of their hostility to the administration of General Washington by the victory of General Wayne at Falling Timbers. They therefore, in the changed feelings of the moment, permitted the Federalists to send Humphrey Marshall to the Senate. Mr. Marshall was a pronounced Federalist, and himself attributed his election to "the good temper of this assembly to the General Government."

In 1795 Governor Shelby appointed him to the office of attorney-general of Kentucky, a position first filled by George Nicholas, and from this time until his death his services were principally devoted to the public. He was a member of the Kentucky Legislature during the January and November sessions of 1798, and the November sessions of 1799 and 1800. On the fourth of November, 1799, he was elected Speaker of the House by vote of thirty-six to eleven over William Garrard, the member from Bourbon, and on the third of November, 1800, he was unanimously reelected to the same important position. His career in the State Legislature connected his name with some of the wisest laws that have ever emanated from that body; and if he had done nothing but lead, as he did, in the abolishing of capital punishment for the long list of crimes for which it was previously inflicted, he would have done enough, as a legislator, to embalm his memory in the everlasting remembrance of humanity and civilization. It is shocking to think that, previous to the passage of the Kentucky act of February 10, 1798, persons were doomed to death in this State, as they have been in other states, by the same bloody code derived from England, for theft, robbery, burglary, manslaughter, maiming, arson, per-

jury, forgery, counterfeiting, horse-stealing, embezzling, larceny, and other crimes and misdemeanors too numerous to mention. The death penalty extended to no less than one hundred and sixty offenses, all of which were swept away by the enlightened benevolence of the act of 1798, and murder only, in the first degree, retained.

His connection with the celebrated resolutions of 1798 and 1799, while a member of the Kentucky Legislature, has already been noticed and need not be repeated here. The *fac simile* of the letter from Mr. Jefferson to J. Cabell Breckinridge, which appeared in the beginning of this article, with the post-mark of Charlottesville and the frank of the author, should settle forever the long-disputed question as to whom that letter was written. There never should have been any doubt on this subject, and there never would have been among those conversant with Kentucky history except for the unfortunate blunder of Mr. Jefferson's executor in first giving that letter to the public as if addressed "to — Nicholas." This mistake, once made by Mr. Randolph, however, soon passed into history, and even as late as 1885 McMaster marred the second volume of his history of the people of the United States by making George Nicholas seem to do what John Breckinridge really did. George Nicholas was not in Virginia in the fall of 1798, and was not a member of the Kentucky Legislature of 1798 or 1799. He could not therefore have been at the Monticello Conference when the resolutions of 1798 were originated, and could not have offered them in a legislative body of which he was not a member. With the name of John Breckinridge substituted the words "your father," in the 20th, 25th, 39th, 44th, and 52nd lines, this letter will read right, and it can not be otherwise read in accordance with the truth of history. Although Mr. Jefferson made several mistakes in this letter, he was too familiar with the local history of Kentucky and the status of his friends there to have committed the blunder of placing George Nicholas instead of John Breckinridge in the Legislature which adopted these resolutions. George Nicholas was a great and good man, of whose talents, learning, and character Kentuckians are justly proud, and his fame needs no borrowed honors of this kind. He and John Breckinridge were personal and

political friends, and if he were now living he would be among the first to correct these historic blunders as to his connection with the Kentucky resolutions. He was an open and able advocate of the principles set forth in these resolutions in speeches at Lexington and Bryant's Station in 1798, and in an address to the people published in 1799, and so expressed himself in his letter to a friend in Virginia, justifying the conduct of the citizens of Kentucky and correcting false statements which had been made in different states with regard to them, published at Lexington in 1798.

If further proof were necessary to establish the fact that this letter of Mr. Jefferson was written to a son of John Breckinridge instead of to a son of George Nicholas, it might be found in the letter of J. Cabell Breckinridge addressed to Mr. Jefferson and to which the letter of Mr. Jefferson was a direct answer. As this letter, with the answer of Mr. Jefferson, is conclusive of the disputed question, it is here given in full from the copy found among the papers of J. Cabell Breckinridge, and now in the possession of Honorable W. C. P. Breckinridge.

LETTER FROM J. CABELL BRECKINRIDGE TO THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Dear Sir:

FRANKFORT, November 19, 1821.

If I had not experienced the effects of your candour and obliging indulgence on a former occasion, and on a subject connected with the memory of my father, I should feel an insuperable reluctance to trouble you with this letter. A very brief narrative will explain its object.

In the *Richmond Enquirer* of September 4, in an editorial stricture on certain articles that had appeared in the *National Intelligencer*, the writer, in support of his principles, refers to the authority of your name and opinion, and expresses himself in the following words:

"We protested against 'putting Mr. J. forth as chief of a *new party*,' and that the doctrine we held on the great question of supremacy in cases of collision between the governments was the doctrine of the old Republican party, of Mr. Madison's report of '98, and of the Kentucky resolutions penned by Mr. J. himself."

Well knowing that the resolutions here alluded to were introduced into the Legislature of Kentucky by my father, as his own produc-

tion, I was greatly astonished by the assertion of the editor. Convinced as I am that the mover of the resolutions would not have consented thus to appropriate the labors even of his illustrious friend, I did believe the assertion to be untrue.

To a man, the measure of whose fame and usefulness is full, an occurrence like the present may be regarded with indifference. But when you remember that the providence of God arrested at an early period the auspicious career of him whose loss I have cause so deeply to deplore, you will excuse, nay, approve the sensibility which I feel on every subject connected with his just renown. If I am not deceived in the temper of the times, the day is at hand when the struggle of '98 is to be renewed with decisive characteristics of consolidating intent, and these states are to maintain a second contest for the purity and extent of their ancient rights. At such a crisis, involving the safety and perpetuity of some of the most sacred principles of American freedom, the recollection of similar events, the corresponding sentiments and acts of departed patriots, will be revived with peculiar interest and powerful effect; and I can distinctly perceive the value of your written declaration to insure justice to the memory of one whom, living, you largely contributed to exalt.

Believing that I can not give a better evidence of the sincerity and respect of the present application than by omitting all formal and affected apologies for having made it, I hasten to assure you of my high consideration, and to offer you my sincerest wishes for your continued health and happiness.

J. CABELL BRECKINRIDGE.

Mr. Jefferson made a mistake as to the date of this letter in his answer. As the answer was dated December eleventh, of course the letter to which it was an answer could not have borne a subsequent date. Mr. Jefferson simply wrote December when he meant November. This mistake, however, was small in comparison to that of his claim to the unqualified authorship of the Kentucky resolutions. While his language would embrace the resolutions of 1799 as well as those of 1798, he expressly disclaims any hand in those of 1799 in his letter to Wilson C. Nicholas, of September 5, 1799. If Mr. Jefferson in his answer had stated that he and Wilson C. Nicholas and John Breckinridge had conferred about the Kentucky resolutions, that he had accordingly drawn a set and delivered them to John Breckinridge, under a pledge of

secrecy that his connection with them was not to be made public, but that John Breckinridge, before offering them to the Kentucky Legislature, had materially altered them, and made them practically his own, his answer thus shaped would have been more conformable to the facts and more generous and just.

John Breckinridge was a member of the convention which assembled at Frankfort on the twenty-second of July, 1799, and formed the second constitution of Kentucky. He was the leading member of this convention, and more than any other man imparted to the second constitution the Democratic character which it assumed in departing from the Federal spirit of the first. He was to the constitution of 1799 what George Nicholas had been to that of 1792, the designer and moulder of the form it assumed. This second constitution was better adapted to the genius of our people than the first, far more enduring, and met the wants of a growing population for half a century. Its successor, the third organic law, formed by the convention of 1849, has not yet endured so long, and probably will not, with the growing demands for a new one more congenial to the times.

On the twentieth of November, 1800, Mr. Breckinridge was elected to the United States Senate, the vote for him in the Kentucky Legislature being sixty-eight against thirteen for John Adair. He took his seat at the opening of the Seventh Congress, December 7, 1801, and carried with him such a reputation that he at once took a leading part in the measures of the Republican party and the administration of Mr. Jefferson. After his kind heart had, on the last day of 1801, presented the petition of Isaac Zane, asking something for the lands taken by the Government, on the Miami, which the Wyandot Indians, who had made him a prisoner at the age of nine and reared to manhood, assigned him out of which to make a living, he gave notice on the fourth of January that he would on the following Wednesday, move for the order of the day that part of the President's message relating to the judiciary. Accordingly, on the sixth, he offered a resolution to repeal the act, passed at the last session, creating sixteen new United States Circuit Court judges. A long and able debate of a month's duration followed, in which Mr. Breckin-

ridge took a leading part, and showed himself the peer of the conspicuous Senators of his day. On the third of February the vote was taken, and the sixteen judges repealed out of office. Thus passed away the sixteen United States judges whom the Republicans charged the Federalists had unnecessarily seated for party purposes; and thus was established the precedent, that a United States circuit judge clothed with the ermine by the act of one Congress may be disrobed by the act of a subsequent Congress. The doctrine thus inaugurated had an illustration in Mr. Breckinridge's own State during the controversy between the old Kentucky Court of Appeals and the new, when the new court judges put into office by the act of 1824 were unseated by a repeal of the act in 1826.

Important as Mr. Breckinridge's action was on the judiciary question, it was overshadowed by his connection with the Louisiana Territory and the grand results which followed the acquisition of that vast domain. In the Louisiana acquisition, as on the judiciary question, he inaugurated the movement and advanced in the lead until the glorious work was accomplished. The message of President Jefferson, detailing what had been done toward acquiring Louisiana, was read in the Senate on the seventeenth day of October, 1803, and on the twenty-first, Mr. Breckinridge gave notice that he would, on the next day, ask leave to bring in a bill to enable the Executive to take possession of that country. His bill was accordingly introduced and read on the twenty-second, after a supplementary message from the President, and ordered to a second reading. On the twenty-fourth, it was read a second time, and referred to a committee consisting of himself, Jonathan Dayton, of New Jersey, and Abraham Baldwin, of Georgia. On the twenty-fifth, he reported it from the committee without amendment; and on the twenty-sixth, it was passed by a vote of twenty-six to six. Up to this point all was smooth enough, but when the bill went to the House and came back with amendments a protracted debate ensued, which did not end until the third of November, when the bill finally passed with the amendments by a vote of twenty-six to five.

In this animated discussion Mr. Breckinridge handled his adversaries with consummate skill and displayed his great powers of argument with signal effect. He argued the right

to acquire Louisiana in the treaty-making power of the United States, but forgot not to connect it also with that national necessity which demanded the mouth of the great Mississippi River as an outlet to the sea for the products of citizens domiciled upon its tributaries as well as the main stream itself. He had lived in the Mississippi Valley where Spanish intrigues had hopefully gathered around the wild schemes of the land companies of the Yazoo country, and the ephemeral State of Frankland and the permanent commonwealth of Kentucky, with the tempting bait of loaded ships and barges and keels freely gliding with the mighty current of the Gulf. He had talked with the wise and good of the West who, looking to the East, and seeing no way over mountain walls for the produce of the country, while countless navigable streams rolled waters capable of floating the commerce and armaments of the world to the Mississippi, and thence to the Gulf, wondered why they could not follow their own streams to the ocean, or why foreign fortifications and custom-houses should arrest their vessels at the mouth of a river of which they owned one of the shores and both banks of its principal tributaries. He had seen enough of the effects of Spanish, English, and French intrigues upon the people to satisfy him that his own State and indeed none of the Mississippi Valley could be deemed safe in the Union without the free navigation of this great river, and hence his masterly argument on the Louisiana question looked to the necessity of acquiring territory holding the mouth of the Mississippi as a ligament that was to bind the West to the East. And has not time shown that the great statesman was right in the importance he attached to the Mississippi River? Has not the subsequent development of the states in the Mississippi Valley, now containing so great a proportion of the population and wealth of the Nation, shown that Mr. Beckinridge was right eighty-three years ago in making the acquisition of Louisiana a national necessity before which all technical constitutional objections must give way? Not only the millions of people living in the Mississippi Valley will answer yes, but those who abide on the Atlantic and on the Pacific slopes, and those who dwell upon the lakes and upon the Gulf will not say no.

Independent of the nominal purchases from the Indians,

it was the first enlargement of the original domain of the United States; but the precedent once established, in time brought other additions scarcely less important. In 1819 the Floridas were purchased from Spain, and the same year a treaty with Great Britain confirmed what discovery, in 1792, and exploration, in 1805, and settlement, in 1811, had done for Oregon. In 1845 Texas united her destinies with ours, and the same year, supplemented by the occurrences of 1848 and 1853, we acquired a vast domain from Mexico by conquest, by treaty, and by purchase. The recent purchase of Alaska from Russia closed the acquisitions which had literally extended our dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Gulf to the Arctic Ocean. As the Louisiana purchase was the first step in this grand march of empire, and as John Breckinridge was first and foremost among those in the National Legislature to make lawful and hold fast what had been acquired without law, his name must be forever associated with the mighty expansion of our country.

He was prominent before the Republican caucus which met at Washington in February, 1804, to nominate candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency. As the popular administration of Mr. Jefferson had secured to him his own succession, and as he was from Virginia, prudence dictated that the second office should not be attempted to be filled from Kentucky. Hence, after twenty votes had been cast for Mr. Breckinridge, George Clinton, of New York, received the nomination for the Vice-Presidency. Had the life of Mr. Breckinridge been spared he might have succeeded Mr. Jefferson in 1808, or been postponed to no distant term for the highest of honors his countrymen were evidently thinking of conferring upon him.

On the seventh of August, 1805, President Jefferson made him Attorney-general of the United States, and withdrew his services from the Senate to the Cabinet. He was destined, however, to too short a term in his new office to add to the fame he had already acquired. In the autumn of the following year he was attacked by typhus fever, which continued long and grew in malignancy. On the fourteenth of December, 1806, his fine constitution yielded to the ravages of the disease, and his brief career was ended at Cabell's Dale, twelve days

after he had reached the age of forty-six. Here, in the shade of native trees, his remains were laid in a graveyard selected by himself, on elevated ground to the rear of the dwelling-house, overlooking the lovely valley in which the never-failing family spring poured out a generous stream of clear, cool water. When fifty-two years had passed after his interment, his widow, at the protracted age of ninety, closed her faultless career, and was buried in the same grave in accordance with her own request. Here they lay, united in death as they had been in life, until the third of September, 1884, when they were removed to the beautiful cemetery at Lexington. When the grave was opened down to the remains of Mr. Breckinridge, it was found that decay, during a period of seventy-eight years, had dealt kindly with the sacred trust. The dark cherry coffin, with its white silver handles, retained its form, but soon crumbled on exposure to the air. The skeleton was perfect, and the massive cranium indicated the ample forehead and prominent cheeks and elongated chin which had characterized his features and contour of face in life. Mrs. Breckinridge had been buried in an iron case, which although unopened on account of the impenetrable lorication which corrosion had formed, indicated by its weight that decomposition had spared the remains inclosed, as it had those of her sister, Mrs. Lewis, which lay in a similar casket by her side, and which, when opened, disclosed the body in such a perfect state of preservation that her features were recognizable by those present who had known her in life, though she had been buried longer than Mrs. Breckinridge. No becoming monument has yet risen over his new grave in the Lexington cemetery, but his remains repose in the Breckinridge lot, and that is a name more durable than monumental stone.

Although above the ordinary height, and standing full six feet, Mr. Breckinridge was not proportionately stout, but slender and muscular. His eyes were grey, his hair brown, and his features marked and manly. He was an exceptionally handsome man, with an intellectual face and commanding features. Courteous in his manners, gentle in his bearing, open, fearless, and true in all his intercourse with his fellow-men; a model husband, father, neighbor, and citizen, he was loved

in life and mourned in death as none but those possessing such characteristics could be. He was the father of nine children, all of whom have followed him to the grave, and some of whom, like himself, have left distinguished names long to remain in the memory of the living. His descendants of the second and third degree are among us, filling important stations in private life and public, and some of them bearing his great intellectual endowments no less conspicuously than they appeared in the ancestor. It is seldom that the great talents of the founder of a family have been so persistent in those who have sprung from him. The forensic powers which passed from John Breckinridge to Robert J. Breckinridge and from him to W. C. P. Breckinridge, have but few parallels in the history of the world's greatest orators. Not less striking, however, were these rare gifts in their descent through J. Cabell Breckinridge to John C. Breckinridge, and from him yet further on to the fourth generation in Clifton R. Breckinridge. The founder of a line of distinguished divines, jurists, physicians, and soldiers, as well as great statesmen and orators, his name must ever fill a commanding page of his country's history.

MARGUERITE E. EASTER

[1839—1894]

EDWARD LUCAS WHITE

MRS. MARGUERITE E. EASTER was gifted with notable poetic instincts, and attained to striking felicities of expression. Her father was Daniel Miller, the fifth of that name. Her mother had been Mary A. Klein. Both were of Frederick County, Maryland. Their only daughter was born at Waterford, Loudon County, Virginia, on July 11, 1839. She was named Margaret Elizabeth Miller; throughout her later life, however, she uniformly spelled her name Marguerite. In 1849 her parents moved to Baltimore, Maryland. There she was married to James Washington Easter on February 5, 1859. From about 1880 to the end of her life she spent much of her time at a country place of her husband's near Front Royal, Warren County, Virginia. She died at Baltimore, Maryland, on October 28, 1894. Her husband, six sons and two daughters survived her. She is buried in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, Maryland. Apparently she began to write verse while very young, even before she was graduated from the Baltimore Western High School in 1855, at the age of sixteen.

She also wrote prose fiction in the form of short stories and novelettes. Of these one, "Ninebark on the Difficult," was printed in the *Baltimore Weekly Sun*. Two others, "Dorette, the Story of an Oleander" and "The Waters of Trevi," were published in the *Every Saturday*, a Baltimore weekly now long defunct. In one of its Christmas annuals appeared a fourth: "Waiting Will, the Christmas Story of Dunkadoo." No others are verifiable as published, nor the dates of any of these.

A year or two before her death she had in manuscript a number of romantic tales of varying length, none very long. A dozen or more had for setting Italy in mediæval, Renaissance or modern times. These were wholly imaginative, for she had never been out of the United States. Several others dealt with Colonial days and yet others with themes of Virginia since the war. Not one seems to have been published. A fragment of one of the Italian tales, 'The Marchesa's Saint Bruno,' exists in manuscript. The rest appear to be totally lost.

The earliest date which can be identified in connection with her

poetry is December, 1871, when "Clytie" appeared in the *Southern Magazine*, in which also "Antigone's Farewell to Hæmon" was printed in April, 1875.

Nine of her poems were published in various newspapers, of which one was the *New York Observer* and one the *Baltimore Sunday American*. The others cannot be identified. Two of the nine were written or printed in 1889. To the others no dates can be assigned.

In the *Every Saturday* at least fifty of her poems were published. Of those whose dates are verifiable four fall in 1877, nineteen in 1878, five in 1879, one in 1880, three in 1887, three in 1888, six in 1889, four in 1890 and two in 1891. It is not possible to ascertain whether these dates were those of composition, publication or of re-writing.

In 1891 she published her only book, 'Clytie and other Poems.' They numbered fifty altogether; two had appeared in the *Southern Magazine*, five in newspapers and twenty-eight in the *Every Saturday*. None of the remaining fifteen can be proved to have been previously printed. Many of the thirty-five which had already appeared were rewritten or renamed or both in her book. From about 1891 or 1892 to her death, she was a member of The Woman's Literary Club of Baltimore, before which she read a number of her poems. At least one of these is not among her manuscripts and if printed cannot be traced. At least one other poem in manuscript is in the possession of one of her friends.

Among her existing manuscripts, where variants of the same composition, often under several different names, appear in bewildering confusion, not fewer than one hundred and two poems are distinguishable. Of these only twenty poems are dated; two in 1891, five in 1892, twelve in 1893 and one even in 1894.

The thirty-six printed poems not included in her book, the fifty in her book, the one known to have been read and the one other, bring the total of her known poems up to one hundred and ninety. Inquiry among the families of her friends and a search through the programmes of The Woman's Literary Club of Baltimore, through the files of the *Baltimore Weekly Sun*, the *Baltimore Sunday American* and the *Every Saturday* between 1870 and 1891, would probably reveal the dates of more of her known poems and stories, and likewise other tales and poems, now lost.

Such a search has not been possible, nor is it to be regretted, as it is improbable that any of her separately printed compositions had more than a trace of literary value. For her published verses are mostly mere practice-work, scarcely better than trial-drafts of attempted poems. Except those which we reproduce, none in her book

blends thought, language and sound into an effective entirety. Elsewhere quotable bits are scarce. A few give some suggestion of that keen vision and deft choice of words she manifested later, as for instance:

" . . . grottoes rafted with rocks."

("Great Aquilo," page 34);

" . . . the atmosphere all blurred with asteroids
of snow."

("A March Day," page 93);

"The brambles bear white etchings on their bronzed
leaves."

("A Frosty Morn," page 91);

" . . . a peacock screams to Jove
For sunshine and the shadow of himself
Obscured too long from him;"

("Idylls of the Autumn, V," page 157).

Once or twice appears a trace of that telling simplicity of human feeling which informed her best work.

Only perhaps:

" . . . memories we deemed pent,
In castles of constraint"

("The Sepulchre of Love," page 146); and

" . . . I take
My shoes of grief and worry off outside
My solitude, and keep it like a temple."

("Idylls of the Autumn, VI," page 158).

Nowhere else does her published poetry convey any idea of her capabilities.

The crucial date of her emotional existence appears to have been December 24, 1888, when her son Bayard, then in his seventeenth year, was accidentally and fatally wounded while gunning. She was then forty-nine and twenty-nine years married, yet the shock of this bereavement seems to have wrought in her a spiritual and intellectual rejuvenescence. It apparently enhanced her soulfulness, clarified her mentality and crystallized her style.

Nothing she did earlier shows either the capacity to realize her feelings or the ability to utter them displayed in "My Laddie's Hounds" and "Most Days it Comforts Me."

The compulsion of her unsought proclivity toward composition was irresistible, but she was much hampered by mere ignorance of the niceties of diction and metrification, still more by unskilful handling even where her knowledge was adequate. She was well

aware of her shortcomings and struggled with them without affectation, self-deception or discouragement.

Her creative and constructive powers reached their fullest development during 1893. She was then fifty-four and already a grandmother. Yet in the processes of her mind and soul were many characteristics normally belonging to the very flowering period of adolescence. Especially was this true of the poignancy of her sensations, particularly her sensitiveness towards the spiritual effect of the moods of nature, of landscapes, views, outlooks and prospects, upon whose pictorial and emotional essentials her imagination seized with amazing unerrancy.

No more than a stranger would have conjectured the endowments of Socrates from his physiognomy, would any one casually meeting Mrs. Easter at this period have expected from her delicacy of feeling, subtlety of thought or poetic artistry.

She was not tall, was stockily built, had a thick neck, rather heavy features, an opaque complexion and dull eyes. She wore her blackish hair cut in a straight bang covering her forehead almost down to her eyebrows. Yet not merely her friends but all literarians and critics who met her admired her attainments and recognized in her a proficient adept. When she talked her transparent simplicity, never defaced by any approach to attitudinizing, pretence, or attempt to appear anything other than she was, revealed a downright girlishness of mind, soul and heart, positively awe-inspiring. These sibylline qualities remained and even intensified up to her death. The impression made by her personality was infinitely more convincing of her poetic powers than anything deducible from her printed poetry.

Something equivalent to the subjoined salient features must strike any one who makes a conscientious study of her literary productions: the all but unmitigated badness of most of her published compositions, prose or verse; the unmistakable aureole of poesy which irradiates the deformities and distortions of her worst fiascos; the genuineness of her uncontrollable inspiration; the handicap of those multifarious defects and limitations which she never completely overcame; and the startling nearness to perfection of her poetry at its best. Throughout her earlier work there is an irritating conjunction of apparent straining after exaltation and groping after expression, befogged in murky rhetoric, obscured by doubtful grammar and buried under a clumsy, lumbering attempt at rhythm. Yet through her crudest efforts at poetizing glows unequivocally certain the ingenuous sincerity of her sensations, the compelling reality of the vision she could not transmute into words and a genuine **unforced** inward stress of poetic emotion.

"Great Aquilo" in her book, for instance, is a welter of wraiths of embryonic ideas and jostling phrases, a jumble of questionable language and unbearably jolting metre. Yet no one can read it without feeling, then and always thereafter, an incarnate personality, a living physical presence in the North Wind.

Her metres are all iambic. During her last two years she practiced others with an instantaneous acquisition of complete control of any she tried. But she left no finished poem in any other movement.

She used the sonnet a great deal: sometimes a variant of the Shakespearian, with the odd lines of the quatrains unrhymed; occasionally approaching the Petrarchan model; oftenest paralleling, probably not from studied imitation, but of her own crowding tumultuous pressure of fancy, the Miltonic form, without any pause ending the eighth line, but with a breathless rush from start to finish.

She never wrote a sonnet nearer the strict form than "A Tender Little Strain." Three more such are in her book; one, "A Summer Blow," here reproduced.

Her variant of the Shakespearian sonnet she wrote singly and used as a stanza-form. Fourteen stanzas of her "Idylls of the Autumn" are such sonnets, and so are "Dusk" and "Dawn."

There are five single Miltonic sonnets in her book and five here first printed. Also she used it as a stanza-form in "At Noon's Meridian" in her book and in the "Ode to Love." In all, four Petrarchan, sixteen semi-Shakespearian, and twenty Miltonic sonnets.

From the floundering futility of her first efforts at verse she rose to such felicitous audacities as the last two lines of "Daybreak."

The poems are naturally classifiable as of three kinds; Nature-pictures, sentimental poems, and poems pervaded by imagery derived from classical sources, especially Greek.

These last are all failures. Yet, different in kind and vastly inferior in quality as the result was, one cannot but be reminded of Keats, by this revelling in figures drawn from the ancient world.

Of her sentimental poems "My Laddie's Hounds," "Most Days it Comforts Me," "Madrigal," "Unforgotten," and the "Ode to Love" are excellent specimens, the last perhaps her best.

The remainder of those here presented are all Nature pictures.

Only once did she interfuse the Nature picture with her characteristic sentiment: "Maple Leaves" is observationally flawless, and it would be difficult to find a poem more exquisitely expressive of a mother's pride in a daughter just passing from childhood to girlhood or of her anticipations of later seeing her blossom from girlhood into womanhood.

Her Nature poems were at their acme of excellence nothing

short of dazzling. Is not a permanent place among American, among English poets, due her who could so see and paint a storm as to be capable of writing:

"The maples turned one way
 Their white faced leaves and looked about to flee
 Before its rage, the bushes all got gray
 And grisly, as they crept on hand and knee;
 And the whipped clouds, of tears and speech bereft
 Sullen and aimless, fled to right and left."?

Edward Lucas White

MARCH

From 'Clytie and Other Poems.' By permission.

Something of Spring is felt, not seen as yet;
 It is too soon for color in the hedge
 Or garden-bed; but Morn, as if to get
 To work betimes, is earlier awake,
 And chirpy sparrows have begun to make
 Their nests beneath my window's gabled ledge.

And, where the afternoon had formerly
 Subsided into unannounced night
 Has come a pause, that presently will be
 The pensive, lingering twilight that we knew
 In remembered days ere Winter grew
 Set in his ways, and welcome to our sight.

And with each day the bare, brown fields and woods
 Take on an added shade of shabbiness,
 But somewhere under dead leaves the hoods
 Of violets are hid, and when the wind
 Shall have a leisure moment he will find
 Through broken clouds, the clovers 'gin to press.

The frequent rain is not like autumn rain,
But full of hopeful human symphonies,
Denoting it has found the roots of grain
And grass alive and warm down in the ground,
Where lily bulbs and crocus shoots abound,
And the fuzzy red tips of peonies.

Some several sulky noons with swirling snows;
Some several sombre nights with blasts that rage
From early eve till morning dully glows;
Then kinder winds, and mating birds, and bees
That swarm, and buds on fruit and forest trees—
And Spring has writ her name on Nature's page.

A SUMMER BLOW

From 'Clytie and Other Poems.'

Hast seen the greenwood in a summer's blow?
How the long limbs twist and dip and dangle
And twirl themselves into a tangle,
Through which the startled birds dart to and fro,
The while the ragged wind-clouds come and go;
And the golden sun keeps shining, shining
On the quivering leaves, their shapes defining
In flickering shadows on the ground below.

Hast heard the greenwood in a summer blow?
'Tis like a tilt in tourney, like the clash
Of women's voices, and the merry splash
Of swimmers in the surf; and doth bestow
Upon the agitated air refrains
That have in them—the *drip of former rains*.

NOON O' DAY

From 'Clytie and Other Poems.'

At intervals a movement stirs the trees;
 It is the sighing of the sleeping breeze,
 Dreaming the hours away the boughs amid;
 The sighing of the breeze that seldom wakes
 Outright, but in its slumber often takes
 To murmuring. In leafy thickets hid,
 With sweet content the birds keep twittering;
 One blither than its mates, essays to sing
 Aloud, whereon the others 'gin to try
 To drown the upstart's flight of minstrelsy.
 Then silence, save the droning of a bee,
 With buzz of vagrant bug or harvest fly,
 And suddenly from hedge and rick of hay
 The cock's loud crow proclaiming Noon o' day.

MY LADDIE'S HOUNDS

From 'Clytie and Other Poems.'

They are my laddie's hounds
 That rin the wood at brak o' day.
 What is it taks them hence? Can ony say
 Wha is it taks my laddie's hounds
 At brak o' day?

They cleek aff thegither,
 An' then fa' back, wi' room atween
 For ane to walk; *sae often, I hae seen*
 The baith cleek aff thegither
 WI' ANE ATWEEN!

And when toward the pines
 Up yonder lane they loup alang,
 I see ae bonnie laddie brent and strang
 I see ae laddie loup alang
 Toward the pines.

I follow them, in mind,
Ilk time; right weel I ken the way—
They thrid the wood, an' speel the staney brae,
An' skir the field; I follow them,
I ken the way.

They daddle at the creek,
Whaur down fra aff the reaching-logs
I stoup, wi' my dear laddie, an' the dogs,
An' drink o' springs that spait the creek
Maist to the logs.

He's but ae bairn, altho'
He hunts the mountain's lonely bree,
His doggies' ears abune their brows wi' glee
He ties; he's but ae bairn, altho'
He hunts the bree.

Fu' length they a' stretch out
Upon ae bink that green trees hap
In shade. He whusslits saft; the beagles nap
Wi' een half shut, ae stretchin' out
Whaur green 'trees hap.

And noo he fades awa'
Frae 'tween the twa—into the blue,
My sight gats blind; gude Lord, it isna true
That he has gane for aye, awa'—
Into the blue!

They are my laddie's hounds
That mak the hill at fa' o' day
Wi' dowie heads hung laigh; can ony say
Wha is it hunts my laddie's hounds
'Till fa' o' day?

MOST DAYS IT COMFORTS ME

From 'Clytie and Other Poems.'

Most days it comforts me (if there be aught
 That can reconcile his enforced rest
 To the protesting spirit in my breast)—
 It comforts me, to feel my boy knew naught
 Of love except in me; when first the thought
 Came to my mind—vague and unexpressed,
 I feared to put it into words, lest
 I grew delirious with joy it brought.

For see! I am his only love away.—
 As yet, I do not fully comprehend
 The mighty height to which this faith doth lend
 Itself, but rise up to it, day by day.—
 I pray it is no sin—I must be glad
 To share alone with God, my little lad.

Most days it comforts me; for finally
 He too, not looking back, with leap and bound
 Perhaps had tried his strength and got beyond
 My tender hold; but now, eternally
 He has escaped this inconstancy
 Who lieth here. Girl-fingers never found
 The latch-string to his heart—his gun and hound
 And home sufficed. Most days it comforts me.

For see! I am his only love away.—
 As yet I do not fully comprehend
 The mighty height to which this faith doth lend
 Itself, but rise up to it, day by day.—
 I pray it is no sin—*I must be glad*
To share alone with God, my little lad.

THE WIND STORM

Not Hitherto Printed.

All through the night the south wind blew. When first
I marked the tumult, 'twas as if a crowd
From far away approached with voice that loud
And louder grew, and only paused to burst
Right at my gate, where for a while it nursed
Itself, reposing on the leaf-strewn sod
Complacently; till of a sudden, shod
With strength, it strode around and, manlike, cursed

That which it hurt. The maples turned one way
Their white-faced leaves and looked about to flee
Before its rage; the bushes all got gray
And grisly, as they crept on hand and knee;
And the whipped clouds, of tears and speech bereft,
Sullen and aimless, fled to right and left.

THE SHIMMERING DAWN

Not Hitherto Printed.

Obscuring clouds suffuse the heaven's main
And lie upon the mountain in a haze
Of purple vaporings. Last eve the blaze
Of sunset caught the remnant of the rain
And lo! the mist, that over-night has lain
Among the hollows, waiting for the gaze
Of the sun to kiss it into this new phase
Of loveliness, wherein you seek in vain

The river bottoms and the village plain!
Instead of which, the hills to heaven raise
Their heads, the trees an added stature gain,
And, tall as fabled kine, the cattle graze
With fetlocks deep in dew; while all the lawn
Becomes a green sea in the shimmering dawn.

THE STORM

Not Hitherto Printed.

Now the hulk of the old moon, in the deep
Trough of a yeasty sky, quivered and cast
Itself headlong, with trailing spars and mast,
Into a vaporous chasm, above whose steep
Black brim the cloud-born hippocamps did keep
A gibing eye on earth. Beyond and past
The pathway where Orion stared aghast
With club upraised between, was seen to leap

A shaggy form, whose shapeless shadow reared
Upright against the sky :—it was the storm!
He shook his mane and darkness fell : he speared
The gloom with flame : he thundered, and the swarm
Of hippocamps pawed forth in grewsome mirth
And spouted rain-floods on the shrinking earth.

DAYBREAK

Not Hitherto Printed.

And first, a whip-poor-will with strident sound
Bade farewell to the night, then a cock crew ;
Across the dusky fields the wet winds blew
The answering clarions back ; and then a hound
Yapped off to wood-ward and evoked a round
Of kindred clamors ; meanwhile the haze grew
Luminous with gold that sifted through
Its web. And to the east lay loosely bound,

In folds of fog, a saffron streak that found
Itself half grown at once and redly wrought
At edge, as if some wounded faun had brought
His blood to feed its bloom ; and all beyond
From the white lids of clouds shone the blue eyes
Of the awakening, happy morning skies.

THIS FOGGY JULY MORN

Not Hitherto Printed.

This July morning wears October's face;
Old Sol sulks in the low-hung, humid skies;
Boldly you meet his blinking, red-rimmed eyes.
The midmost trees sink muffled into space;
'Twixt you and them the nearer loom in place.
Silhouetted there in such a startling wise,
Nature, you'd think, intended to disguise
Herself in art's old rags. Scenting a chase

The fox-hounds, Laelaps-like, in stony grace,
Their haunches spread and lithe legs planted down,
Confront the sun with an abstracted frown,
And gravely plan them out a stolen race.
The earth looks strangely young, and you feel born
Anew with it, this foggy July morn.

A TENDER LITTLE STRAIN

Not Hitherto Printed.

The summer eve grows dusk. The sparrow wings
His way, with dips and darts across the sedge,
Unto his brooding mate in some near hedge
Chirping a simple ditty, which he flings
Out of a breast full of rememberings.
Oft has he sung the song. Oh! well the edge
Of the entangled thicket knows the pledge
Of faith the sparrow to his sweetheart sings.

It is a tender little strain, and falls
Full softly on a lover's ear. Sometimes
I fancy 'tis a name the sparrow calls.
But when again he rhymes and rhymes and rhymes
I sigh, for oh! the tender little strain
Repeats the poet's lilt of love and pain.

A SKY-SKETCH

Not Hitherto Printed.

On high a promontory broke into
A hundred isles. I saw there a big sea
Of scurrying billows sweeping suddenly
Across them, leaving a dark stretch of blue
Infinite and unoccupied, that grew
From zenith to submerged horizon, free
Of any shape of cloud. And presently,
Midway, a new moon glided into view,

And hung, horn down, upon the purpling sky,
And a bold star ranged itself to the west
And watched the moon's face with a lover's eye.
And, in the evening's deepening dusk, the rest
Of the stars hid, and then, below the bank,
With the star's gaze still on her, the moon sank.

NOVEMBER

Not Hitherto Printed.

The mullein-candles, in dispraise
Of Nature's changeful mood, now blaze
With burnt-out wicks, the pasture ways.

From clearings that are forest-set,
The sumach's lifted bayonet
Confronts the wood, a gory threat.

The gaunt, gray bushes, huddling, gaze
With vacant stares, out of the haze
That, white as milk, the dusk displays.

While on the herbage, dewy-wet,
The moonbeams throw the glimmering fret
That frosted fields in winter get.

THE TWILIGHT'S HUSH

Not Hitherto Printed.

Above the chimney-pots the swallows fly,
Or spread their dusky, pointed wings; and hie
In circling swoops across the evening sky.

In sooty clouds they top the trees and brush
The gable's ledge, or with a whizzing rush
Plunge down to earth, and break the twilight's hush.

MADRIGAL

Not Hitherto Printed.

Love built a wall that was unseen
About his alleys of pleached green,
Where birds flew in and out between.

But when another fain would stand
Within Love's courts, he found the land
Barred by an adamantine band.

All true hearts know what this doth mean.
Love built a wall that was unseen.

ODE TO LOVE

Not Hitherto Printed.

Now any thought that worthy is, or fair
And every power that in my being dwells,
And whatsoe'er of tender passion swells
My heaving breast's confines, I pray, declare
My inmost thought. Verse, be alive! and wear
My lover's looks, so that my spirit tells
Unto your wooing page how deep Love's wells
Are dug in human hearts. Now fond words, bear
My testimony: subtle as the air
Is Love, and like the burning sun is he,
And faithful as the ocean's flow, and free
And fickle as the wind, and his despair
Is deep as hell, and his delight doth rise,
Like eagles' wings, up to the very skies!

What doth he bring, this Love? Now let me think:
 Unto the foliage 'an added green;
 Unto the sky a tint that was not seen
 Before he came. Oh! dun safflower-pink
 That lines the downs of dawn, you are a link
 'Tween sight and soul. Love gives unto your mien
 Suggestiveness, and grants to you a lien
 Upon the hearts of men. Better to sink
 Submerged in Love's deep well, and drowning, drink
 His tears, than have all else and know him not
 Who is enough alway. He who has got
 Love for his own, doth dwell upon the brink
 Of Paradise, aye oft doth enter in
 And while on earth doth sweetest heaven win.

What is Love's chosen lore? Ah! well-a-day!
 All tongues are his, and all the accents known
 To lips, since lips had language, are his own.
 And long as eyes repeat the hopes that stray
 To them from dreaming hearts that own his sway,
 And long as in the cadence of each tone
 Persuasive evidence of him is shown;
 And, while to breathe but the same air doth play
 Havoc with the bosom's calm, shall any say
 Which satisfies him best, since all these be
 As siren's sighs; yet such intensity
 In contact dwells, whose thrills and flushes pay
 Him tribute, that perhaps its tremors teach
 That touch is Love's divinest form of speech.

And what is Love most like? Most like a bird
 That flings the song from its exultant throat
 In thrills, ascending to the final note:
 And like a bee whose savage sting has stirred
 The lily's pollen till his limbs are gird
 With golden greaves; and like a spar afloat
 Washed here and there by tides: and like a boat

O'ertaken by the storm and by it spurred
Upon the coast before its crew has heard
 The breakers roar. And bells that ring and ring :
 And happy, purling brooks that sing and sing,
Are like the Love whose grieving is deferred.
 And Love is like a red rose that has lain
 Out in the beating, bleaching autumn rain.

And what can Love do? Love? Why he can do
 All things that are impossible. Why he
 Can run when halt, when he is blind can see,
Can hear when deaf ; and Love, oh ! he can woo
If Chaos come, and flood and fire pass through
 Unto his goal. I tell you, there can be
 But one thing that he fails to hold, ah me !
The hands of Death do wave him by, yet two—
He and the passing soul—together view
 Eternity : therefore he conquers Death.
 Reply, my verse, that he can take the breath
(If any ask again, what Love can do)
 And, swift as thought and all secure from harms,
 Can bear it straight up to its Maker's arms.

Alas ! my verse, you cannot fitly round
 Love's self ; there is no measure to the way
 He goes, and no decline unto his day ;
For if in clouds he sinks below the bound
Of earth, he rises from its depths profound
 Refulgent as the gods, lit with the ray
 Of memory. Nay, dear Love, nay and nay,
You cannot die ; what has been must be found
Somewhere ; what is, remains ; the certain wound
 You give, doth by its scar keep well in mind
 Yourself. Oh ! for the poet's might to bind
Life's rhythmic flow, and earth's, and make them sound
 Love's name ! Oh ! for his power to give birth
 To a new word, to tell Love's perfect worth !

A FAREWELL

Not Hitherto Printed.

As in the wood oft, of a sudden, seems
To come a silence, though the branches **there**
Still smile in garish green and every air
Is safely lapped in soft Arcadian dreams;
Although the boughs with opalescent gleams
Are luminous, the scintillating trees
Are lonely; and, though musing, still the **breeze**
Feels not the joys with which its fancy teems:

So unto us to-day has come a hush
Filling the pauses up, and we begin
To sort the silences that brood within
Our hearts; and as the silence of the thrush
Appals the leaves, to miss, amid the rush
Of life about us, that which used to lure
Our listening ears; your accents, gracious, pure,
And tender as the winsome dawn's first flush.

Dear Friend, as birds, however far they fly,
Recall their blossom-bowers, will you not think
Sometimes of us and let our friendship link
Nearness and distance with a lasting tie,
A perfumed ribbon of a memory,
As sweet as are these petalled symbols strewn
About this mourning, beggared afternoon,
These blooms with which we say to you goodbye?

MAPLE LEAVES

Not Hitherto Printed.

On smooth-skinned, sappy boughs of darker brown
The woolly wads of buds are folded down,
Each swaddled in a rumpled, fuzzy gown.

The chilling breezes cannot get to them,
Thus closely cuddled to the mother stem,
Their feet wrapped in their red frock's ruffled hem.

Betimes their yellow tendrils looser curl,
Betimes their fan-shaped follicles unfurl;
They're growing stealthily, as grows a girl.

Waked by the blue-bird's chirp, some balmy day,
They'll burst the sheaths that bind them and display
Themselves, green-kirtled, to the eyes of May.

UNFORGOTTEN

Not Hitherto Printed.

Early one morn, my casement through,
A thrush into my chamber flew.
Without, the June wind softly blew.

Perched on the window-sill, he sang.
My bosom felt a tender pang.
Else, all the air with gladness rang.

He flitted out and flew away;
But in my room, come any day,
I hear that throstle sing that lay.

HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS

[1855—]

SIDNEY ERNEST BRADSHAW

MR. EDWARDS writes: "My life has been a busy one but not eventful. In brief, as you will observe from the memoranda, I was thrown upon my own resources at fifteen and had to build on a common-school training by night work. My responsibilities have been many, but I don't regret that. In all issues and crises I have tried to face the sunrise, and to me still the most beautiful thing in the world of matter, or the world of mind, is the coming of light after hours of darkness." He first faced the East on April 23, 1855, in Macon, Georgia. His father was James Carson Edwards, whose poems and songs were well known before the Civil War; his mother was Elizabeth Griffing Hunt—and they were cousins. On both sides, the genealogical tree goes back to prominent families from England and Wales, members of which settled in New Jersey and on Long Island about 1650. Their names—Edwards, Stillwell, Hand, Griffing—appear frequently in Colonial history. Leaving school at fifteen, Harry went to work in a Government office in Washington, continued three years, and then resigned to return to Macon and keep books. By night work he managed to complete his studies and was given the degree of Bachelor of Laws by Mercer University in 1876. After a period of law practice and considerable experience in journalism—when he was connected with the *Macon Telegraph* in various capacities from reporter to editor and part owner—he began writing for the magazines in 1886. His first story, "Elder Brown's Backslide," was contributed to *Harper's Monthly*, and the second, "Two Runaways," to the *Century Magazine*. In the *Century* have also been published most of the sixty or seventy short stories since written. In addition, he is the author of two novels, 'Sons and Fathers,' and 'The Marbeau Cousins.' His genius has found expression not only in prose but in many songs and poems, notable among the former "Mammy's Little Boy," and among the latter, "Dixie" and "The Vulture and His Shadow." He resides at Holly Bluff, an extensive plantation near Macon, Georgia, and devotes himself to the writing of stories and political papers. Since 1900 he has been postmaster at Macon. Mr. Edwards is author of the epitaph on the monument at Richmond, Virginia, erected to the memory of the

President of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis, by Mrs. Davis and her daughter. In 1904, in the Chicago Convention, at the request of Mr. Roosevelt and in behalf of the South, he seconded that candidate's nomination to the Presidency.

His wife is Mary Roxie, daughter of Colonel Andrew J. Lane (Forty-ninth Georgia C. S. A.) and Frances Brooking, both of whom were Virginians removed to Georgia. *Xie*, the nom de plume over which Mr. Edwards has written much, is the last three letters of his wife's name.

As a writer of short stories Harry Stillwell Edwards ranks with the best. In this form undoubtedly lies his greatest power of expression, though it is abundantly shown in 'Sons and Fathers' and 'The Marbeau Cousins' that he possesses marked ability to develop and execute a long and involved plot, and in his many songs and verses that he can woo the muse of poetry with success. But the short story is his peculiar field. To it he has given most attention during his literary career, and it is here that he is best known. The work contained in the two volumes of his short stories so far published, 'Two Runaways' and 'His Defense,' includes some of the happiest that Mr. Edwards has done, and a careful reader will note a steady growth in skill of handling. Even the earliest stories evince a decided mastery of the essential principles that make for effectiveness in this form of composition, a form difficult and to be learned thoroughly only after much experience. Mr. Edwards is a born storyteller and grasped the main principles early; but the finish and perfection, as always, came only with the lapse of time. His characterizations are clear and incisive, not unduly elaborate, and those points are seized upon that represent the vitality of the personages introduced—like the lines in Whistler's drawings that embody in a few strokes the very life of the landscapes he sketches. Each story centers about a definite episode to which the minor incidents are contributory. Interest is sustained by the careful use of his material even to the conclusion, which is usually more or less abrupt, but at the same time marks completion. The *tout ensemble* produces the pervasive atmosphere that gives individuality. And so, having fulfilled in large measure such conditions, the stories seem to have established their right to be regarded as a permanent and significant part of our literature.

But the vital thing in dialect writing is not spelling. Successful dialect writing requires a great deal more than the Josh Billings trick of mis-spelling common words. There can be no standard of mispronunciation. A quick and attentive ear and the power to reproduce the sounds as heard in different localities and under different circumstances are indispensable. As is well-known, the speech

of the Virginia negro varies greatly according to the section of the State of which he is a native; the same is true of the negroes of South Carolina and of Georgia. Homer nods, and the dialect writer has to guard against a similar evil. Too much dialect not only weakens but makes a composition often forbidding to a reader who is not familiar with the characters as they live and move. In the case of the Southern negro the vital point is his indirect "approach" in any statement; and the majority of dialect writers, notably those of the North, are unsuccessful because of their failure to grasp this fact. It is close imitation of negro thought and mental habit that makes negro dialect sound natural. The negro's mind at work suggests the rabbit, and the rabbit is the negro's hero in nature. A personage in a story must of course speak in character, but there is a limit beyond which it is dangerous for an author to venture. Mr. Edwards, it seems to us, has measured this limit with a fine degree of precision, and the dialect of Isam, Aunt Silvy, Rat Brooks, and the rest, does not weary the reader, for many passages of clear, forcible, and elegant English are judiciously interspersed throughout. The dialect of country-folk, particularly mountaineers, is well mastered too; for example, when a witness gives his testimony, as in "His Defense," the reader is held in rapt attention to the end.

Mr. Edwards is a realist, but he is a realist who sees with a penetrating and sympathetic eye that takes in the animating springs in the lives of his characters. He knows the negro at first hand and has the power of inspiring him with confidence, so that the negro feels free in his presence. This is an advantage not to be overlooked, for of all races, probably, the negro of the South is most fond of "putting on" with the idea of making an "impression." For that reason the seeker after material is liable to be misled, unless he has opportunity to study the negro a long time and at close quarters under varying conditions. Such opportunity Mr. Edwards has had from youth up. He takes his material from the everyday world in which he has lived—plantation scenes, the neighborhood church and congregation (both white and black), experiences of the period following the Civil War, and, in general, life in and around Macon, his home. He is notably strong in court-scenes, and the skill with which he delineates judge, lawyers, witnesses, and jury, marks a keen observer who understands through and through the warp and woof of character lying below the outward expression.

Isam and Major Crawford Worthington—the two runaways! Brought up together as servant and master: Isam, black, small-eyed, shrewd, knows well the Major's whims and eccentricities, and the Major understands thoroughly how Isam's mind works. These two

always go together in the stories, and many are the wonderful adventures they experience. In "Two Runaways," the Major has the struggle with the deer while Isam is up the tree; in "The Woodhaven Goat," Isam has his turn with the agonized billy while the Major enjoys the performance from under the kitchen! Many other familiar figures appear in more than one story, and almost without exception they are living, breathing people whom it is a delight to know in the first place, and who afford a greater joy when we renew acquaintance and friendship with them afterwards. What better test of true inventive genius could there be?

'Sons and Fathers,' the longest story yet written by Mr. Edwards, was struck off at white heat in about three weeks. In 1896 the *Chicago Record*, one of the largest of the metropolitan dailies, inaugurated a contest for stories of mystery, and offered prizes aggregating \$30,000. The contest was widely advertised and no less than 916 manuscripts were entered. Out of these 'Sons and Fathers' won the first prize of \$10,000. The decision of official judges in such cases is not always that of the reading public, and the story, read by many simply because of the advertising, is likely to disappoint. Wrought out in haste, with no time for revision, a product of three weeks is sure to have some defects, and 'Sons and Fathers' is no exception. The defects, however, can not be definitely specified, for the plot is marked by complexity, deep mystery, excellent characterization, and suspense to the very close, while the style is clear, rapid, and at times strikingly imaginative. It is marvelous that a plot so involved could be developed and written out in less than a month. The main object of the plot—to inspire mystery—is unquestionably accomplished; every part of the structure lends itself to that end. From the point of view of literary workmanship, however, it is lacking in finish, especially if comparison be made with the short stories where the author's art is finest. But after all is said, 'Sons and Fathers' must be accepted as a remarkable creation of a mind to which the weaving and interweaving of intricate threads of action is easy and natural.

'The Marbeau Cousins,' Mr. Edwards's other novel, is a better piece of composition than 'Sons and Fathers.' With it he took more time and the improvement is felt on every page. The same general features are noted as in the first novel—complexity of plot, mind problems, mystery, surprises—but the style is much more studied and there is more finish. The chapters are usually short, though each makes a definite advance in the story, and some of them are models of word-painting. In the description of mental states the author excels: the phantasmagoria of fever, the effects of the opium habit, and the strange influence of music on a disordered mind

are devices used with telling results in more than one situation. The theory of inherited memory is elaborated and plays an important part in both novels. The leading characters are gallant, chivalric; the villains are always deep-dyed; and there is a great wrong to be righted. All is in a world of romance, and yet the sense of reality is never absent. There is a vague something that differentiates them from the common herd of novels, which, like a rare odor, must be experienced to be fully appreciated.

Of the more noticeable qualities of style in the stories and novels, it seems to us that pathos and humor are predominant. The pathos is not of the melodramatic, gushing type, but tender and pure, welling up from a deeply sympathetic heart. The touches here and there, in the family scenes of grief and suffering, in the court-room when a former master is defending a former slave, in visits to the cemetery where lie buried the dear ones of the years past and gone, in the relations of parents to children, in the efforts made by three little girls to procure a pardon for their convict-friend "Shadow"—in all these the genuine note of true pathos is struck. Humor, the natural complement of pathos, abounds freely, and dull indeed is he who does not find his sides shaking when he reads of Elder Brown's Backslide and Sister Todhunter's Heart. Everywhere the Edwards sense of the humorous is unerring.

Though best known as a writer of prose, Mr. Edwards has produced some excellent songs and poems. A musician himself, he has sought the lyric spirit and perpetuated it in verses worthy of any anthology. Where can be found a more striking poem than "The Vulture and His Shadow"? Take his work as a whole—short stories, novels, poems and songs, with occasional essays—and by whatever standard the judgment is made, Harry Stillwell Edwards must be classed as one of the most distinctively representative of Southern men of letters.

Sidney Ernest Bradshaw.

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HIS DEFENSE

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"WHAT?"

Colonel Rutherford shot a swift glance from the brief he was examining at the odd figure before him, and resumed his occupation quickly, to hide the smile that was already lifting the heavy frown from his face. "Indicted for what?"

"For the cussin' of my mother-in-law; an' I want you ter be on hand at court ter make er speech for me when hit comes up."

"Did you cuss her?"

The lawyer fell easily into the vernacular of his visitor, but he was afraid to lift his eyes again higher than the tips of his own polished boots, resting upon the table in front of him, in the good old Georgia fashion.

"Did I?" The stranger shifted his hat to the other hand and wiped his brow with a cotton handkerchief. His voice was low and plaintive. "I sho'ly did cuss. I cussed 'er comin' an' goin', for'ards and back'ards, all erroun' an' straight through. Ain't no use ter deny hit. I done hit."

He was tall, and in old age would be gaunt. He was also sunburned, and stooped a little, as from hard labor and long walking in plowed ground or long riding behind slow mules. One need not have been a physiognomist to discover that, although yet young, the storms of life had raged about him. But the lawyer noticed that he was neat, and that his jeans suit was home-made, and his pathetic homespun shirt and sewed-on collar—the shirt and collar that never will sit right for any

country housewife, however devoted—were ornamented with a black cravat made of a ribbon and tied like a school-girl's sash.

The defendant leaned over the table as he finished speaking, resting his hands thereon, and thrusting forward his aquiline features, shame and excitement struggling for expression in his blue eyes.

"Did she cuss you first?"

The stranger looked surprised.

"No."

"Did she abuse you, strike you, insult you—did she ever chuck anything at you?"

"Why, no!—you see, hit was n't edzactly the words—"

"Then it seems to me, my friend, that you have no use for a lawyer. I never take any kind of a criminal case for less than one hundred dollars, and the court will hardly fine you that much if you plead guilty. By your own statement, you see, you are guilty, and I can't help you. Better go and plead guilty and file an exculpatory affidavit—"

"No, sir. That 'll do for some folks, but not for me. I never dodged in my life, and I ain't goin' ter dodge now. All you got ter do is ter make er speech. I want you ter tell them for me—"

"But what is the use, my friend? Can't you see—"

"Don't make no difference. You go. I'll be thar with your money."

"All right," was the laughing rejoinder; "but you are simply wasting time and money."

"That's my business. No man ever wasted his time or money when he was settin' himself right before his folks."

Lifting his head with an air the memory of which dwelt with the attorney for many a day, the novel client departed, leaving him still laughing. He opened his docket and wrote, in the absence of further information: "The man who cussed his mother-in-law, Crawford Court, \$100."

Court opened in Crawford County as usual. The city lawyers followed the judge over from Macon in nondescript vehicles, their journey enlivened by many a gay jest and well-told tale, to say nothing of refreshments by the way. The autumn woods were glorious in the year's grand sunset. Like

masqueraders in some wild carnival, the gums and sumacs and hickories and persimmons and maples mingled their flaunting banners and lifted them against the blue and cloudless skies. Belated cotton-pickers stole the last of the fields' white lint, and sang in harmonies that echoed from the woodlands, seeming to voice the gladness of unseen revelers.

And Knoxville, waking from its dull dreams, took on life and color for the week. Horses tugged at the down-sweeping limbs or dozed contentedly beside the racks; and groups of country folks, white and black, discussed solemnly or with loud jest the ever-changing situation. The session of court, brief though it be, is fraught with meaning for many families, the chief points of friction being the issues between landlord and tenant, factor and farmer, loan associations and delinquent debtors. And there is always the criminal side of court, with its sable fringe of evil-doers.

The sheriff, in obedience to time-honored custom, had shouted from the front steps the names of all parties concerned in the case of the State *versus* Hiram Ard, and the State, through its urbane solicitor, the Honorable Jefferson Brown, had announced "Ready," when Colonel Rutherford felt a hand upon his shoulder, and, looking up, saw a half-familiar face earnestly bent toward his own.

"Hit's come," said the stranger, his blue eyes full of excitement; "an' thar's your hunderd."

"Beg your pardon," said the lawyer; "some mistake! I—don't think—I can exactly locate you."

"What? I'm the man they say that cussed his mother-in-law!"

"Why, of course, of course! One moment, your Honor, until I can consult my client."

The consultation was brief. The lawyer urged a plea of guilty. The client was determined to go to trial.

"Ready for the defense!" said Colonel Rutherford, in despair, waving his client to his seat with a gesture that seemed to disclaim responsibility for anything that might happen.

The usual preliminaries and formalities were soon disposed of, and the jury stricken, twelve good men and true, as their names will show; for to adjudge this case were assembled there

Dike Sisson, Bobby Lewis, Zeke Cothorn, Tony Hutt, Hob Garrett, Jack Dermody, Tommie Liptrot, Jack Doozenbery, Abe Ledzetter, Cran Herringdine, Bunk Durden, and Tim Newberry.

The State, upon this occasion, had but one witness. Mrs. Jessie Gonder was called to the stand. The lady was mild-looking and thin, and something in her bearing unconsciously referred one to a happier past. But the good impression—perhaps it is better to say the soft impression—vanished when she loosened her bonnet-strings and tongue, and with relentless, drooping mouth-corners—those dead smiles of bygone days—began to relate her grievance.

Well, Mrs. Gonder was one of those unfortunate women whom adversity sours and time cannot sweeten; and that is all there is of it. In sharp, crisp tones and bitter words she told of her experience with the defendant. The narrative covered years of bitterness, disappointment, wounded vanity, and hatred, and was remarkable for its excess of feeling. It was, from a professional standpoint, overdone. It was an outburst. Members of the admirable jury who had looked with surprise and animosity upon Hiram Ard began to regard him with something like sympathy; for, disguise it as she might, it was plain to all men that the overwhelming cause of her grievance was Hiram's conquest of her only daughter. Bobby Lewis leaned over and whispered to Bunk Durden, and both young men laughed until their neighboring jurors were visibly affected, and the court knocked gently with its gavel. When she came to the cause of war wherein this low-bred son-in-law had cursed around her—her, Jessie Gonder—had entered the house she occupied and had forcibly taken away a sewing-machine loaned by her own daughter, her voice trembled and she shook her clenched fist above the rail, her eyes, the while, fairly blazing in the shadow of her black bonnet. She sank back at last, exhausted.

While the witness was testifying the defendant looked straight ahead of him, settling slowly in his seat, until his matched hands, supported by his elbows that rested upon the chair, almost covered his face. From time to time a wave of color flushed his cheeks and brow. Then he seemed to wander off to scenes the woman's words recalled, and he became ob-

livious to his surroundings. When at last his attorney touched him and called him to the witness-stand, he started violently, and with difficulty regained his composure.

"Tell the jury what you know of this case," said Ruth-erford; and then to the court: "This seems to be purely a family quarrel, your Honor, and I trust the defendant will be allowed to proceed without interruption of any kind. Go on, sir," he concluded, to the latter.

The defendant seated himself in the witness-stand, his arm on the rail, and said:

"Hit's er long story, my friends, an' if thar war n't nothin' in the case but er fine I would n't take your time. But thar 's er heap more, an' ef you'll all hear me out, I don't think any of you'll believe I'm much ter be blamed. So far as the cussin' is concerned, thar ain't no dispute erbout that. I done hit, an' I ought n't er done hit. No gentleman can cuss erroun' er woman, an' for the first time in my life I war n't er gentleman. I could er come here an' pleaded guilty an' quit, but that don't square er gentleman's record. I hired er lawyer ter take my case, an' did hit ter have him put me up here where I could get er chance ter face my people, an' say I was wrong, an' sorry for hit, an' willin' ter take the consequences. That 's the kind of man Hiram Ard is."

All the shamefacedness was gone from the man. He had straightened up in his chair, and his blue eyes were beaming with earnestness. His declaration, simple and direct, had penetrated every corner of the room. In a moment he had caught the attention of the crowd, for all the world loves a manly man, and from that moment their attention never wavered.

"But," he continued, when the silence had become intense, "I ain't willin' for you ter think that Hiram Ard could cuss erroun' any woman offhand an' for er little matter.

"Some of you knowed me when I was er barefooted boy, with no frien' in the worl' 'ceptin' ma an' pa, an' not them long. This trouble started away back thar—when I was that kind er boy an' goin' ter school. I was 'mos' too big ter go ter school, an' she—I mean Cooney, Cooney Gonder—was 'mos' too young. Somehow I got ter sorter lookin' out for her on the road, gentlemen, an' totin' her books, an' holdin' her steady

crossin' the logs over Tobysofkee Creek an' the branches. An' at school, when the boys teased her an' pulled her hair an' hid her dinner-bucket, I sorter tuk up for her; an' the worst fight I ever had was erbout Cooney Gonder.

"Well, so it went on year in an' out. Then pa died, an' the ole home was sold for his debts. An' then ma died. All I had left, gentlemen, was erbout sixty acres on Tobysofkee an' thirty up in Coldneck deestric'; an' not er acre cleared. But I went ter work. I cut down trees an' made er clearin', an' I hired er mule an' planted er little crop. Cotton fetched er big price that year, an' I bought the mule outright. An' then er feller come erlong with er travelin' sawmill, an' I let him saw on halves ter get lumber ter build my house. Hit was just er two-room house, but hit war mine, an' I was the proudest! I bought ernother mule on credit, an' the new lan' paid for hit too an' lef' me money besides. An' then I put on ernother room.

"Well, all this time I was tryin' ter keep comp'ny with Cooney, gentlemen—I say tryin', 'cause her folks did n't think much of me. My family war n't much, an' Cooney's was good blood an' er little stuck-up. An' Cooney—well, Cooney had done growed ter be the prettiest an' sweetest in all the Warrior deestric', as you know, an' they had done made her er teacher, for she was smart as she was pretty. An' she was good—too good for me. Ter this day I don't understan' hit. Cooney say hit was because I was honest an' er man all over; that was the excuse she gave for lovin' me. But I do know that when she said yes, two things happened: I kissed her, an' there was er riot in Cooney's family. Cooney's ma was the last ter come roun', an' I don't think she ever did quite come roun', for she war n't at the wedding; but, so help me God, I never bore her no ill will. Hit must have been hard ter give Cooney up.

"I will never forget the day, gentlemen, she come into that little home. Hit was like bein' born ag'in; I was that happy. I made the po'est crop I ever made in my life; but, bless you, the whole place changed. Little vines come up an' made er shade on the po'ch, an' flowers growed about the yard in places that look like they had been waitin' for flowers always. An' the little fixin's on the bureau and windows, an' white stuff

hangin' ter the mantelpieces—well, I never knowed what hit was ter live before.

"Then at last I went ter work. It was four mules then, an' me in debt for two, an' some rented land; but no man who had Cooney could honestly call himself in debt. I worked day in an' out, rain or shine, hot or cold, an' I struck hit right. Cooney was sewin' for two an' sewin' on little white things for another, and we were the happiest. One day I come home 'fo' dark ter find Cooney was gone ter her neighbor's. I slipped in on her, an' thar she was er-sewin' on er sewin'-machine, an' proud of the work as I was of the first land I ever laid off. Hit was hard ter pull her away. Well, I did n't say nothin'; I thought, an' I kept hit all ter myself. I went ter town that fall with my cotton, an' when I had done paid my draft at the warehouse I had seventy dollars left. What did I do with hit? What do you reckon I did with hit?"

The aquiline face took on a positively beautiful smile. The speaker leaned over the rail and talked confidentially to the jury.

"Well, here 's what I did, gentlemen. I went ter whar that one-arm old soldier stays what keeps sewin'-machines an' the tax-books, an' I planked down sixty of my pile for one of them. An' then I went home an' set the thing in the settin'-room while Cooney was gettin' supper; an' I let her eat, but I couldn't hardly swaller, I was so full of that machine."

He laughed aloud at this point, and several of the jury joined him. The court smiled and lifted a law-book in front of his face.

"When I took her in thar an' turned up the light, Cooney like ter fainted. 'My wife don't have ter sew on no borrowed machine no more,' says I, just so; an' she fell ter cryin' an' huggin' me; an' by an' by we got down ter work. I'll be doggoned if we did n't set up tell one er'clock playin' on that thing! She'd sew, an' then I'd sew, an' then I'd run the wheel underneath an' she'd run the upper works. We hemmed and hawed all the napkins over, an' the table-cloths; an' tucked all the pillow frills; an' Cooney made me er handkerchief out of something. Gentlemen, next ter gettin' Cooney, hit was the happiest night of my life!"

Hiram paused to take breath, and the tension on the audi-

ence being relieved, they moved, looked into one another's faces, and, smiling, exchanged comments. A breath of spring seemed to have invaded the autumn.

"Would n't believe he was guilty ef he swore hit," said a voice somewhere, and there was applause, which was promptly suppressed. Hiram did not hear the comment. He was lost in his dream.

Then the baby come. But before he come I saw Cooney begin ter change. She 'd sit an' droop, an' brighten up an' droop erg'in, lookin' away off; an' her step got slow. Then, one day, hit come ter me: she was homesick for her ma. Well, gentlemen, I reck'n 't was natchul at that time. She never had said nothin', but the way her ma had done an' the way she had talked about me was the grief of her life. She could n't see how she was goin' ter meet the new trouble erlone. I fixed hit for her. I took her out on the po'ch where she could break down without my seemin' ter know hit, an' I tole her as how hit did look like hit was a shame for her ma ter have ter live off at her sister's, an' her own chile keepin' house, with a comp'ny room; an' I believed I'd drive over an' tell her ter let bygones be bygones, an' come an' live with us; that I did n't set no store by the hard things she 'd said, an' we would do our best for her. Well, that got Cooney. She dropped her head down in my lap, an' I knowed I 'd done hit the nail on the head. Natchully I was happy erlong with her.

"Well, I went an' made my best talk, an' when I got done, gentlemen, what you reck'n Cooney's ma said—what do you reck'n? She said: 'How 's Cooney?' 'Po'ly,' says I. 'I thought so,' says she, 'er you would n't er come. I'll get my things an' go.' But Cooney was so happy when she did come, I caught the fever too, an' thought me an' the old lady would get on all right at last. But we did n't. Seemed like pretty soon ma begin ter look for things ter meddle in, an' she got er new name for me ev'y time I come erroun'. I did n't answer back, because she was Cooney's ma. I grit my teeth an' went on. But she 'd come out an' lean on the fence, even, when I was plowin', an' talk. 'Look like any fool,' she said one day, 'look like any fool would know better 'n ter lay off land with er twister. Why n't yer git er roun' p'inted shovel?' My lan' was new, gentlemen, an' full of roots; that's why.

"An' she 'd look at my hogs an' say: 'I allus did despise Berkshires. Never saw er sow that would n't eat pigs after er while. Why n't you cross 'em on the big Guinea?' An' then, the chickens. 'Thar's them Wyandottes! Never knew one ter raise er brood yet; an' one rooster takes more pasture than er mule.' An' I paid ten dollars for three, gentlemen. An' then, Cooney's mornin'-glories made her sick. An' she did n't like sewin'-machines; they made folks want more clothes than they ought ter have, an' made the wash too big. An' what she called 'jimcracks' was Cooney's pretties in the sittin'-room.

"But I stood it; she was Cooney's ma. Only, when the mockin'-bird's cage door was found opened an' he gone, I like to have turned my mind loose, for I had my suspicions, an' have yet. He was a little bird when I found him. I was clearin' my lan', an' one of these new niggers come erlong with er single-barrel gun, an' shot both the old birds right before my eyes with one load. I was that mad I took up er loose root an' frailed him tell he could n't walk straight, an' I bent the gun roun' er tree an' flung hit after him. Then I went ter the nest in the haw-bush, an' started out ter raise the four young ones. I could n't find er bug ter save me, though it looked easy for the old birds, so I took them home an' tried eggs an' potato. Well, one by one they died, until but one was left. When Cooney come he was grown, an' with the dash of white on his wings all singers have. But he never would sing. I think he was lonesome. The first night she come, I woke ter hear the little feller singin' away like his heart was too full ter hold hit all. I turned over ter wake Cooney, that she might hear him too, an' what do you reck'n? The moonlight had found er way in through the half-open blinds an' had fell across her face. Hit shone out there in the darkness like an angel's, an' that little lonesome bird had seen hit for the first time. Hit started the song in him just like hit had in me, an' God knows—" His voice quivered a moment and he looked away, a slight gesture supplying a conclusion.

"Then the baby come, an' when Cooney said, 'We'll name hit Jessy, after ma,' I said, 'Good enough, Cooney. Hit's natchul.'

"Looks like that ought ter have made it easier all erroun',

but hit did n't. Hit all got worse. An' ter keep the peace, I got not ter comin' inter the house tell the dinner-bell would ring. I 'd jus' set on the fence, pretendin' I was er-watchin' the stock feed. An' after dinner I'd go out erg'in an' set on the fence ter keep the peace. Not that I blamed Cooney's ma so much, for I did n't. Nobody ever said hit for her but me, an' I don't mind sayin' hit now: but she has had trouble enough for four women; an' her boy died. He was er good boy, if thar ever was one. I remember the time we went ter school together; an' when he died of the fever, why, hit was then I sorter took his place an' looked out for Cooney all the time. Her boy died, an' I think er heap er 'lowance ought ter be made for er widow when her boy is buried, for I don't believe there is much else left for her in this world."

The stillness in the room was absolute when the witness paused a moment, and for some reason studied his fingers, his face bent down. All eyes were unconsciously turned then toward the prosecutrix. She had moved uncomfortably many times during this narrative, and now lowered her veil, as if she felt the focus of their attention. Afterward she did not look up again. Hiram, whose face had grown singularly tender, raised his eyes, somewhat wearily at last.

"I know what hit is to lose a child," he said gently, "for I lost Jessy. The fever came; she faded out, an'—well—we jus' put her ter sleep out under the two cedars I had left in the corner of the yard. Then hit was worse than ever, for I had Cooney ter comfort, my own load ter tote, an'—Cooney's ma was harder ter stan' than before. I studied an' studied, an' then I took Cooney out with me ter the field an' tole her what was on my mind. 'Let 's go up ter Coldneck,' says I, 'an' build us a little house jus' like the one we started with, an' plant mornin'-glories on the po'ch, an' begin over. Let's give ma this place for life, an' two mules, an' split up. An' let 's do hit quick, 'cause I can't hold out much longer.' You see, I was 'fraid er myself. Well, Cooney hugged me, an' I saw her heart was happy over the change.

"So we went. Her ma said we were fools, an' settled down ter run her end of the bargain. An' I'm boun' ter say she made good crops, an', with her nephew ter help her, got erlong well tell he married an' went ter his wife's folks.

"Hit looked like hit was goin' ter be easy, gentlemen, leavin' the little home; an' hit was tell Cooney got in the wagon an' looked back—not at the house, an' the flowers she had planted, an' the white curtains in her winders, but at the two little cedars where Jess was sleepin', an' the mockin'-bird balancin' an' singin' on the highest limb. Hit was easy tell then. Her heart jus' broke, an' she cried out ter herself: 'Ma! ma! I would n't er treated you that-er-way—I would n't er done hit!'" He pointed his finger at the prosecutrix. "She did n't know Cooney felt that-er-way, gentlemen; this is the first time. An' she did n't know that when I came back from Macon, next fall, an' brought er little marble slab with Jess's name on hit, an' put hit up under the cedars, I got one with her Tom's name on hit, too, an' went ter her ole home, an' cleared away the weeds, an' put hit over Tom's grave. He was er good boy—an' he was Cooney's brother.

"Well," continued the defendant, after a pause, "we did well. I cleared the land an' made er good crop. An' then our own little Tom come. That's what we named him. An' one day Cooney asked me ter go back an' get her sewin'-machine from her ma's. Hit was the first plantin' day we had had in April, an' I hated mightily ter lose er day; but Cooney never had asked me for many things, so I went. When I rode up, ma come out, an' restin' her hands on her sides, she said: 'I did give you credit for some sense! What you doin' here, an' hit the first cotton-plantin' day of the year? I'll be boun' you picked out this day ter come for that ar sewin'-machine.' I tole her I had; an' then she answered back: 'Nobody but er natchul-born fool would come for er sewin'-machine in that sort er wagon. You can't get hit. Thar would n't be er whole j'int in hit when you got back;' Well, seein' as how I had brought the thing from Macon once in the same wagon, hit did look unreasonable I could n't take hit further. But the road ter Coldneck was rougher, an' I could n't give her no hold on me, so back I went, twelve miles, an' er whole day sp'iled. But Cooney was sorry, I could see; an' she never did ask me for many things, so I borrowed Buck Drawhorn's spring-wagon, an' next day, bright an' early, I put out erg'in. When I got back ter the ole home, she was stan'in' jus' like I left her, with her hands on her sides. I did n't get time ter

put in 'fo' she called out: 'Nobody but er natchul-born fool would come here for er machine, an' clouds er-risin' in the rain quarter. Don't you know ef that machine gets wet hit won't be worth hits weight in ole iron? You can't get hit!' Well, gentlemen, seems ter me that with all our kiver mos' still in the house, she might er loant me some ter put on that machine; but she did n't; an' bein' 'fraid er myself, I wheeled roun' an' went back them twelve miles erg'in. Ernother day sp'iled, an' no machine. An' I won't do nobody er injustice, gentlemen. Hit did rain like all-fire, though whar hit come from I don't know tell now, an' I got wet ter the bones.

"But I was determ' then ter git that machine, if I did n't never plant er cotton-seed. Next day I rode up bright an' early, an' thar she was. I had n't got out the wagon 'fo' she opened: 'You can't git that machine! You go back an' tell Cooney I'm er-sewin' for Hester Bloodsworth, an' when I git done I'll let her know. An' don't you come back here no more tell I let you know!' Well, gentlemen, then I knowed I had n't been 'fraid of myself for nothin'. I started ter cussin'! I cussed all the way up the walk, an' up the steps, an' inter the room, an' while I was shoulderin' that ar machine, an' while I was er-totin' hit out, an' while I was er-loadin' hit in the wagon, an' while I was er-drivin' off. An' when I thought of them seventy-odd miles, an' the three days' plantin' I'd done lost, I stopped at the rise in the road an' cussed back erg'in. I did hit, an', as I said, hit was ongentlemanly, an' I'm sorry. The only excuse I've got, gentlemen, is I did hit in self-defense, for if I had n't cussed, so help me God, I 'd er busted wide open then an' thar!"

The sensation that followed this remarkable climax was not soon stilled; but when quiet was at length restored, everybody's attention was attracted to the prosecutrix. She had never lifted her face from the time the defendant had mentioned the dead boy. She was still sitting with her face concealed; lost in thought, and it is likely that she never knew the conclusion of the defendant's statement. She looked up at last, impressed by the silence, and seeing the court gazing toward her as he fingered his books, she arose wearily and unsteadily.

"Can I say a few words, judge?" Her voice was just audible at first. He nodded gravely. "Then I want to say

that—I have—probably been wrong—all the way through. I have had—many troubles—many disappointments. Cooney's husband has been a good husband to her, and has always treated me kindly. I don't believe he intended to curse me, and I think if you will let me take it all back—" She hesitated and faltered.

"Be seated, madam," said the court, with something like tenderness in his voice. "Gentlemen of the jury, this case is dismissed."

The defendant came down from the stand, and paused before the woman in black a moment. Then he bent over her, but the only words anyone caught were "Cooney" and "little Tom." He patted her shoulder with his rough, sunburnt hand. She hesitated a moment, and then, drawing down her veil, she took his arm and in silence left the court-room. There was a sudden burst of applause, followed by the sound of the judge's gavel. At the door, Colonel Rutherford, leaning over the rail which separated the bar from the audience, thrust something into Hiram Ard's hand. "The fee goes with the speech," he said, smiling. "Keep it for little Tom."

THE WOODHAVEN GOAT

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MAJOR WORTHINGTON was smoking his pipe upon his broad back porch at Woodhaven, and dozing in the balmy air of a faultless morning in May. His stout form was, as usual, spread over two chairs and the balustrade, and contentment rested upon him. Well might he be content. His broad fields were already ribboned with the pale green of young cotton, and all hands agreed that the "stand" was perfect. Peace reigned at Woodhaven, after many days of disquiet, and for all he had been once a man of war, no man at heart loved peace more than did this eccentric old planter. He had tried many experiments; he had run away and marooned with Isam in slavery time, had fought a duel before the war, and had bravely worn the gray as commander of that renowned organization, the "Worthington Guards." When the unequal contest

was ended, he had employed two of his conquerors with guns and blue uniforms to oversee his place, and with such success that prosperity smiled upon him. All of which is now a part of the history of his country. To-day, the day of which the chronicler is called upon to write, no cloud dimmed the horizon of Crawford Worthington, late Major C. S. A., and still master of Woodhaven. But it was to be an eventful day. Isam was in the yard, under a broad elm, sitting on the well-swept ground and busy cleaning the Worthington case-knives on a soft brick—an immemorial custom. His little black eyes, set deep within his wrinkled, complicated face, reflected the light flashed up by the polished steel, and he hummed softly a line from the old song, "My Gal 's er High-born Lady."

Over in the orchard, at the far end of the broad back yard, an aged goat was browsing phlegmatically in the fence-corners, and near the triple rows of bee-hives that were terraced upon plank shelving close to the back yard a strutting turkey-gobbler drummed among his wives.

From time to time the goat ceased to chew, and looked curiously upon the proud fowl. Possibly he wondered how anything could be so small at one moment and so big at the next. Possibly he was wishing that this same swelling gift were his; for out in the grove there lived a gigantic ram, a bitter, uncompromising foe, and the conflicts always ended disastrously for the whiskered champion, mainly, however, because he had never been able to meet his antagonist under any recognized rules of the ring, his own inclination being to spar, and the other's to ride a tournament. Suddenly, as he gazed and reflected, every feather on the gobbler fell into place, the whole arrangement closing like Venetian blinds, and the fowl, dropping his head close to the ground, struck the back of it with first one and then the other foot. Then he hopped about six feet, and lifted both wings, again ducking and scratching his head. This he repeated rapidly, his wives joining in the gymnastics, and uttering sharp, crisp clucks. Presently the whole flock scattered in a panic, ran with lowered heads to the limit of the orchard, rose on wing, and sailed away into the cotton-field.

The goat looked on this performance with great interest, until the last gray form had settled and passed from sight.

He even uttered a queer little laugh that shook his whiskers. Evidently, however, the oddity of it all soon began to appeal to him, for he looked back inquisitively to the place from which his late associates had departed, his unwinking, glassy eyes full of amazement. There was no explanation in sight, nor was any suggested when he calmly went there and examined the locality more carefully. He did not even find one in the sky above, although he searched in that direction with equal deliberation.

It was while making this final survey that his attention was attracted by the low-hanging branches of a cherry-tree, deep green their verdure and seemingly succulent their leaves. He dismissed the turkey puzzle, and standing upon his hind legs, beckoned to the leaves with his long, flexible lip, a mute invitation that bore no results whatever. Jumping upon a lower hive, he rested his feet upon one above, and again strained his whole frame toward the aerial pasture. Then he mounted yet higher, and with his hind feet upon the topmost hive and body perpendicular, reached the coveted prize.

It was at this moment that Isam, suspending work, fixed his eyes upon the picture, and keeping them there, began to feel about for the knives. His low, earnest voice broke the stillness:

"Mas' Craffud! Mas' Craffud!"

"Well?" The major mumbled the response from mere force of habit, his eyes still closed.

"Dere 's gwine ter be trouble hyah, sho'ly. Ef dere 's anyt'ing 'twix' you an' de back do' up dere, better move hit—"

"What are you talking about, you black rascal? Get up from there!"

"Mas' Craffud!"

"Get up, I tell you, and open that gate! Don't you see Jerry coming with the plow?"

"Mas'—"

"Get up!" the major thundered, and reached for his stick.

Isam darted to the gate and opened it. Jerry was on the way to plow the orchard, and the way led through the yard. Any attempt to continue the interrupted warning would have been useless, for the major discovered at that moment that the mule had been geared *wrong*.

"Put that back-band hook down lower, sir!" he shouted to Jerry. Jerry was excited by the old man's temper, and a natural awkwardness was against him. "Lower yet! *Lower!* Now shorten those traces! The next link! The next! The *next!* I tell you—the *next!* Don't you see you are going the wrong way? *Shorten* the chain—*shorten! shorten!*" Down went the chairs, and out came the major in a towering passion. He jerked the traces right and left, Jerry changing places with him about the pensive mule. Isam uttered a low cry and began to edge away. The goat, reaching too high, had upset the hive on which he stood, and sliding backward down the terrace, had carried several more with him.

A moment the surprised animal stood waist-deep in bees; then suddenly an electric shock went over him. He shivered, bit at his flanks, his hind leg and hip; then he jumped ten feet, and, if Isam's account of the tragedy may be accepted, swore a great shrieking oath as he began to make a rapid tour of the orchard. Round and round the goat went, praying, cursing, and crying, the crouching negro in the yard watching him with straining eyes through the picket fence. The major's attention was arrested. He looked at the negro and then at the goat.

"What ails him, Isam?"

"Say yo' prayers, an' say 'em quick, Mas' Craffud, fer ef dat goat come dis-er-way ter git shet er es mis'ry, dere's gwine ter be trouble." He was edging away toward the kitchen as he spoke.

"Stop!" thundered the major. "What's all that stuff you are mumbling?"

"Pray fer him ter find er low place inter de cotton. Mas' Craffud. Listen at dat! Don' you hyah 'im callin' you, honey? 'Mas' Craft-t-t!'" And Isam gave an excellent imitation.

The major did not have time to finish a laugh. A few scattering bees from the wrecked hives struck into the little group, and the mule, being the largest enemy, first received their attacks. He responded by launching out with his heels as fast as he could pick them up and put them down, gradually turning in a circle and becoming involved with the plow and lines. Presently he made a rush for the gate, and finding it

closed, started on a wild career around the yard, gathering bees as he gathered momentum. Woodhaven for the time being had been converted into a two-ring circus. The goat, with his horns laid on his back, had the orchard, and the mule the back yard. As the mule came round, the excitement increased, for the plow was swinging out on the chain-traces, knocking over benches and tubs, skinning the shade-trees, and thundering against the weather-boards of the buildings. Cut off from the porch, and driven from tree to tree by the plow,* the major grew desperate. The detached kitchen, built on brick pillars, was the nearest shelter. Seizing an opportunity, he rushed to it, dropped on his knees, and crawled under just in time to escape the plow, which swept away the last vestige of the steps. Jerry had dived over the outer fence, and was viewing the drama from a constantly increasing distance.

No one responded to the major's stentorian commands to open the gate. Most of them were delivered at a disadvantage, for his head was bobbing in and out as the flying plow and his efforts compelled; but they were loud and fierce enough to be heard half a mile. When he began to call Isam, in particular, a groan behind him drew his attention, and looking back, he saw the whites of a pair of eyes gleaming in the shadow. A mighty and elaborate imprecation begun at that moment was never concluded. The goat came over the orchard fence, with a foot of space between him and the palings—a comet from Capricornus, with ten thousand bees for a tail—and after one frantic round in search of relief, dodged the flying plow and went under the kitchen. It was this circumstance that interrupted the major's efforts to do justice to Isam's utter worthlessness.

When the goat went under the kitchen, the major retained his presence of mind, and Isam lost his. The former, knowing that bees, when angry, follow a moving object, fell upon his face, shielding it with his arms. Isam, on the other hand, rolled out from the dark corner into the yard, and was knocked over as often as he attempted to arise, which was as often as possible; for to the infuriated goat all things were now explained: Isam was the cause of the dire disaster in which he had become involved. Therefore he fairly leaped in the air, and delivered his blows with a savage energy which would have

proved fatal to anyone except an African. Isam got his enemy by the horns and tried in vain to hold him; but there were no rests or breathing-spells—the bees attended to that. The man and the goat rolled over, half rose and fell, and mingled their voices like warriors of old engaged in deadly combat; but Isam's was not a defiance. In his dark hiding-place, the major, lifting his face a few inches, looked out through tears with a sudden delight at the negro's predicament, sobbing and choking with his emotion. When he heard the cry, "Help, Mas' Craffud! Run hyah, Mas' Craffud!" he frantically beat the dry soil about him with his fist for some moments.

"Better for one to die than two; it's a long sight better," the major shouted when he caught his breath. The memory of the famous conflict with the deer in the swamp had returned to him. And then he added: "Stick to him, Isam, stick to him!"

"Run hyah, Mas' Craffud! Help me turn dis goat loose!"

There was a sound as of a man choking to death under the kitchen; and then between many sputterings and coughings came a hilarious shout:

"Don't cuss, Isam, don't cuss! If ever a man had a call to pray, you've got it now. Stick to him, Isam, stick to him! Whoa, goat! Whoa, goat! Who-ee!" The major fairly rolled over on his back, and kicked the kitchen floor above him until exhaustion overcame him.

The fight outside was not as long as the memorable one with the deer. Covered with bees, man and beast broke away and disappeared from the scene. The mule had crushed down a panel of the fence, and the goat passed through the gap like a flash of white sunlight. In the grove he met his hereditary enemy, ready for a tournament. He only shed a couple of quarts of bees on him and passed away, leaving the ram to start a circus of his own, which he immediately proceeded to do.

Helen, who had made several brave efforts to go to her uncle's rescue, only to be driven back indoors, finally found the air outside clear enough of bees to permit her to approach the kitchen. She kneeled there and looked under.

"Uncle—Uncle Crawford—where are you?"

She saw the old man still stretched out under there, sobbing like a child recovering from a fit of crying.

"Don't," he whispered, pushing a hand back toward her and keeping his face averted—"don't speak to me! I am just grazing apoplexy—"

"But where is Isam, uncle?"

The portly form writhed in a sudden convulsion.

"*Don't*, I tell you!" he thundered. "Tell me something sad—tell me bad news. Go away—go away!"

Helen obeyed the final command. After a while the major crawled out and came limping across the yard. Helen covered her face and turned away suddenly.

"Don't, my child, don't!" he pleaded. "If I laugh standing up, I'm gone. What? Can't find Isam! Why, I hear his voice—"

"I do, too, uncle, but we have searched high and low in vain for him."

"Nonsense; he can't be far away if we can hear him. Find him; he must be badly stung to say nothing of—" He stopped and pressed his sides, while he clenched his teeth.

But Helen could not find Isam. That plaintive, pleading voice seemed everywhere, and the owner nowhere. It was as though all of him had been lost but voice, and go where she might that seemed to recede.

The mystery was at last solved. A negro came into the yard for water. Presently he cried out in amazement. "Dah now! Laws-a-mussy! Hyah he, Miss Helen—hyah he down in de well!" And so it was. The desperate man had performed a very timely although very perilous feat. Maddened with pain, covered with bees, and fleeing from the face of the awful goat, he had leaped upon the well-curb, grasped the chain, and rattled down into the cool waters. He was triumphantly hauled up again; but he refused to leave his place of refuge until assured that the war was entirely over. A little vinegar and soda soon restored him to his usual size.

It was many weeks before the goat could be tolled back into the yard. He would approach within three hundred feet, point his whiskers at the house for five minutes, and then go sadly away. But Isam never could, afterward, pass him in safety without a club.

One day, however, the hungry animal came gingerly into

the yard and accepted some cabbage-leaves from the cook. Unfortunately, little Henry Clay had tied a string to a leg of one of those iridescent beetles commonly called June-bugs, and released him to hear the "zooning" noise of his wings, so pleasant to the ears of Southern children on a plantation. The beetle made one rush for liberty, reached the end of the thread, and curved past the goat's ear with the speed of a rifle-ball. Have goats memory? It is likely. This goat went through the fence, taking six palings with him, ran headlong into a horse-stall, and hid in a dark corner. He came no more to the house.

"I know des how dat goat feel," said Isam, in describing the incident to his Miss Helen: "fus' time de chile zoon dat bug erroun' me, I was half-way ter de well 'fo' I cotch mer bref. An' dat's er fac'."

THE VULTURE AND HIS SHADOW

All the day long we roam, we roam,
My shadow fleet and I;

One searches all the land and sea,
And one the trackless sky;

But when the taint of death ascends
My airy flight to greet,

As friends around the festal board,
We meet! we meet! we meet!

Ah! none can read the sign we read,
No eye can fathom the gales,
No tongue can whisper our secret deed,
For dead men tell no tales.

The spot on the plains is miles away;
But our wings are broad and fleet—
The wave-tossed speck in the eye of day
Is far—but we meet! we meet!

The voice of the battle is haste, oh, haste!
And down the wind we speed;
The voice of the wreck moans up from the deep,
And we search the rank sea weed.

The maiden listens the livelong day
For the fall of her lover's feet;
She wonders to see us speeding by—
She would die, if she saw us meet!

L'ENVOI.

Sweeping in circles, my shadow and I,
Leaving no mark on the land or sky,
When the double circles are all complete,
At the bedside of death we meet! we meet!

DIXIE

Song of the bird on the cedar,
Gleam of the foam on the shore,
Olive and column and fountain,
Babe on the marble floor;
Babe with the dark locks clinging,
And the glow of the South on his limbs,
Naked, low laughing and creeping;
Nurse with the quaint slave hymns.

White through portal and casement
The midday sun's warm flood;
O song of the bird in mid-air!
O babe with the bounding blood!
Thrown on the pave the purple,
The red and the amber grape;
Heaped up in regal splendor
The orange, the peach and the grape!

Child of the South, young Bacchus,
Stained with the purple wine;
O slave in the noonday nodding!
O bird with the song divine!
Far in the fields of cotton
The gaudy turban stoops;
Bends to the hours, and white lint
From balanced basket droops.

High in the quivering sunheat
The bird in his frenzied leap—
Melody, monody, sunshine—
Slave in the court asleep!

L'ENVOI.

Roll in the purpling juices,
Babe of the royal blood,
Bathe in the amber juices,
Laugh in the grape's red flood.
Ere the raven locks are shaven,
The red wine turns to gore.
The slave awakens to freedom,
The gay bird sings no more.
The cedar, the column, the fountain,
Into blackened ruins fall,
And the worn, white face of the mother
Through the long night haunteth all.

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON

[1839—1911]

JOHN CALVIN METCALF

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON was born at Vevay, Indiana, November 26, 1839. He is a direct descendant of Captain Richard Eggleston of Jamestown, Virginia, who came of sturdy Scotch-Irish stock. The sons and grandsons of Richard Eggleston settled in Powhatan and Amelia counties. In Amelia County, Virginia, was born Joseph Cary Eggleston, the father of George Cary Eggleston. After his graduation at William and Mary College, in 1829, Joseph Eggleston studied at the Winchester, Virginia, Law School, and a little later went West, settling at Vevay, Indiana. He married a daughter of George Craig, a Kentuckian, Indian agent for the Territory of Indiana, who had crossed the Ohio River in order to develop the fertile lands of southern Indiana. George Cary Eggleston was the second of three sons born to Joseph and Mary Craig Eggleston, the oldest being Edward and the youngest Joseph W., now of Richmond, Virginia.

In the little town of Vevay most of the boyhood of George Cary was spent. When he was seven years old his father died and the care of the three boys and one girl devolved upon their mother, a woman of remarkable strength of character and brilliancy of mind. His early education was obtained in such primitive types of schools as Edward Eggleston later made famous in his 'Hoosier Schoolmaster.' To one of his teachers, a Mrs. Dumont, both Edward and George Eggleston have paid high tribute as an exceptionally gifted and sympathetic woman. Evidently, however, neither of the boys owed very much to the pioneer schools of the neighborhood. Fortunately for them their father had collected a good library and, encouraged by their mother, they read widely in the standard books. Edward, indeed, had by his own diligent application acquired such proficiency in languages and mathematics that he prepared his younger brother George for college in an almost incredibly short time.

At the age of fifteen George Cary entered the Indiana Asbury (now De Pauw) University at Greencastle, Indiana, where he spent something over a year. After leaving college he taught a country school near Madison, Indiana, at a place called Riker's Ridge, an interesting account of which, humorously detailing the struggles of the youthful schoolmaster, Mr. Eggleston has given in his life of

Edward Eggleston entitled 'The First of the Hoosiers.' Certain characters in this school also figure in 'The Hoosier Schoolmaster.' The next year young Eggleston went on a visit to his father's relatives in Amelia County, Virginia, and so strongly did "the glamour of that easy-going, restful and exquisitely self-poised Virginian life" (to quote his own words) appeal to him that we find him for the next nine years a citizen of the Old Dominion. During 1857-1858 he continued his education at Richmond College, matriculating from Amelia County. In Richmond he also studied law, beginning the practice in 1861, only to be interrupted by the breaking out of the Civil War.

Enlisting in Company G, First Virginia Cavalry, young Eggleston served with distinction during the four years of war in the Army of Northern Virginia, as clerk to General J. E. B. Stuart, later as Sergeant-major in the Wilderness, at Petersburg, at Cold Harbor, and in the battles above Appomattox. In 1865 he returned to Vevay, Indiana, recovering the fragments of his father's fortune; after which he engaged in business at Cairo, Illinois, for a few years, where in 1868 he married Miss Marion Craggs. From Cairo he went to Memphis, Tennessee, thence into Mississippi, and finally to New York City in 1870, where his brother Edward Eggleston had recently joined the editorial staff of the New York *Independent*.

Since 1870 Mr. Eggleston has lived in New York, as editor, author, and contributor to magazines. The list of periodicals with which he was connected from 1870 to 1900 is a long and distinguished one, while since 1872 the list of his books has steadily grown into a small library of history, biography and fiction. He began his journalistic career on the Brooklyn *Union* under Theodore Tilton, serving first as reporter and afterwards as editorial writer. While Edward Eggleston was editor of *The Hearth and Home*, George Cary was managing editor, succeeding his brother a few years later as editor-in-chief. After this he became editor of *The Magazine of American Homes*, which position he resigned to become assistant to William Cullen Bryant on the *Evening Post*. Soon after Bryant's death he became literary adviser to Harper and Brothers, holding this position from 1881 to 1885. From 1884 to 1889 Mr. Eggleston was editor-in-chief of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, and from 1889 to 1900 editorial writer on the New York *World*. During all these years he was from time to time a contributor to the great magazines, such as *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's*, *Appleton's*, *The Galaxy*, *The Century*, etc.

In 1900 Mr. Eggleston gave up his editorial work and has since devoted himself to writing two or three books a year. In addition

to original composition he has compiled a book of American war ballads, edited the American edition of Hayden's 'Dictionary of Dates,' Max O'Rell's 'John Bull, Junior,' and other volumes, proving himself an indefatigable worker of wide intellectual curiosity and vital sympathy. His varied experience as schoolmaster, lawyer, soldier, editor, and author, has given him a large fund upon which to draw. His early life could hardly have been spent in more romantic surroundings than in the beautiful Bluegrass region of Southern Indiana, among the Swiss immigrants about Vevay and the pioneer settlers from Virginia; and later among the ante-bellum traditions of Eastern Virginia which, as he remarks in his life of his brother, were "the complete realization of romance, the actual embodiment of poetry, a dream life of exquisite perfection." Four strenuous years of war, followed by five years of business activity in the West and South, helped to mellow and deepen the romantic experiences of youth and so to prepare the mature man for his long and brilliant editorial career in the metropolis. As a veteran writer of books, spending his summers in his cottage on Lake George and his winters in New York City, Mr. Eggleston has yet abundant material from which to add to his thirty or forty volumes a crowning volume of reminiscences as a valuable contribution to American literary history.

The works of George Cary Eggleston, consisting of more than thirty volumes, fall into three general divisions: (1) history and biography; (2) books for young people; (3) novels.

In the first class those of special importance are such works as 'A Rebel's Recollections,' an entertaining record of the author's experiences as a Confederate soldier and one of his most popular books; 'Southern Soldier Stories,' a small volume of war reminiscences dedicated to "Joe" (Dr. Joseph W. Eggleston, of Richmond, Virginia); 'Our First Century,' a sketch of American Colonial life; 'Life in the Eighteenth Century'; and 'The First of the Hoosiers,' a life of Edward Eggleston and incidentally of the author himself in his early intimate association with his brother during their "Hoosier" schooldays. Indeed, this book may be regarded as the psychological biography of George Cary Eggleston, as he himself remarks in a letter to the present writer. 'The First of the Hoosiers' is, therefore, a vitally significant work not only for the light which it throws on pioneer life in Indiana but also for the insight which it gives into the formative influences upon two prominent American writers.

To the second general division, consisting in the main of juvenile books, belong such volumes as 'How to Educate Yourself' and 'How to Make a Living,' made up of practical suggestions of self-

help drawn from the author's experience and reading; stories from American and general history, as 'American Immortals' and 'Strange Stories from History'; and a number of stories of adventure, thrillingly interesting to boys, such as 'Camp Venture,' a spirited narrative of a winter encampment in the mountains of Southwestern Virginia. Among these stories of adventure in the mountains, or in the wilderness of the new West, or on the great rivers of the Southwest, there is a good deal of valuable pioneer history presented in diluted form. 'Long Knives,' for instance, is a story of the achievements of George Rogers Clarke and his hardy pioneers in their romantic winning of the West, accounts of which George Cary Eggleston had heard time and again in his Indiana home. Boyish explorations of the great rivers, in which ready invention and decisive action count for so much, are entertainingly told in 'Running the River,' 'The Last of the Flatboats,' and 'The Wreck of the Redbird.' These books are instinct with a knowledge of youth and with keen sympathy for boyish enthusiasms.

The third and, of late years, steadily increasing species of writing to which Mr. Eggleston is devoting himself is the romantic novel depicting life in Virginia just prior to the Civil War. This is the period when the old order had reached its climax of mellowness and charm. To it, moreover, the rumblings of the threatening storm lent a sort of tragic interest, as we now look back upon that troubled passing of the South from dreamful security to the painful experiences of readjustment. Among these novels of Southern life probably the most typical are 'Dorothy South' (1902), 'A Daughter of the South' (1905), and 'Love is the Sum of it All' (1907). Most of these stories are personal in so far as they reflect the author's observations during his eight or nine years of residence in Virginia, or as the heroine in each of them is, in part, a portrayal of his own wife. Dorothy South, in particular, the heroine of the book of that name, is Mrs. Eggleston, "whose personality, in its several phases," to quote her husband's dedication of 'The Master of Warlock,' "it has been my loving endeavor to portray in all the stories I have written." As the glamour of this old Southern life grows more distinct by contrast with modern conditions, the material for romance becomes richer; and of this material, illumined by reminiscence, Mr. Eggleston is making diligent use in his later books.

From the above classification and comment it will appear that the writing of George Cary Eggleston is not scholastic, but popular. He has taken, on the one hand, the facts of history and vitalized them by associating them with concrete domestic scenes or with striking personalities; and, on the other, the facts and fancies of tradition and woven them into romances. He is, therefore, in the

best sense a popularizer and his appeal is more directly to the young. Throughout his writings there is a strong autobiographical element: experience and observation color and make real an unusually wide range of reading.

The man whom these books reveal possesses a strong human personality. Sympathetic interest in all conditions of life shines in their pages. The spirit of the writer is democratic and national in spite of his fondness for depicting sectional traits. Thoroughly conversant with the Cavalier traditions of the older South and loving them, he makes his heroes—who no doubt embody his own youthful ideals—broad-minded Americans, resourceful and alert, eager to adjust out-worn aristocratic traditions to modern thought and action. The development of the West he regards as but an extension of the East and South into fresher fields through which run the same national threads. He is genuinely sympathetic without being partisan. This attitude of mind and spirit is, indeed, to be expected of a writer of wide intellectual curiosity who has from his boyhood been a great reader, and who, during a journalistic experience of thirty years in the most stirring times of our national life, was a discriminating student of men and affairs.

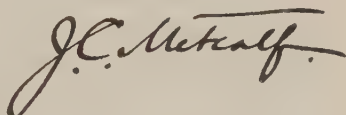
It remains to attempt a brief estimate of George Cary Eggleston purely as a literary man. His material, as we have seen, is essentially Southern, and his most significant contribution to literature, reminiscences in the forms of biography and romance. As a writer of personal history Mr. Eggleston is at his best. He is a good story-teller, for he has genial humor, a keen eye for incident, and a correct sense of proportion. A series of illuminating anecdotes strung along on a biographic thread—this is his method of character-presentation, a highly successful one for exciting and maintaining a lively interest. For long, involved plot-making he has no special gift. His novels are simple love-stories which march straight along with just a modicum of obstacle here and there to block temporarily the course of true love and a mystery or two to complicate manifest destiny. But the practiced reader knows full well that the Land of Heart's Desire is in sight all the time and he has no fear of bad endings. Indeed, the lover and the lady themselves do not appear to be profoundly skeptical on that matter.

Fine examples of the old country gentry we find in all the books; but nowhere does the author succeed better than in his delineation of the old-time darkey. His presentment of the negro character and of the old-fashioned Southerner, man or woman, is thoroughly convincing. With the young man or woman he is less successful. What most impresses one about the novels of George Cary Eggleston is not the story certainly, nor, indeed, the

characters—for these are often shadowy—but the atmosphere, the purple haze of romance, which invests the life of a vanished time. He knows his setting, and being an idealist, and therefore a lover of youth, he reproduces in his books his earlier impressions of scenes which mightily fascinated him. The setting in most of these novels is about the same and may be found in and about Amelia County, Virginia, or in some other spot visited by the author as a soldier, and so is simply an idealized transcript of an old plantation neighborhood. Mr. Eggleston's own point of view, one may assume, is in each case that reflected in the conversations of his hero, democratic and national. It may not be amiss, therefore, to conclude that a slight didactic thread runs through the stories, for their author is, in one way or another, a preacher of liberalism and he would have the South in the forefront of the several kinds of progress.

Having to do with the romance of adventure or of love, most of the works of George Cary Eggleston lend themselves to a somewhat highly colored style. In the veins of the author flows Southern and Western blood; this, together with an experience of thirty years in newspaper writing, has resulted in a journalistic style, easy, rapid, graphic, picturesque. In history and biography such a style may not always make for accuracy, but it does make for vividness, and in character-sketching it often reveals as by a flash-light process. In 'A Rebel's Recollections,' for instance, the sketch of General J. E. B. Stuart is one of the best bits of impressionism to be found in our literature. Men of action appeal to Eggleston, from the Western pioneer to the dashing cavalryman, and he succeeds in making them very real, especially to young readers. He who writes several books a year cannot be expected to show the sense of values and the poise of a great literary artist, much less to use the magic word; besides, the subject-matter of Mr. Eggleston's writings—pioneer life, soldier life, plantation life—is so subject to the fluctuations of the personal equation as to make anything like the calmness of judicial detachment impossible. And, indeed, such detachment would be fatal to wide popular interest, and George Cary Eggleston is a writer of popular books. He is a popularizer of Southern traditions, colonial and late ante-bellum; and while deductions will naturally have to be made from certain exaggerations due to the enthusiasms of a romantic temperament if one would get at the cold facts of history, it nevertheless remains true that George Cary Eggleston has made a valuable contribution to American literature. He has done, though perhaps in a less distinctive way, for the South what his brother, Edward Eggleston, has done for the West. He has less of the real historic spirit than his brother

Edward, is less scientific than the author of the 'Hoosier School-master' in the study of origins, but he has more imagination and greater warmth of sympathy. Moreover, the fact that George Cary Eggleston has for years lived out of the South in daily business and literary association with men and movements of our greatest American city has enabled him to treat the scenes of his youth in a broadly national spirit. He is without partisanship: his Southern sympathies live, but they have been mellowed and nationalized by the varied experiences of middle and later life. One cannot, therefore, be far wrong in concluding that certain of his works will be of abiding interest—particularly his reminiscences and more personal romances, such as 'A Rebel's Recollections' and 'Dorothy South'—as reflecting the life and thought of a critical period in an important section of our country as experienced and observed by a man who has been both on the inside and on the outside.



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THE CHEVALIER OF THE LOST CAUSE

From 'A Rebel's Recollections.' Copyright by G. P. Putnam's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

IN the great dining-hall of The Briars, an old-time mansion in the Shenandoah Valley, the residence of Mr. John Esten Cooke, there hangs a portrait of a broad-shouldered cavalier, and beneath is written, in the hand of the cavalier himself,

YOURS TO COUNT ON,

J. E. B. STUART

an autograph sentiment which seems to me a very perfect one in its way. There was no point in Stuart's character more strongly marked than the one here hinted at. He was "yours to count on" always: your friend if possible, your enemy if you would have it so, but your friend or your enemy, "to count on," in any case. A franker, more transparent nature it is impossible to conceive. What he was he professed to be. That which he thought he said, and his habit of thinking as much good as he could of those about him served to make his frankness of speech a great friend-winner.

I saw him for the first time when he was a colonel, in command of the little squadron of horsemen known as the First Regiment of Virginia Cavalry. The company to which I belonged was assigned to this regiment immediately after the evacuation of Harper's Ferry by the Confederates. General Johnston's army was at Winchester, and the Federal force under General Patterson lay around Martinsburg. Stuart, with his three or four hundred men, was encamped at Bunker Hill, about midway between the two, and thirteen miles from

support of any kind. He had chosen this position as a convenient one from which to observe the movements of the enemy, and the tireless activity which marked his subsequent career so strongly had already begun. As he afterwards explained, it was his purpose to train and school his men, quite as much as anything else, that prompted the greater part of his madcap expeditions at this time, and if there be virtue in practice as a means of perfection, he was certainly an excellent school-master.

My company arrived at the camp about noon, after a march of three or four days, having traveled twenty miles that morning. Stuart, whom we encountered as we entered the camp, assigned us our position, and ordered our tents pitched. Our captain, who was even worse disciplined than we were, seeing a much more comfortable camping-place than the muddy one assigned to us, and being a comfort-loving gentleman, proceeded to lay out a model camp at a distance of fifty yards from the spot indicated. It was not long before the colonel particularly wished to consult with that captain, and after the consultation the volunteer officer was firmly convinced that all West Point graduates were martinets, with no knowledge whatever of the courtesies due from one gentleman to another.

We were weary after our long journey, and disposed to welcome the prospect of rest which our arrival in the camp held out. But resting, as we soon learned, had small place in our colonel's tactics. We had been in camp perhaps an hour, when an order came directing that the company be divided into three parts, each under command of a lieutenant, and that these report immediately for duty. Reporting, we were directed to scout through the country around Martinsburg, going as near the town as possible, and to give battle to any cavalry force we might meet. Here was a pretty lookout, certainly! Our officers knew not one inch of the country, and might fall into all sorts of traps and ambushes; and what if we should meet a cavalry force greatly superior to our own? This West Point colonel was rapidly forfeiting our good opinion. Our lieutenants were brave fellows, however, and they led us boldly if ignorantly, almost up to the very gates of the town occupied by the enemy. We saw some

cavalry but met none, their orders not being so peremptorily belligerent, perhaps, as ours were; wherefore they gave us no chance to fight them. The next morning our unreasonable colonel again ordered us to mount, in spite of the fact that there were companies in the camp which had done nothing at all the day before. This time he led us himself, taking pains to get us as nearly as possible surrounded by infantry, and then laughingly telling us that our chance for getting out of the difficulty, except by cutting our way through, was an exceedingly small one. I think we began about this time to suspect that we were learning something, and that this reckless colonel was trying to teach us. But that he was a hare-brained fellow, lacking the caution belonging to a commander, we were unanimously agreed. He led us out of the place at a rapid gait, before the one gap in the enemy's lines could be closed, and then jauntily led us into one or two other traps, before taking us back to camp.

But it was not until General Patterson began his feint against Winchester that our colonel had full opportunity to give us his field lectures. When the advance began, and our pickets were driven in, the most natural thing to do, in our view of the situation, was to fall back upon our infantry supports at Winchester, and I remember hearing various expressions of doubt as to the colonel's sanity when, instead of falling back, he marched his handful of men right up to the advancing lines, and ordered us to dismount. The Federal skirmish line was coming toward us at a double-quick, and we were set going toward it at a like rate of speed, leaving our horses hundreds of yards to the rear. We could see that the skirmishers alone outnumbered us three or four times, and it really seemed that our colonel meant to sacrifice his command deliberately. He waited until the infantry was within about two hundred yards of us, we being in the edge of a little grove, and they on the other side of an open field. Then Stuart cried out, "Backwards—march! steady, men—keep your faces to the enemy!" and we marched in that way through the timber, delivering our shot-gun fire slowly as we fell back toward our horses. Then mounting, with the skirmishers almost upon us, we retreated, not hurriedly, but at a slow trot, which the colonel would on no account permit us to change into

a gallop. Taking us out into the main road he halted us in column, with our backs to the enemy.

"Attention!" he cried. "Now I want to talk to you, men. You are brave fellows, and patriotic ones, too, but you are ignorant of this kind of work, and I am teaching you. I want you to observe that a good man on a good horse can never be caught. Another thing: cavalry can *trot* away from anything, and a gallop is a gait unbecoming a soldier, unless he is going toward the enemy. Remember that. We gallop toward the enemy, and trot away, always. Steady now! don't break ranks!"

And as the words left his lips a shell from a battery half a mile to the rear hissed over our heads.

"There," he resumed. "I've been waiting for that, and watching those fellows. I knew they'd shoot too high, and I wanted you to learn how shells sound."

We spent the next day or two literally within the Federal lines. We were shelled, skirmished with, charged, and surrounded scores of times, until we learned to hold in high regard our colonel's masterly skill in getting into and out of perilous positions. He seemed to blunder into them in sheer recklessness, but in getting out he showed us the quality of his genius; and before we reached Manassas, we had learned, among other things, to entertain a feeling closely akin to worship for our brilliant and daring leader. We had begun to understand, too, how much force he meant to give to his favorite dictum that the cavalry is the eye of the army.

His restless activity was one, at least, of the qualities which enabled him to win the reputation he achieved so rapidly. He could never be still. He was rarely ever in camp at all, and he never showed a sign of fatigue. He led almost everything. Even after he became a general officer, with well-nigh an army of horsemen under his command, I frequently followed him as my leader in a little party of half a dozen troopers, who might as well have gone with a sergeant on the duty assigned them; and once I was his only follower on a scouting expedition, of which he, a brigadier-general at the time, was the commander. I had been detailed to do some clerical work at his headquarters, and, having finished the task assigned me, was

waiting in the piazza of the house he occupied, for somebody to give me further orders, when Stuart came out.

"Is that your horse?" he asked, going up to the animal and examining him minutely.

I replied that he was and upon being questioned further informed him that I did not wish to sell my steed. Turning to me suddenly, he said—

"Let's slip off on a scout, then; I'll ride your horse and you can ride mine. I want to try your beast's paces"; and mounting, we galloped away. Where or how far he intended to go I did not know. He was enamored of my horse, and rode, I suppose, for the pleasure of riding an animal which pleased him. We passed outside our picket line, and then, keeping in the woods, rode within that of the Union Army. Wandering about in a purposeless way, we got a near view of some of the Federal camps, and finally finding ourselves objects of attention on the part of some well-mounted cavalry in blue uniforms, we rode rapidly down a road toward our own lines, our pursuers riding quite as rapidly immediately behind us.

"General," I cried presently, "there is a Federal picket post on the road just ahead of us. Had we not better oblique into the woods?"

"Oh, no. They won't expect us from this direction, and we can ride over them before they make up their minds who we are."

Three minutes later we rode at full speed through the corporal's guard on picket, and were a hundred yards or more away before they could level a gun at us. Then half a dozen bullets whistled about our ears, but the cavalier paid no attention to them.

"Did you ever time this horse for a half-mile?" was all he had to say.

Expeditions of this singular sort were by no means uncommon occurrences with him. I am told by a friend who served on his staff, that he would frequently take one of his aides and ride away otherwise unattended into the enemy's lines: and oddly enough this was one of his ways of making friends with any officer to whom his rough, boyish ways had given offense. He would take the officer with him, and when they

were alone would throw his arms around his companion, and say—

“My dear fellow, you mustn't be angry with me—you know I love you.”

His boyishness was always apparent, and the affectionate nature of the man was hardly less so, even in public. He was especially fond of children, and I remember seeing him in the crowded waiting-room of the railroad station at Gordonsville with a babe on each arm; a great, bearded warrior, with his plumed hat, and with golden spurs clanking at his heels, engaged in a mad frolic with all the little people in the room, charging them right and left with the pair of babies which he had captured from their unknown mothers.

It was on the day of my ride with him that I heard him express his views of the war and his singular aspiration for himself. It was almost immediately after General McClellan assumed command of the Army of the Potomac, and while we were rather eagerly expecting him to attack our strongly fortified position at Centreville. Stuart was talking with some members of his staff, with whom he had been wrestling a minute before. He said something about what they could do by way of amusement when they should go into winter-quarters.

“That is to say,” he continued, “if George B. McClellan ever allows us to go into winter-quarters at all.”

“Why, general? Do you think he will advance before spring?” asked one of his officers.

“Not against Centreville,” replied the general. “He has too much sense for that, and I think he knows the shortest road to Richmond, too. If I am not greatly mistaken, we shall hear of him presently on his way up the James River.”

In this prediction, as the reader knows, he was right. The conversation then passed to the question of results.

“I regard it as a foregone conclusion,” said Stuart, “that we shall ultimately whip the Yankees. We are bound to believe that, anyhow; but the war is going to be a long and terrible one, first. We've only just begun it, and very few of us will see the end. *All I ask of fate is that I may be killed leading a cavalry charge.*”

The remark was not a boastful or seemingly insincere one. It was made quietly, cheerfully, almost eagerly, and it im-

pressed me at the time with the feeling that the man's idea of happiness was what the French call glory, and that in his eyes there was no glory like that of dying in one of the tremendous onsets which he knew so well how to make. His wish was granted, as we know. He received his death-wound at the head of his troopers.

With those about him he was as affectionate as a woman, and his little boyish ways are remembered lovingly by those of his military household whom I have met since the war came to an end. On one occasion, just after a battle, he handed his coat to a member of his staff, saying—

“Try that on, captain, and see how it fits you.”

The garment fitted reasonably well, and the general continued—

“Pull off two of the stars, and wear the coat to the war department, and tell the people there to make you a major.”

The officer did as his chief bade him. Removing two of the three stars he made a major's uniform, and the captain was promptly promoted in compliance with Stuart's request.

General Stuart was, without doubt, capable of handling an infantry command successfully, as he demonstrated at Chancellorsville, where he took Stonewall Jackson's place and led an army corps in a very severe engagement; but his special fitness was for cavalry service. His tastes were those of a horseman. Perpetual activity was a necessity of his existence, and he enjoyed nothing so much as danger. Audacity, his greatest virtue as a cavalry commander, would have been his besetting sin in any other position. Inasmuch as it is the business of the cavalry to live as constantly as possible within gunshot of the enemy, his recklessness stood him in excellent stead as a general of horse, but it is at least questionable whether his want of caution would not have led to disaster if his command had been of a less mobile sort. His critics say he was vain, and he was so, as a boy is. He liked to win the applause of his friends, and he liked still better to astonish the enemy, glorying in the thought that his foeman must admire his “impudence,” as he called it, while they dreaded its manifestation. He was continually doing things of an extravagantly audacious sort, with no other purpose, seemingly, than that of making people stretch their eyes in wonder. He en-

joyed the admiration of the enemy far more, I think, than he did that of his friends. This fact was evident in the care he took to make himself a conspicuous personage in every time of danger. He would ride at some distance from his men in a skirmish, and in every possible way attract a dangerous attention to himself. His slouch hat and long plume marked him in every battle, and made him a target for the riflemen to shoot at. In all this there was some vanity, if we choose to call it so, but it was an excellent sort of vanity for a cavalry chief to cultivate. I cannot learn that he ever boasted of any achievement, or that his vanity was ever satisfied with the things already done. His audacity was due, I think, to his sense of humor, not less than to his love of applause. He would laugh uproariously over the astonishment he imagined the Federal officers must feel after one of his peculiarly daring or sublimely impudent performances. When, after capturing a large number of horses and mules on one of his raids, he seized a telegraph station and sent a dispatch to General Meigs, then quartermaster-general of the United States Army, complaining that he could not afford to come after animals of so poor a quality, and urging that officer to provide better ones for capture in future, he enjoyed the joke quite as heartily as he did the success which made it possible.

The boyishness to which I have referred ran through every part of his character and every act of his life. His impetuosity in action, his love of military glory and of the military life, his occasional waywardness with his friends and his generous affection for them—all these were the traits of a great boy, full, to running over, of impulsive animal life. His audacity, too, which impressed strangers as the most marked feature of his character, was closely akin to that disposition which Dickens assures us is common to all boy-kind, to feel an insane delight in anything which specially imperils their necks. But the peculiarity showed itself most strongly in his love of uproarious fun. Almost at the beginning of the war he managed to surround himself with a number of persons whose principal qualification for membership of his military household was their ability to make fun. One of these was a noted banjo-player and ex-negro minstrel. He played the banjo and sang comic songs to perfection, and *therefore* Stuart

wanted him. I have known him to ride with his banjo, playing and singing, even on a march which might be changed at any moment into a battle; and Stuart's laughter on such occasions was sure to be heard as an accompaniment as far as the minstrel's voice could reach. He had another queer character about him, whose chief recommendation was his grotesque fierceness of appearance. This was Corporal Hagan, a very giant in frame, with an abnormal tendency to develop hair. His face was heavily bearded almost to his eyes, and his voice was as hoarse as distant thunder, which indeed it closely resembled. Stuart, seeing him in the ranks, fell in love with his peculiarities of person at once, and had him detailed for duty at headquarters, where he made him a corporal, and gave him charge of the stables. Hagan, whose greatness was bodily only, was much elated by the attention shown him, and his person seemed to swell and his voice to grow deeper than ever under the influence of the newly acquired dignity of chevrons. All this was amusing, of course, and Stuart's delight was unbounded. The man remained with him till the time of his death, though not always as a corporal. In a mad freak of fun one day, the chief recommended his corporal for promotion, to see, he said, if the giant was capable of further swelling, and so the corporal became a lieutenant upon the staff.

With all his other boyish traits, Stuart had an almost child-like simplicity of character, and the combination of sturdy manhood and juvenile frankness and womanly tenderness of feeling made him a study to those who knew him best. His religious feeling was of that unquestioning, serene sort which rarely exists apart from the inexperience and purity of women or children.

While I was serving in South Carolina, I met one evening the general commanding the military district, and he, upon learning that I had served with Stuart, spent the entire evening talking of his friend, for they two had been together in the old army before the war. He told me many anecdotes of the cavalier, nearly all of which turned in some way upon the generous boyishness of his character in some one or other of its phases. He said, among other things, that at one time in winter-quarters on the plains of the West, I think, he, Stuart, and another officer (one of those still living who commanded

the Army of the Potomac during the war) slept together in one bed, for several months. Stuart and his brother lieutenant, the general said, had a quarrel every night about some trifling thing or other, just as boys will, but when he had made all the petulant speeches he could, Stuart would lie still a while, and then, passing his arm around the neck of his comrade, would draw his head to his own breast and say some affectionate thing which healed all soreness of feeling and effectually restored the peace. During the evening's conversation this general formulated his opinion of Stuart's military character in very striking phrase.

"He is," he said, "the greatest cavalry officer that ever lived. He has all the dash, daring, and audacity of Murat, and a great deal more sense." It was his opinion, however, that there were men in both armies who would come to be known as greater cavalry men than Stuart, for the reason that Stuart used his men strictly as cavalry, while others would make dragoons of them. He believed that the nature of our country was much better adapted to dragoon than to cavalry service, and hence, while he thought Stuart the best of cavalry officers, he doubted his ability to stand against such men as General Sheridan, whose conception of the proper place of the horse in our war was a more correct one, he thought, than Stuart's. "To the popular mind," he went on to say, "every soldier who rides a horse is a cavalry man, and so Stuart will be measured by an incorrect standard. He will be classed with General Sheridan and measured by his success or the want of it. General Sheridan is without doubt the greatest of dragoon commanders, as Stuart is the greatest of cavalry men; but in this country dragoons are worth a good deal more than cavalry, and so General Sheridan will probably win the greater reputation. He will deserve it, too, because behind it is the sound judgment which tells him what use to make of his horsemen."

It is worthy of remark that all this was said before General Sheridan had made his reputation as an officer, and I remember that at the time his name was almost new to me.

From my personal experience and observation of General Stuart, as well as from the testimony of others, I am disposed to think that he attributed to every other man qualities and tastes like his own. Insensible to fatigue himself, he seemed

never to understand how a well man could want rest; and as for hardship, there was nothing, in his view, which a man ought to enjoy quite so heartily, except danger. For a period of ten days, beginning before and ending after the first battle of Bull Run, we were not allowed once to take our saddles off. Night and day we were in the immediate presence of the enemy, catching naps when there happened for the moment to be nothing else to do, standing by our horses while they ate from our hands, so that we might slip their bridles on again in an instant in the event of a surprise, and eating such things as chance threw in our way, there being no rations anywhere within reach. After the battle, we were kept scouting almost continually for two days. We then marched to Fairfax Court House, and my company was again sent out in detachments on scouting expeditions in the neighborhood of Vienna and Falls Church. We returned to camp at sunset and were immediately ordered on picket. In the regular course of events we should have been relieved the next morning, but no relief came, and we were wholly without food. Another twenty-four hours passed, and still nobody came to take our place on the picket line. Stuart passed some of our men, however, and one of them asked him if he knew we had been on duty ten days, and on picket thirty-six hours without food.

"Oh, nonsense!" he replied. "You don't look starved. There's a cornfield over there, jump the fence and get a good breakfast. You don't want to go back to camp, I know, it's stupid there, and all the fun is out here. I never go to camp if I can help it. Besides, I've kept your company on duty all this time as a compliment. You boys have acquitted yourselves too well to be neglected now, and I mean to give you a chance."

We thought this a jest at the time, but we learned afterwards that Stuart's idea of a supreme compliment to a company was its assignment to extra hazardous or extra fatiguing duty. If he observed specially good conduct on the part of a company, squad or individual, he was sure to reward it by an immediate order to accompany him upon some unnecessarily perilous expedition.

His men believed in him heartily, and it was a common saying among them that "Jeb never says 'Go, boys,' but always 'Come, boys.' " We felt sure, too, that there was little pros-

pect of excitement on any expedition of which he was not leader. If the scouting was to be merely a matter of form, promising nothing in the way of adventure, he would let us go by ourselves; but if there were prospects of "a fight or a race," as he expressed it, we were sure to see his long plume at the head of the column before we had passed outside our own line of pickets. While we lay in advance of Fairfax Court House, after Bull Run, Stuart spent more than a month around the extreme outposts on Mason's and Munson's hills without once coming to the camp of his command. When he wanted a greater force than he could safely detail from the companies on picket for the day, he would send after it, and with details of this kind he lived nearly all the time between the picket lines of the two armies. The outposts were very far in advance of the place at which we should have met and fought the enemy if an advance had been made, and so there was literally no use whatever in his perpetual scouting, which was kept up merely because the man could not rest. But aside from the fact that the cavalry was made up almost exclusively of the young men whose tastes and habits specially fitted them to enjoy this sort of service, Stuart's was one of those magnetic natures which always impress their own likeness upon others, and so it came to be thought a piece of good luck to be detailed for duty under his personal leadership. The men liked him and his ways, one of which was the pleasant habit he had of remembering our names and faces. I heard him say once that he knew by name not only every man in his old regiment, but everyone also in the first brigade, and as I never knew him to hesitate for a name, I am disposed to believe that he did not exaggerate his ability to remember men. This and other like things served to make the men love him personally, and there can be no doubt that his skill in winning the affection of his troopers was one of the elements of his success. Certainly no other man could have got so much hard service out of men of their sort, without breeding discontent among them.

A LITTLE REBEL

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It was an odd kind of a situation. It was in 1862, and we were on the coast of South Carolina defending the railroad line between Charleston and Savannah.

We had no infantry supports, and artillery is supposed to be helpless without such supports. But as there was nothing on the other side, excepting those pestilent sharpshooters in the Hayward mansion, we did not need support.

It was our business to shell that mansion, burn it, and drive the sharpshooters out. I may say, parenthetically, that we didn't like the business. Mr. Hayward, who was familiarly known as "Tiger Bill," had been the friend of our battery ever since we had succeeded in putting out a fire that had burnt some thousands of panels of fence for him. It is true that his friendship for us was in the main a reflex of his enmity to the Charleston Light Dragoons and the Routledge Mounted Riflemen. He favored us mainly to spite them. Nevertheless he favored us. He sent a wagon every morning to our camp loaded with vegetables, fruits, suckling pigs, and whatever else his dozen plantations might afford.

Naturally, we did not like the job of burning one of his country houses. But as business is business, so in war orders are orders.

Half a dozen shells did the work. Flames burst from the house in every direction, and the enemy's sharpshooters who had been using it as a vantage ground rapidly retreated across the cotton fields to the woodlands beyond under fire of our guns.

Our captain, a great bearded warrior, six feet four inches high, and as rough as men are made in appearance, was suddenly seized with a tender thought. Turning to me, he said: "There may be some poor devil wounded in that house and likely to be roasted. Let's ride over there and see."

We put spurs to our horses, dashed through the sharpshooters' fire, and a few minutes later began exploring the lower quarters of the house, the fire being above. We found

nothing till we came to the cellar. There we discovered a little girl, anywhere from two to three years old—I'm not a good judge of little girls' ages—sitting in a little rocking-chair, and singing "Dixie."

The captain grabbed her suddenly and ran to the open air with her, for the volumes of smoke were rapidly penetrating to the cellar. When he got her out, he said: "Who are you?"

She replied, in a piping little voice, "I'm *Lulalie*."

Whether this meant that her name was Lula Lee, or Lulalie, or what, we could not make out.

"Where is your mama?" asked the captain.

"She's dead—she died when I was born."

"Where is your papa?"

"I don't know. Those ugly other people took him away. When he saw 'em coming, he took me to the cellar, and told me to stay there so the shells wouldn't hit me."

"Where's your maumey?" (Maumey meaning in South Carolina "negro nurse.")

"I don't know," she answered. "Those ugly other people took all the colored folks away."

Just then the battery advanced with its colors flying. Looking up, the little girl recognized the Confederate battle banner and said: "That's *my kind of a flag*. I don't like that ugly other striped thing."

Manifestly the child was without protectors. We adopted her in the name of the battery.

When we returned to the camp several serious questions arose. Jack Hawkins, one of the ex-circus clowns of the battery, suggested that first of all we must secure a chaperone for her. When asked what he meant by that, he said with lordly superiority: "Well, you see, chaperone is French for nurse. We want a nurse for this little child."

"Nonsense," said Denton, the other ex-circus clown, "you don't know any more about the proprieties than you do about French. Chaperone means somebody to look after a church, and this little girl isn't even a chapel. We'll look after her, and we don't want no nurse to help."

The captain, with his long beard, was holding the little child in his arms all this time, and she suddenly turned around to him and seizing his beard said: "I like your big whiskers."

They are like my papa's. You don't bite, because you've got hair on your face?"

"No, dear," he replied, "I don't bite such as you."

But he was very much given to biting, all the same—as the enemy had more than once found out.

"First of all," said Denton, who was nothing if not practical, "the little girl's got to have some clothes."

Denton was a tailor, as well as a clown, and naturally his thoughts were the first to run in that groove.

"I ain't much used to making girls' clothes, but a tailor's a tailor, and if anybody'll provide me the materials, I'll undertake to fix up some gowns for her."

Tom Booker, who was much given to riding around the country, said at once: "I know where the mortal remains of an old store repose, up at Gillisonville, about nine miles away. If I had any money—"

Every man thrust his hand into his pocket, and each drew out what he had. The sum total was more than adequate. When Tom returned a few hours later there were no "mortal remains" of that store left. He brought back with him thirty-seven yards of highly colored calico, of different patterns, one red blanket, a box full of galloon trimming, something that he called "gimp," two bolts of domestic, three cans of tomatoes, and two bottles of chow-chow, besides a dozen quarter cases of sardines and two kegs of cove oysters.

He dumped the merchandise on the ground with the remark: "There, I've closed that store."

Denton made some invidious remarks reflecting upon Tom's taste in the selection of calicoes, etc., adding the suggestion that there was galloon enough and "gimp" enough in the invoice "to upholster all the women in Charleston for the next six months"—if they liked that kind of thing.

Nevertheless, he set to work with a will. Within a day or two the little lady was provided with gowns and night-gowns, and underclothes sufficient in quantity, at least, though perhaps not made strictly in accordance with the latest fashions in gear of that kind. Indeed, Denton had succeeded in making her look very much hindsidbefore. The little girl's gowns all buttoned down the front. But the little girl was pleased with what she called the "gownies" and sometimes the "prit-

ties." Their barbaric colors tickled her taste so much that Denton decided to make her a cloak out of the flaming red blanket.

When it was put on her, her glory was complete. She said "It looks like my kind of a flag," referring to the red of the battle banner.

* * * * *

She was taken away from us presently by a committee of good women of the neighborhood. She became the protégée of a lady whose whole life had been given to caring for other people, including our battery.

Denton, however, put in a claim to the privilege of continuing to fashion her clothes.

"You see I've got the whole stock of that store on my hands; and since I learned dressmaking, I've a fancy to perfect myself. And you see I've got fond of the little girl."

A couple of tears trickled down the hoary old sinner's cheek, and Mrs. Hutson consented.

Every day after roll-call the captain sent a delegation to the Hutsons' house to ask after the battery's child. Every day when we drilled at the guns the little girl herself came in her barbaric costume to see what she called her "shooties," meaning the cannoneers

We had to part with our little girl presently, we being under orders, and she stationed. As we moved away from the station on our flat cars, she stood upon the platform, and waved "her kind of a flag" at us, crying, throwing kisses, and calling out: "Good-by, you good shooties."

I think the morals of the battery were distinctly better after this little episode.

EARLY HOOSIER MANNERS

From 'The First of the Hoosiers.' Copyright by R. F. Fenner and Company. By permission of the publishers.

At the time of our stay there, Decatur County was completely and typically a "backwoods" region. Only a small part of the scattered population had attended even such schools as existed in the country districts of Southern Indiana. Only here and there—chiefly in Greensburg, the county seat—was there a young man who had spent a year in boarding school. The majority of the men and women in that primitive and sparsely settled country were illiterate, or very nearly so, not so much by any fault of their own as because they had lacked opportunity. The only schoolhouse I can remember in all the region round about, was one which our great-uncle, Captain Lowry, had built on the outskirts of his own farm, to be used rent free by any wandering schoolmaster who might succeed in securing "scholars" enough to justify him in keeping school. This happened only occasionally. It happened once during our year in Decatur County. At that time a man named Higgins opened a pay school there, and taught it for three months. He eked out the meagre income derived from the school by teaching a singing school every Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning.

There was an abundance of volume in his voice, I remember, but his only knowledge of music consisted of an ability to sing by "numeral notes," a system then much in vogue in the remoter parts of the country. Instead of a musical scale, there were two parallel lines between which numbers were printed. One stood for *do*, two for *re*, three for *mi*, four for *fah*, and so on to eight, which stood for *do* again. If a numeral was printed above or below the parallel lines it indicated that it was to be sung an octave above or below. Instead of soprano, bass, alto and tenor, the four parts were tenor, treble, counter and bass, the word tenor signifying the "air" of the tune, to be sung by soprano voices. That use of the word was logical and etymological at any rate.

The singing school was maintained by subscription—just as more pretentious operas and concerts are at present. And

like our opera, its sessions constituted important social functions. All the young men of the neighborhood subscribed the price fixed upon. The young women were deemed to contribute their sufficient share merely by gracing the sessions with their presence. The little boys and girls also came without charge.

The singing school was in many ways a minister to culture of the backwoods kind, to social intercourse and to courtship and marriage. Young men in that region never escorted young women to singing school or to church; but when the exercises in either case were at an end, every young man who could screw his courage up "to the sticking point," would mount his horse, ride up to the side of the damsel he wished to cultivate, and stammeringly ask her, "May I see you safe home?"

There was good reason for trepidation, indeed. For the "eternal feminine" was as strongly self-assertive in those young women of the backwoods as it is in any belle of our day, while their disposition to assert themselves in rather free and easy ways was not curbed by any excessive regard for the nicer courtesies of life. If a young man's attentions were unwelcome to the girl chosen for their object, or if the girl happened to be pretty and inclined to coquetry, she was apt to bring a rude and well worn wit to bear for his discomfiture. When, in the conventional phrase, he asked, "May I see you safe home?" she would answer, "Yes, if you'll ride on ahead and sit on our front fence till I get there." There were other formulæ sometimes used on either side, but the one given will serve as a sufficient example.

For the most part the girls graciously accepted the proffered escort, unless the man offering it happened to be especially disagreeable, or unless, by superior promptitude, his offer of escort had anticipated that of some other and more favored youth, upon whose present coming the girl counted with hope and confidence.

Even in this unvarnished society there were well understood conventions governing social intercourse. Upon arriving at her home the girl's behavior toward her escort very nicely marked the extent of her favor, or the lack of it. If she thanked him for his attention, and dismissed him with

a prompt "good-bye," it meant that he had had his trouble for his pains, or something like that. If she were a trifle more gracious, and bade him call again, it signified that she liked him well enough, but was, as yet, at least a trifle indifferent to any attractions he might possess. If she invited him to "have dinner with us," the fact involved at least so much of "encouragement" as might justify him in further attempts to win her favor. Of course, the tone and manner in each case modified the general significance of the words, as they always do when maidens are at the age of choosing and are dealing with possible or probable suitors. Such things "come by nature" to women of the backwoods as surely as to the women of the drawing-room.

The sturdy virtues of manliness, honesty, and industry among men, and a proud self-respect among women, were strongly marked in this typically western, backwoods community. But many petty superstitions survived among them, and even the more intelligent of them were credulous in strange ways. The scientific habit of mind was completely lacking. The weather warnings of patent medicine almanacs were accepted as confidently as the advertised nostrums themselves were taken, in spite of the frequent failure of both. Young women swallowed chickens' hearts whole with incantations that were believed to smooth the pathway of true love. Such physicians as lived in those parts found annoyingly successful rivals in practice in the persons of ignorant old crones—such as Edwards describes in *Grandy Sanders*—whose simples, gathered at the right time of the moon, were firmly believed to work well-nigh miraculous cures. Still more confident was the popular faith in the pretensions of certain claimants to occult powers. I remember hearing a weird and awe-inspiring tale of the success of one of these in curing disease without so much as seeing the patient. The story was told to me in the dense forest, during a 'coon hunt at midnight. It was related that some man in chopping wood had split his own foot nearly in two; that after hours of effort, the physician who had been called in declared that he could in no way stop the hemorrhage, and that the man must bleed to death; that thereupon a messenger was sent at midnight to wake the occult healer and invoke his assistance; that the man

of mysterious powers, without rising from his bed, had bidden messenger to return, for that the bleeding was now stopped; and finally, that it did cease at precisely the time of the healer's declaration of the fact.

Let us not laugh too derisively over the credulity of a simple, unlearned people as illustrated in this story. Let us reflect that even in our highly scientific time, in our most advanced communities, there are scores of thousands of educated men and women who not only believe in healings equally absurd, but are almost belligerent in their assertion of their faith, and quite lavish in their gifts of money for the building of marble temples in which to teach and propagate their doctrine of "absent treatment" by faith alone. A foolish credulity seems quite as prevalent among the educated people of an enlightened time as among those who lacked the knowledge and the intellectual training which are supposed to eradicate such credulity from the mind. Superstition is, perhaps, a matter of mental constitution rather than of mental condition as affected by education. Years after he had finished his work of portraying the rude ignorance of the Hoosiers, Edward Eggleston wrote "The Faith Doctor," to show forth the worse credulity of men and women who had not the Hoosiers' plea of ignorance to excuse their weakness of mind.

SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT

[18 —]

B. LAWTON WIGGINS

SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT is a South Carolinian by descent, a Georgian by birth and a Tennessean by adoption. She is a daughter of the late Right Reverend Stephen Elliott, the first Bishop of Georgia, and a sister of the late Right Reverend Robert W. B. Elliott, the first Bishop of Western Texas. Her mother was Charlotte Bull Barnwell of South Carolina. Early in the seventies the family moved to Sewanee, Tennessee, where is located the University of the South, which her father helped to found.

Miss Elliott was educated at home, studying occasionally under the professors at Sewanee. In 1886 she spent some time in Baltimore, studying under Dr. Bright of Johns Hopkins University. In 1887 Miss Elliott went abroad, where she spent a year traveling on the Continent, in England and in the East. In the autumn of 1895 she moved to New York, where she continued to live until 1902, usually returning to Sewanee for the summer months. With the exception of these years, Sewanee has always been her home. No one more than she has helped to create here an environment and atmosphere for the cultivation of the refined art of writing. A little log cabin, to the rear of her residence, has been her workshop for many years. Long ago it was dedicated to and named after 'Jerry,' the novel which brought her greatest fame.

Miss Elliott is a member of the Colonial Dames, of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and of the Historical Society of South Carolina; also of the following clubs: Barnard and Wednesday Afternoon, in New York; and Lyceum, in London.

Although Miss Elliott began writing as a child, before she was twelve years old, writing because she loved it, she published nothing until 'The Felmeres,' which came out in 1880 (D. Appleton and Company). In this book the motif was faith; whether religious faith has to be cultivated as we cultivate the memory or imagination.

It is one of the finest protests against narrow views of God and His Word. It is a strong, logical, touching, dramatic story—full of real, though slightly morbid power. The conclusion shows a little lack of art and some lack of truth to human nature. The resort to violence to solve a moral problem is not justifiable—nor is it necessary to the moral or the effect of the story. The religious argument.

which would not have been misplaced earlier, rather interrupts the flow of the story and hurts its artistic effect, introduced where it is. It furthermore is too much on the order of a thesis, with an academic flavor. 'A Simple Heart,' which was published in 1886 (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a valuable study as well as a beautiful and touching story—the story of a man who failed, always a pathetic subject, and made more pathetic because it was the man's success which wrought his failure. A simple-hearted carpenter in one of the rough towns of Texas, he became a preacher, till he raised the people to a level above his own, and then they cried out for finer manners, a handsome church and all which goes therewith. The humor in the little tale is as marked as the pathos, and while the whole is told realistically with no attempt at rhetoric or analysis, it forms an imaginative bit of insight into character and life which raises it far above the level of the commonplace.

'Jerry' was brought out as a serial in *Scribner's* in 1890-91, and at the end of the latter year was published by Henry Holt and Company. It was republished in England and Australia (James R. Osgood, McIlvaine and Company), and translated into German. 'Jerry' was a rare success, satisfying expectations of author and publisher. It is a unique production, strong, masculine, with a deep purpose, a most remarkable grasp of affairs, a wide sweep, of great dramatic interest and power of characterization, with a rhythmical sequence which ends as a poem should end, righteously and in exact effect from such cause. It is conceived and constructed on the lines of a Greek tragedy with Jerry as the protagonist, all the other characters subordinated, an irresistible fate sweeping him on to his doom. As a story of life and customs in the regions where the scenes are laid it is excellent. It is as true as life, and as sad. It expresses two great truths in different ways: the deadening effect of money-getting, or of any mere petty ambition, to the moral nature; and the fact that in a man's development the passion of love does not necessarily play an important part. Political economy is substituted for love in guiding the man to his destiny. There are scenes which deserve to live forever, especially all the first part which deals with Jerry's childhood, the description of his finding old Joe's hoardings, and Joe's wanderings in the mine. The dialect is good, the English vigorous, the characters strong. The book could have been improved by condensation.

The same year that 'Jerry' was published 'John Paget' was written. It was published in 1893 (Henry Holt and Company). This story embodies the author's theology—the story of two brothers, the one brought up a Christian, the other an atheist. The development of these two characters and the play of each upon the other makes the

story, which is laid in New York because it is the center of the American world, and of the Church's work. The growth of worldliness in the Church and the growth of unbelief are treated perhaps too didactically—perhaps with too much realism and pessimism. Too much sadness in art is not justifiable—there being too much in real life. Unbelief and worldliness are indeed evident facts, but the author's pictures are too dark; she should have let in more gleams of light, and not have left the saint discredited and discouraged and the sinner hopeless and triumphant. A year or two after this 'The Durket Sperret' came out in *Scribner's* as a serial and in 1897 was published in book form (Henry Holt and Company). 'As Others See Us' was the first name given by the author but it was changed to 'The Durket Sperret' upon the suggestion of the publishers. It is a powerful and pathetic mountain tragedy, marked by a freedom from the melodrama which occasionally mars the author's work. It is one of her strongest and best character sketches. In fact the characters seem to stand out until one can see them—leaving a very vivid impress on the mental vision. Especially noteworthy are the pictured scenes in the cove and on the mountain, in which one recognizes Sewanee, the seat of the University of the South, and one of the valleys below known as "Lost Cove." The charge of realism cannot with justice be brought against this book. The average human being has not the high ideals, ambitions and feelings of Hannah, who is in every sense of the word a true heroine, a noble and strenuous soul. And how often does one find a Dudley in the real world! The "sperret" of the Durkets and the nobility of Dock Wilson's character are happily portrayed. A clever short story entitled "An Idle Man" is included in this volume.

'An Incident and Other Happenings' is the title given to a collection of eight charming stories, published by Harper and Brothers in 1899, having previously appeared as short stories in *Harper's* and *Scribner's*—under the following titles: "An Incident," "Miss Maria's Revival," "Faith and Faithfulness," "An Ex-Brigadier," "Squire Kayley's Conclusions," "Without the Courts," "Mrs. Gollyhaw's Candy-stew," "Baldy." The volume created wide interest upon its publication by reason of the impressive way in which the author treated racial and social problems in the South since the war, and especially the subject of lynching. The artistic handling, the reticence, the condensation, the delicate pathos, the clear vision of character revealed in these stories give evidence not only of unusual talent but of genius. "An Incident" is on the whole the best piece of work the author has yet done.

'Sam Houston' was written for the Beacon Biography Series and was published in 1900 (Small, Maynard and Company). The little

volume which the author dedicates to her brother, the late Right Reverend Robert W. B. Elliott, first Bishop of Western Texas, is just short of one hundred and fifty pages. To compress in so small a space the career and character of so unique a personage as Sam Houston was a difficult task. As the author says in the preface: "The life of General Houston was so full, so varied, so interwoven with public affairs that it has been exceedingly difficult to give in such small space even an outline of his career." It is evident that Miss Elliott has a thorough sympathy for Houston's fine, manly character, as well as a full understanding of the State and people he served so splendidly. She had posted herself on the history of the period and had made use of fresh manuscript materials bearing upon her hero's life, touching as it does on the questions of territorial expansion, of silver, and of the secession of the Southern States.

Houston had spent the first part of his public life in Tennessee and the latter part in Texas, the State that he founded. Miss Elliott's long residence in Tennessee and frequent visits to her brother in Texas had afforded her exceptional opportunities for giving us an interesting account of Houston's life and activities, military, political, social and personal, and also a suggestive picture of the early days of Texas. She did her work well. The book is written in a very entertaining style and her narrative of Houston's part in the winning of Texas is most spirited.

In 1901, just a year before Miss Elliott returned to Sewanee from New York, she wrote and published 'The Making of Jane' (Charles Scribner's Sons). In this she tries to work out in the person of Mrs. Saunders a perfectly self-centered character, whom many a reader will recall in real life. There are only four persons concerned in the working out of the plot; First, the heroine, Jane Ormonde, who is adopted into her cousin's family; second, Mrs. Saunders, the wife of this cousin, who thus becomes Jane's foster-mother; and finally, two young men, Mark Witting and Lawrence Creswick, both of whom are in love with Jane.

In order to escape from under the thumb of a cold-hearted worldly woman who loves "society" better than anything else and who is scheming to marry her to the man whom she does not love, Jane leaves a wealthy home in New York and voluntarily returns to poverty and independence to find her lost self again. She goes to a little town away down South and teaches a private school; after a time she engages in business with great success—then returns to New York and marries the one whom she does love. A greater part of the story is worked out through dramatic incidents and there is presented a series of character studies of extraordinary human interest. The keen, subtle analysis of the character of Jane in childhood and wom-

anhood and of the dominating, tyrannical personality of Mrs. Saunders is a marked feature of a book which is admirably written—with many flashes of wit and humor, and with a deep note of sincerity running through it all.

'Jerry' and 'The Making of Jane' are Miss Elliott's two strongest novels—and yet, how different! The former is a man's story, the latter a woman's; the scene of the one is laid in a mountain and mining town and of the other in New York and Newport.

About this time Miss Elliott made her first essay in the dramatic field, associating with her Miss Maud Hosford. Her play, "His Majesty's Servant," was presented by Mr. Lewis Waller at the Imperial Theater, London, October 6, 1904, was enthusiastically received and ran successfully for one hundred nights. The scene is laid in England in the last days of the Commonwealth, and the plots and intrigues which foreshadowed the restoration of Charles II give opportunities for some sensational scenes. It is a wholesome and hearty melodrama flavored with historical romance.

Among the many short stories which Miss Elliott has contributed to various publications but which have never been collected and published in book form may be mentioned the following:

In *The Independent*: "Stephen's Margaret," "Miss Eliza," "As a Little Child," "A Florentine Idyl."

In *Youth's Companion*: "Beside Still Waters," "A Little Child Shall Lead Them," "The Opening of the Southwestern Door," "The Wreck."

In *Harper's Bazar*: "Miss Ann's Victory."

In *The Smart Set*: "What Polly Knew."

In *Book News*: "Hands All Round," "Jim's Victory."

In *The Current*: "Jack Watson, a Character Study."

In *The Pilgrim*: "Rest Remaineth."

In *Lippincott's*: "Fortune's Vassals."

In *Harper's Magazine*: "Hybrid Roses."

In *The Sewanee Review*: "Ibsen."

In *The Outlook*: "Spirit of the Nineteenth Century in Literature."

Clever bits of verse have also appeared from her pen from time to time.

Miss Elliott's foreign letters to the *Louisville Courier-Journal* were marked by a freshness of expression, an artistic catching of salient features, an utter absence of guide-lookishness which would entitle them to be considered as models of their kind.

B. Lawlor Wiggins

JERRY

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"Alone, and empty-handed in this world
Where loves and hopes lie thick as Heaven's stars."

HE sat in the doorway with his elbows on his knees, and his chin in his dirty little hands. His yellow face was expressionless almost; and his thin, straight lips looked as if they could never have smiled or laughed as a child's lips should. A tired face with all the lines set as in the countenance of an old person; a stolid face that gave small sign of heart, or mind, or soul.

Motionless he sat with the spring sun sending a thousand flickering lights about him, and cutting his shadow sharp and black on the block of light in the doorway.

Behind him, a clay-daubed log-house; before him, a barren, rain-gullied yard—a broken rail-fence, and a few poor apple-trees that seemed ashamed of the meager blossoms they could show. A rickety grindstone stood at the corner of the house where the mud chimney jutted out—an axe stuck in a log near the wood-pile—one lean, straight-tailed hog rooted in a corner of the fence.

In all his life the child had never looked on any other scene—had never lost sight of the smoke from that poor chimney. Now he rose slowly, pulling up his ragged trousers.

"I'm agoin'," he said at last, looking straight before him, "it aint no use; I can't git to see you no mo', and you telled me as it wornt much fur you wuz agoin' to the 'Golding Gates,' not much fur," and putting his hands in his pockets, he walked away slowly down a well-worn path to where a spring made a still, clear pool in the gray rocks. He paused here a moment to drink out of a sun-bleached gourd that lay on a ledge, then passed beyond to where in a corner of the fence there was a grave. Some rails had been laid about the off-side of this grave; but only to an insignificant height this extra fence had reached, as if the strength that built it were not equal to the task.

The child stood and looked; his expression did not change;

no special feeling seemed to stir within him; but at last the straight lips parted and he spoke to the grave as he had spoken to himself up at the house. "I'm agoin', Mammy," he said, "it ain't no use; Dad he beats me, an' Minervy Ann Salter's done come to live, an' las' night her beat me too; it aint no use. I aint took much rails," he went on, "an' mebbe Dad'll lettum stay; mebbe he'll furgit you're down here if I kivver you good; mebbe he'll furgit," and without haste or excitement he climbed over the outer fence to reach a brush-heap which was there.

"I'll kivver you good," he repeated, and dropped the brush piece by piece over the fence on to the grave; then beyond he picked a long branch of blackberry blossoms.

Gravely he scanned from end to end the blooming brier; he recrossed the fence, and stood once more by the grave; again the sharp little voice broke the stillness. "You wuz powerful proud of blossoms, Mammy," he said, "an I'll lay 'em thar; but I'm agoin'; I can't git to see you, but Dad can't nuth-er, can't beat you no mo'; an' mebbe," nodding his head slowly, "mebbe he'll furgit them rails."

His task was done, and he stood slouching like an old man; his shoulders rounded forward; his hands in his pockets, and his bare feet drawn close together.

The poor grave had become a brush-heap, with the long spray of snowy blossoms on the top; and the stolen rails were covered.

"Mebbe he'll furgit them rails," and he turned away toward the house,

Straight up the path to the house, and in at the door: there he paused and looked about him. In one corner a bed; in another the pile of straw where the child slept—the broad, broken fireplace where stones served for andirons—the cracked dutch-oven—the frying-pan and battered coffee-pot—the few tin plates and cups—the splint-bottomed chairs—the string of red peppers over the chimney; all these things that had been always about his little life, he was about to leave. He drew his dirty shirt-sleeve across his nose, pausing in the act as his eyes in their survey reached a dark corner of the house; he walked over to the spot. A faded, blue homespun apron hung there; he eyed it gravely, then touched it softly.

"It's your'n, Mammy," he whispered, "it aint Minervy Ann Salter's; her aint never so much as teched it—it's been a-hangin' thar ever sense Dad knocked youuns over; Dad aint agoin' to 'member it," and while he spoke he drew himself up by the uneven logs until he reached the peg where the apron hung. Once more on the floor with his prize in his hands, he looked it over with a gleam of recognition in his eyes as if every smirch upon it had some association for him; then rolled it up with clumsy carefulness, wrapping some straw about it to make it fast.

"It aint Minervy Ann Salter's," he said decisively, "it's Mammy's, surely," and he turned and left the house.

A road passed by the old rail-fence, turning down the hill-side; a rough, red clay road where the winter's ruts had hardened into shape under the spring sun; with here and there a well-worn stump garnishing its ugly length, or the rounded shoulder of some mighty buried cliff making a few smooth steps. On either side the woods crept up so close that the roots of the trees were travel-worn, and much bark was missing from the trunks at the usual height of the wheel-hubs. A lonely, desolate road lying like a long red gash cut on the face of the world as God had left it—the only mark that man had made.

The child paused as he climbed the fence, paused astride the top rail, and hitched the strings that answered for braces a little higher on his shoulders, then turned the straw-wrapped bundle over slowly in his hands.

"It aint no use," he repeated once again, as if at the last some memory laid faint hold upon him, "it aint no use, Mammy," he whispered, "an' I've done kivvered youuns good—rale good," almost pleadingly, "good as I could." One moment more he paused, then climbed down to the rough road, and turned away resolutely from all the landmarks of his little life. If he realized at all the step he was about to take—if he had any fear of the world or the treatment he would meet with there—if he felt any sorrow for the ties he was breaking, he gave no sign more than the pause as he crossed the fence. What had roused him now seemed more than he could bear, and so he went away.

The road grew more and more rough as it descended the

hills; the rocks more frequent and more scarred and scraped by brake-locked wheels; the trees were taller and bent in more various directions as they had to find more unequal root-age among the rocks. Tall, shining poplars; broad-leaved chestnuts; slim, gaunt oaks that had no room to spread, and from tree to tree rank vines—wild grapes and briars that made an impassable barrier on either side.

Straight on the child walked; not picking his way, nor avoiding rock, nor root, nor mudhole; straight on, neither fast nor slow, looking neither to the right nor to the left. His little bundle close under one arm; his hands in his pockets; his hat crammed well down on his head, so that his colorless hair, creeping through a hole in the crown, could scarcely be distinguished from the equally colorless felt.

Down, down the road wound, with sometimes a level sweep—sometimes a slight rise that showed it was not taking the most direct route toward the valley: still, it made toward the valley: the ruts deepening into gullies—the woods becoming more and more dense—the rocks changing from yellow to a pale gray—the clay shading to a more sanguinary hue that prophetically stained the feet of the child e'er the first day of his wandering was done. The noonday sun looked straight down on the rough road and the human mite that followed it, then slowly sank down the western sky: the shadows blackened in the woods; the rocks and the stems of the trees took on weird shapes; the wind rose and fell, dying far away up the hillside.

The child walked on: the shadows and the gathering darkness did not seem to disturb him: on between the black woods, with the narrow strip of sky above him turning slowly from blue to violet, where presently the watchful stars would shine and flicker in their places.

The road broadened, and a fence stood sharply defined against the sky; a section of fence that seemed to run along the brow of a hill.

The child paused, then went on more slowly: where was he, and who lived here?

Gradually the road rose until it reached the fence, then

both dipped abruptly, and before him, in a little basin-like hollow, a light shone.

He stopped again, as if for consideration, then approached cautiously, over the fence and through a field where the belted dead trees stood up like gaunt specters against the sky.

Nearer and nearer the child crept, pausing every few moments to make observations, until he was so near that the fire, shining all over the one room of the house, showed him quite plainly the faces gathered about it, and striking out through the open door made a broad path of light across the field.

"I aint never sawn them folks," he said softly to himself, "them aint never been up our way." Again he looked to make quite sure, when suddenly there came the sharp bark of a dog that dashed out at him, and a woman following quickly made retreat hopeless.

"Who's thar!" she called out; then to the dog. "Hold yer mouth, Buck, consarn yer!" and a troop of children coming to the front, the boy was discovered. He stood quite still, a black shadow in the stream of light, his hands in his pockets—the little bundle close under one arm, and his yellow face, all drawn and haggard from hunger and fatigue, turned up to meet the eyes of the woman.

"Mussy me!" she said, kicking the small dog aside, and taking a snuff stick from her mouth, "Whar's you come from?"

"No whars," the child answered, looking furtively in the direction of the fence as if bent on retreat.

"No whars," the woman repeated, setting her arms akimbo, and again kicking the small dog over, "that's a rale likely tale; whar's youun's mar?"

The child paused a moment as if thinking, then said slowly:

"I dunno."

"Yer dunno?" raising her voice; "I 'llow thet's a peart look-out fer sense: well, where's youuns' par?"

"Over yon," pointing to the hills that loomed above them.

"Thet's more like now," a little satisfaction coming into her voice; "an' whar mout you be agoin'?"

"Over yon," pointing to the west, where the yellow light still lingered in the far, day-faithful horizon.

"Thet's rale sensible," sarcastically; "I reckon you've about telled all youuns knows, aint yer?"

"I reckon," humbly.

"Jest so; I reckon yer have, ceppen youuns' name; is you got any of thet?"

"Jerry."

"Jerry," the woman repeated, and looking him over from head to foot, laid her hand on his shoulder; not roughly, yet a shiver ran over the child's thin little body, and his tired eyes flickered in their upward look.

"Lord-er-mussy, chile!" and she gave him a little shake, "thar aint no use a-trimlin' an' a-jumpin', I aint agoin' to knock you;—looks like you is usen to beatin'."

"I is," stolidly.

"An' I 'llows thet you is runned away," putting her head on one side with a knowing look, "aint thet so?"

There was a pause, then a quick gasp as the child's voice, grown suddenly sharper, broke the silence. "Does you know Minervy Ann Salter?" fearfully.

"No."

A sigh of relief came from the boy.

"Her's a great, big woman," he said meditatively, "an' her knocked me deef an' bline, her did, an' I runned away."

"Well, I never! jest alisten, Delithy," to a younger woman who had joined the group.

"I hearn," Delithy answered, taking out a piece of straight comb that held up the knot of sandy hair on the back of her head, to comb it straight back from each side the ragged part, and screw it up again, "I hearn; but aint her no kin to youuns?"

"Minervy Ann?" the boy asked with some scorn, "no!"

Then inside the house a baby began to cry, and the women turned simultaneously.

"I reckon you kin come in, Jerry," the elder woman said, and the child followed her.

Tired and stiff and hungry, the fire, and the smell of something that was cooking on the hearth, made the lines of the child's face relax, and sent a gleam of light into his hopeless eyes. All that long spring day he had walked without a stop for rest, and nothing had passed his lips since he

drank from the still pool near the brush-heaped grave. Now he squatted at the corner of the wide chimney and watched intently the coarse corn bread that was baking in a spider over the coals.

"Youuns looks powerful hungry," Delithy remarked, when the baby being hushed and the children settled in a convenient staring distance of the new-comer, silence reigned—"how long sence youuns had wittles?"

"I aint had a bite sence mornin'," not moving his eyes from the bread.

"An' been a-runnin' all day?"

"I were feared to run," he said, "I were feared I'd give out."

"Well, I reckon you jest would."

"Kin I have a *lectle* bite?" the boy went on, pointing to the bread, but not moving his eyes from it; "I'll chop wood for it."

Delithy moved her snuff-stick thoughtfully across her big white teeth, eyeing the boy the while.

"An' I'll tote water," was added by the sharp little voice to the pitiful bargain; he was so hungry.

"Youuns seem usen to work," Delithy remarked.

"I reckon I is," thoughtfully, "kin I have it?"

"It's Jake's bread," she answered slowly, watching the boy intently as with a dull satisfaction in his longing that was with her a form of humor.

"Well, Jake aint a-comin' this night," the elder woman put in, returning from where she had deposited the baby on the bed, "an' I reckon Louwisy Dyer is able to give a bite of bread 'thout tradin'; I 'low 'twont hurt, though, to tote a leetle water," stooping over the bread. "Youuns is sure 'bout it?"

"I is," and for the first time that day the little bundle dropped from under the boy's arm, and both hands were stretched out, "jest sure"—then further utterance was stopped by the bread.

"Fur all the world like a hongry dorg," Delithy said, after some thought, "I never seen ther like," and again she combed and put in place her sandy locks.

Then in a tin-cup the elder woman gave Jerry some cold

coffee, and told him where in the loft he could sleep on some fodder.

And the child crept away up the ladder, and quickly fell asleep with his bundle safe inside of his shirt.

"'Cause it might git lost in ther fodder," he said.

* * * * *

THE JOURNEY ENDS

"The string o'erstretched breaks, and the music flies."

"He aint no better, an' kent never get no better," Mrs. Milton said in a voice that was harsh and bitter with anger and grief, and she glanced suspiciously at Greg, who, with his arm in a sling and his head bandaged, looked almost as worn and thin as Jerry lying on the bed between them.

Jerry lying still and helpless, with drawn white face and vacant eyes—vacant eyes that made Greg remember his father's warning.

"He's allers a-countin' them chips," Mrs. Milton went on, pointing to a pile of dry chips that lay under the sick man's hand, "or he's a-talkin' to this little passel," drawing from under Jerry's pillow a small package wrapped in old newspaper.

The sick man held out his hands, so white and tremulous, while a wistful look came into his eyes.

"It's Mammy's," he said, "Mammy's."

Greg looked up in surprise; Mrs. Milton shook her head, catching a sob in her throat.

"He's been atalkin' thet away ever sence he were brunged har," she said; "he's done gone backer orl his'n larnin', an' orl his'n trouble, to his'n mammy," and she gave Jerry the little bundle.

"It aint wuth nothin'," he said, looking up at Greg wistfully, "it's nothin' as'll do youuns no good—it's Mammy's—Mammy's," his voice falling fainter.

Greg turned away—was it only that he was weakened by wounds and the awful loss and ruin that he had endured, that he leaned against the mantel-piece sobbing so pitifully?

"The new doctor says thet he kent las' out the night," Mrs. Milton went on, "an' thar aint nary soul to pray alonger him ceppen you, Mr. Greg."

Greg shook his head.

"I can not," he whispered huskily, "I do not know how." A tired sigh came from the sick man, causing both watchers to turn.

"I can not count them," he said wearily, in the voice and language that Greg was accustomed to hear from his lips, "but what is the use," he went on, "of counting gold that is as common as chips; as chips that I can throw into the water. Ah, the water! how it boils and surges—how it laughs and sings as it goes back to its old home—and it will flash into the sunlight again at Eureka—Eureka!!"

Mrs. Milton went hastily to the bedside.

"He'll git wild in a minute," she said, "an thet'll kill 'im," and again she drew the poor little bundle from under the pillow where he had hidden it. "This aller makes him quiet."

"It's Mammy's," and again the weak hand clasped the bundle, "an' mebbe Dad'll forgit them rails, mebbe he'll furgit." the voice sinking gradually, then the tired eyes closed and he seemed asleep.

Greg came back to the bedside now, and the young physician from the railway camp joined him there: he seemed excited.

"They have caught Henley," he whispered, "but the people must not know it—they would kill him."

Greg's eyes flashed, and he drew a sharp breath between his clenched teeth. Then aloud the physician said:

"Wilkerson can not possibly live," and his hand was on the fluttering pulse, "and it is most fortunate; for his fortune is gone, and his debts are enormous, and he could never recover his mind; it is most fortunate."

"Git away!" and Mrs. Milton pushed the astonished stranger aside roughly—"if Jerry Wilkerson wuz as big a fool as youuns," she said, "Mandy Milton'd be proud to tuck keer of him fur ever—jest you 'member thet; an' pay orl he owes, an' glad to do it too—an' Mr. Greg knows it."

"I beg pardon," and the young man stepped back, "I meant no harm."

"Mebbe not," sharply, raising Jerry's head on her shoulder that the labored breathing might be a little easier—"an' if you kent do nothin' fur him ceppen to be thankful he's a-dyin', jest go 'long; me an' Mr. Greg kin 'ten' to him."

The doctor took up his hat, when suddenly a hand clutched his shoulder, and the old woman drew him to her, looking in his face with burning eyes.

"Kin youuns pray?" she whispered hoarsely.

He shook his head, and the hold on his shoulder relaxed.

"Notter soul to pray fur him," she muttered, smoothing back from the sick man's brow the hair that had grown so white—"notter soul—but God'll know!"

The sick man's eyes opened.

"Mammy's gone to God," he whispered, "the doctor tole me thet."

"Yes, honey," the old woman answered, soothing him as gently as a mother would her little child; then all was still save the fire that whispered and sighed.

The doctor lingered near the door; Greg leaned against the mantel-piece with his hand over his eyes; the old woman stood as if cut in stone, holding in her arms the dying man: the clock told off relentlessly the flying moments and the solemn hours gathered full and fell.

Slower and slower the breath came; the heart struggled in its beating; the poor hands held close with pitiful faithfulness the little bundle wrapped up so long ago.

He could not last much longer.

The doctor held the failing pulse; Greg drew a little nearer; Mrs. Milton bent a little under the growing weight in her arms.

Slower and slower the pulse-beats came; the eyelids quivered—there was a little sigh, and the tired eyes looked up—wistful, pleading, pitiful!

"I never knowed, Mammy, I never knowed," he said, and the journey begun so long ago among the Southern hills was ended.

WILLIAM ELLIOTT

[1788—1863]

GEORGE A. WAUCHOPE

WILLIAM ELLIOTT was born in Beaufort, South Carolina, on April 27, 1788. He sprang from good old English stock, and his immediate family was and still is one of the most distinguished in his native State. His grandfather and his father, both named William Elliott, were prominent citizens of Beaufort. His father (1761-1808) was a soldier of the Revolution, and at the surprise on John's Island was dangerously wounded, was taken prisoner, and immured in a British prison-ship. His brother was the eminent Charleston botanist and man of letters, Stephen Elliott, LL.D. (1771-1830), who with Hugh S. Legaré founded *The Southern Review*.

William Elliott entered Harvard in 1806, and at once took a high rank in scholarship. Though failing health seriously interrupted his college course, he graduated in 1809, and received his master's degree in 1815. He was elected a member of the Legislature and served successively in both branches with great credit and ability. During the nullification crisis of 1832, however, he resigned his seat in the Senate rather than vote to nullify the tariff law in accordance with the instructions of his constituents. He then for many years devoted himself to the management of his estates, and became widely known as a scholarly and accomplished planter and a writer and lecturer of no mean ability on agricultural and other subjects. From the retirement of his plantation he contributed to current periodicals articles on political, economic, and agricultural questions. In 1851 there appeared from his pen in *The Southern Review* the series of papers in opposition to secession, signed *Agricola*. Under the pen-names of *Piscator* and *Venator*, which were probably borrowed from 'Compleat Angler,' he contributed to the press of Charleston a series of sporting sketches which were collected and published in 1846 under the title of 'Carolina Sports by Land and Water.' One of his addresses, that delivered before the St. Pauls's Agricultural Society, is extant in pamphlet form. He was the author also of a number of occasional poems of merit, and of a romantic drama entitled "Fiesco: A Tragedy" (1850). He died in Charleston, South Carolina, on February 3, 1863.

Elliott's most important contribution to literature is his 'Carolina

Sports,' a collection which attained sufficient popularity to pass through one English and two American editions. For a generation in the Carolinas it was, indeed, a sort of indispensable manual among the disciples of old Nimrod and Izaak Walton. Though the author's style is deliberately impromptu, the book is vitally picturesque, and its faithful descriptions of scenery, character, and pastimes in antebellum days should trebly preserve it from oblivion. The scene of the work is that part of South Carolina which lies southeast of Charleston, especially Hilton Head, Wadmalaw, the Edicts, James's and John's Islands, and the waters of Port Royal Sound. The first part consists of a series of interesting narratives of the author's adventures with sharks, and his personal experiences in fishing for the bass, the drumhead, and the swift and powerful devilfish, called by Dr. Mitchell "the Vampire of the Ocean." The account of the exciting and dangerous sport of devil-fishing has never been equalled, and deserves a permanent place in the literature of sportsmanship as a masterpiece of realistic sketchwork.

The second part is similarly devoted to the pleasures of the chase, and includes several spirited narratives of hunting the wildcat, the deer, and other game in the swamps and forests along the coast. Much of the charm of the volume lies in its familiar personal tone, and the genial vein of philosophic reflection which at intervals interrupts the stories of adventure. "His book," says a review in *The Southern Quarterly* (July, 1847), "indicates a mind familiar with other sciences than that of woodcraft. It is the episodic, contemplative, descriptive spirit of Izaak Walton that gives a charm to his work, and makes it the model of all who may attempt the same kind of subject. Mr. Elliott is very happy occasionally in the vein of thought alluded to. There are passages in his book of this digressive character—a reflection at a moment when the action pauses, while the hunter awaits the deer at his stand; a description of river or forest scenery, the place of hunting or fishing; an allusion to the pursuits and conversation of a distinguished soldier and statesman in the evening of life (General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney at his mansion on Pinckney Island), and the repose of the country—all of which are written with great beauty and constitute one of the chief attractions of the work." Such was the impression made by 'Carolina Sports' upon a contemporary of the author's. He was fortunate also, aside from the local and personal appeal in his work, in the fact that its subject is one of perennial and universal interest. The book will attract Twentieth Century readers through its human interest and as a genuine first-hand document of the manly pastimes of our ancestors. Besides, it is written in a style which, though artless and

sometimes uncouth, is perfectly clear and extraordinarily animated. The author, as he dashed off his sketches in a dozen different moods, had no thought of the close scrutiny of the critic. Among his stylistic shortcomings, it must be admitted that in the fear of being tame he often wants the grace of repose and overcharges his style with excessive vivacity, exuberant wit, and grotesque exaggeration. Here and there is a touch of egotism or of pedantry. The volume, as a whole, is not homogeneous, being cast partly in letters and partly in chapters. But these and a score of other technical sins can be forgiven a writer who has written with such whole-souled ardor of these immemorial sports, and who, above all, can freight his living page with so much philosophy and good sense.

George Armstrong Wauchope.

HUNTING THE DEVIL-FISH

From 'Carolina Sports.'

AT six o'clock on Wednesday, the 16th August, we started from Bay Point on our cruise for devil-fish. In my boat, manned by six oarsmen and a steersman, I was accompanied by my son, a youth under eighteen. In the second boat were G. P. E. and W. C., Esqrs., with a crew of four men. The armament of the larger consisted, besides the harpoon, of a lance, hatchet, and rifle; that of the smaller boat was two bayonets fixed in long staves, the line, which was to have been rigged to a second harpoon, having been swept away, with a sharp hook attached, by an overwhelming spring tide the night before. We stretched away before a fresh northeaster, for the Bay gall on Hilton Head, and then struck sail and made all snug for action. Masts, sails, awnings, were all stowed away in the bottom of the boat, the anchor with its rope was transferred to the platform for trim, and that nothing should interfere with our running gear. Here a large shoal of porpoises came plunging about us; the harpoon was poised, but none came within striking distance; and after being tantalized by this show of unexpected sport, a rifle shot among them

sent them booming off and left us leisure to pursue our proper game.

We rowed slowly along between the Bay gall breaker and the shore, on the early ebb, expecting to meet the devil-fish on their return from Skull Creek, the scene of their high water gambols. The smaller boat, with outspread sails, stretched off and on, traversing the same region, but on different lines. No fish were seen. We advanced in front of Mrs. E.'s avenue and took another survey, and thus slowly extended the cruise to Skull Creek, while our consorts stretched away as far as Pinckney's Island. The ebb was half spent, and we began to despair. I landed on the beach at Hilton Head, yet kept the boat afloat, and two hands on the lookout. Before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, "There!" cried our lookout man. I followed the direction of his hand—it pointed to Skull Creek Channel, and I saw the wing of the fish two feet above water. There was no mistaking it—it was a devil-fish. One shout summons the crew to their posts—the red flag is raised to signal our consort—the oarsmen spring to their oars—and we dashed furiously onward in the direction in which we had seen him. Once again, before we had accomplished the distance, he appeared a moment on the surface.

The place of harpooner I had not the generosity to yield to anyone; so I planted myself on the forecastle, my left leg advanced, my right supported by the cleat, my harpoon poised, and three fathoms of rope lying loose on the thwart behind me. The interest of the moment was intense; my heart throbbed audibly and I scarcely breathed, while expecting him to emerge from the spot yet rippled by his wake. The water was ten fathoms deep, but so turbid that you could not see six inches beneath the surface. We had small chance of striking him while his visits to the surface were so sudden and so brief. "There he is behind us!" "Starn all!"—and our oarsmen, as before instructed, backed with all their might. Before we reached the spot he was gone, but soon reappeared on our right, whisking round us with great velocity, and with a movement singularly eccentric. He crossed the bow—his wing only is visible—on which side is his body? I hurled down my harpoon with all my force. After the lapse of a few seconds the staff came bounding up from below, to show

me that I had missed. In the twinkling of an eye the fish flung himself on his back, darted under the boat and showed himself at the stern, *belly up*. Tom clapped his unarmed hands with disappointment as the fish swept by him where he stood on the platform, so near that he might have pierced him with a sword! And now the fish came wantoning about us—taking no note of our presence, circling around us with amazing rapidity, yet showing nothing but the tip of his wing. We dashed at him whenever he appeared, but he changed position so quickly, that we were always too late. Suddenly his broad black back was lifted above the water directly before our bow. “Forward!” the oarsmen bend to the stroke, but before we could gain our distance, his tail flies up, and he is plunging downward for his depths. I could not resist—I pitched my harpoon from the distance of full thirty feet. It went whizzing through the air, and cleaved the water just beneath the spot where the fish had disappeared. My companions in our consort (who had now approached within fifty yards) observed the staff quiver for a second before it disappeared beneath the surface of the water. This was unobserved by myself, and I was drawing in my line to prepare for a new throw, when lo! the line stopped short! “Is it possible? I have him—the devil-fish is struck!” Out flies the line from the bow—a joyful shout bursts from our crew—our consort is lashed to our stern—E. and C. spring aboard—and here we go! driven by this most diabolical of locomotives.

Thirty fathoms are run out, and I venture a turn round the stem. The harpoon holds, and he leads gallantly off for Middle Bank—the two boats in tow. He pushed dead in the eye of a stiff northeaster. His motion is not so rapid as we expected, but regular and business-like—reminding one of the motion of a canal boat drawn by a team of stout horses. On Middle Bank he approached the surface—the rifle is caught up, but soon laid aside as useless, for no vulnerable part appeared. We then drew upon the line, that we might force him to the surface and spear him—I soon found that was no fun. “Tom, don’t you want to play a devil-fish? I have enough to last me an hour, so here is my place if you desire it.” Behold me now reclined on the stern seat, taking breath after my pull, and lifting my umbrella to repel the heat of the sun. It was

very pleasant to see the woods of Hilton Head recede, and the hammocks of Paris Island grow into distinctness, as we moved along under this novel and yet unpatented impelling power! "You will find this melon refreshing, friends; at twelve o'clock let us take a glass of wine to our success. Tom, why don't you pull him up?" Tom held up his hands, from which the gloves had been stripped clean by the friction of the rope. "We'll put three men to the line and bouse on him." He comes! George seizes the lance, but the devil-fish stops ten feet below the surface, and can't be coaxed nearer. George sinks his long staff in the direction of the line, feels the fish, and plunges the lance into him. It is flung out of his body, and almost out of the hand of the spearsman, by the convulsive muscular effort of the fish. When drawn up the iron was found bent like a reaping hook, and the staff broken in the socket. The fish now quickened his speed, and made across Daw's Channel for Paris Bank.

"Just where we would have you, my old boy—when we get you near Bay Point Beach it will be so convenient to land you!" He seems to gather velocity as he goes; he gets used to his harness; points for Station Creek, taking the regular steamboat track. As soon as he gains the deep channel he turns for Bay Point. "Now, then, another trial—a bouse on him." Three fellows are set to the rope—his wing appears—C. aims his bayonet and plunges it deep into his body—another shudder of the fish, and the bayonet snaps short off at the eye—the blade remains buried in his body. "Now for it, George!" His bayonet is driven in, and, at the second blow, *that* is snapped off in the blade. Here we are unweaponed! Our rifle and hatchet useless, our other implements broken! "Give him rope, boys, until we haul off and repair damages!" At every blow we had dealt him his power seemed to have increased, and he now swept down for Egg Bank, with a speed that looked ominous. "Out oars, boys, and pull against him." The tide was now flood; the wind, still fresh, had shifted to the east; six oars were put out and pulled lustily against him, yet he carried us rapidly seaward against all these impeding forces. He seemed to suck in fresh vigor from the ocean water. George, meanwhile, was refitting the broken implements; the lance was fixed in a new staff and secured by a tie

of triple drum line; the broken blade of the bayonet was fixed on another staff. Egg Bank was now but one hundred yards to our left. "Row him ashore, boys." The devil-fish refused, and drew the whole concern in the opposite direction. "Force him then to the surface." He popped up unexpectedly under the bow, lifted one wing four feet in the air, and bringing it suddenly down swept off every oar from the starboard side of the boat; they were not broken, but wrenched out of the hands of the oarsmen as by an electric shock. One man was knocked beneath the thwarts by the rebound of an oar, and was laid almost speechless on the platform—quite *hors de combat*. Fresh hands are brought from the smaller boat; the fish now leads off with thirty fathoms of rope—he steers for Joyner's Bank. Bay Point recedes, Egg Bank disappears, Chaplin's Island lies behind us, and Hilton Head again approaches, but it is the *eastern face* of the island that now presents itself. The breakers of the Gaskin Bank begin to loom in our horizon, and this is done against wind, tide, and oar! A doubt of capturing the fish began now to steal over our minds and show itself in our faces; our means of assailing so powerful an antagonist were too inadequate; nothing remained but to bouse on him once more, and endeavor to dispatch him with the weapons that remained to us. Three fresh hands took the rope, and after giving him a long run to weary him to the uttermost, we succeeded in drawing him to the surface. He lay on his back without motion—and we looked on victory as certain. The socket of the harpoon appeared sticking out from the belly of the fish: the whole shank was buried in his body. We saw neither tail, nor head, nor horns, nor wings—nothing but an unsightly white mass, undistinguished by member or feature. After a moment's pause to single out some spot for a mortal blow, I plunged the lance, socket and all, into the centre of this white mass. The negroes who held the line of the harpoon took a turn around the gunwale, to prevent its slipping. The boat lurched with the swell of the sea—and the moment the dead weight of the fish, unsupported by the water, was felt, the harpoon tore out! An instant before I saw it driven to the socket in the body of the fish; the next, it was held up in the air in the hands of the negro, bent like a scythe. There was time, if

there had been presence of mind, to plunge it anew into the fish, which floated a second or two on the surface. The moment was lost! I will not attempt to describe the bitter disappointment that pervaded the party. For a moment only a faint hope revived; my lance, secured by a cord, was still in his body—it might hold him! “Clear my line, boys!” Alas! The weight of the fish is too much for my tackle—the line flies through my hand—is checked—the socket of the lance is drawn through the orifice by which it entered—and *the fish is gone!* We spoke not a word, but set our sails and returned to the beach at Bay Point. We felt like mariners who, after a hard conflict, had sunk a gallant adversary at sea—yet saved not a single trophy from the wreck to serve as a memorial of their exploit.

A DEER HUNT

From ‘Carolina Sports.’

It was a glorious winter’s day—sharp, but bracing. The sun looked forth with dazzling brightness, as he careered through a cloudless sky; and his rays came glancing back from many an ice-covered lagoon that lay scattered over the face of the ground. The moan of an expiring northwester was faintly heard from the tops of the magnificent forest pines. Three sportsmen, while it was yet early, met at their trysting-place, to perpetrate a *raid* against the deer! They were no novices, those huntsmen—they had won trophies in many a sylvan war; and they now took the field “of malice prepense,” with all the appliances of destruction at their beck; practised drivers and a pack, often proved, and now refreshed by three days’ rest. Brief was their interchange of compliment; they felt that such a day was not to be trifled away in talk; and they hallooed their hounds impatiently into the drive—yet not as greenhorns would have done. “Keep clear of the swamps,” was the order of the drivers—“leave the close covers—ride not where the ice crackles under the horse’s hoof—but look closely into the sheltered knolls, where you will find the deer sunning themselves after the last night’s frost.” The effect of this order was soon evident; for in the second

knoll entered by the hounds a herd of deer were found thawing themselves in the first beams of the ascending sun. Ho! what a burst!—with what fury the hounds dash in among them! Now they sweep along the thickets that skirt the drive and climb the summit of that elevated piney ridge—destined one day to become a summer settlement, and to bear the name of ———. But not unforeseen or unprovided for was the run which the deer had taken. Frisky Geordy was in their path, and crack went the sound of his gun, and loud and vaunting was the twang of his horn that followed the explosion! And now the frozen earth reëchoed to the tramp of horses' hoofs, as the huntsmen hurried to the call that proclaims that a deer has fallen. There was Geordy, his gun against a pine, his knee upon the still heaving flank of a *pricket buck*, his right hand clenched upon his dripping knife, his left flourishing a horn, which ever and anon was given to his mouth and filled the air with its boastful notes.

"Halloo, Geordy! you have got him fast, I see. Where are the dogs?"

"Gone," said Geordy.

"There's Ruler in the east—what's he after?"

"A deer," says Geordy.

"And Rouser to the south—what's he after?"

"Another deer," says Geordy.

"And Nimrod to the southwest—I need not ask what he's after, for he follows nothing but deer. Your second barrel snapt, of course?"

"I don't say that," says Geordy; "I had *wounded* the six last deer I'd fired at, so I thought I'd *kill* one to-day, and while I looked to see if that was really dead the others slipt by me."

"Done like a sportsman, Geordy; one dead deer is worth a dozen crippled ones. I remember once your powder was too weak; and next, your shot were too small; and next, your aim was somewhat wild; and one went off bored of an ear, and another nicked of a tail. You are bound to set up an infirmary across the river, for the dismembered deer you have dispatched there! You have done well to *kill*—let it grow into a habit. Nimrod to the southwest, said you? That rascal is a born economist; and not a foot will he budge in pur-

suit of a living deer, after your horn has told him there is *venison* in the rear! Ruler will drive *his* deer across the river. Rouser to the marshes. Nimrod's quarry is the only one likely to halt and give us another chance."

And sure enough, there came Nimrod trotting back on his track—his nose cocked up in air, as if to indorse and verify the inferences of his *ear*—his tail curled and standing out from his body, at an angle of forty-five degrees.

"This is the safe play—hang up the deer—sound your horn till the hounds come in from their several chases—and then for Nimrod's lead! to Chapman's bays, I think!—there are some sheltered nooks in which they will stop and bask, when they find themselves unpursued."

"I'll go in with the boys," says Loveleap, with an unconcerned air, but a sly twinkle of the eye, which did not escape his comrades.

"As you like—Geordy and I will mind the stands."

Some time was lost before the hounds could be drawn from their several chases; yet, as emulation did not "prick them on," they came the sooner for being scattered. Loveleap heads the drivers—and it was just what we had anticipated, when, before a single dog had given tongue, we heard him fire, then came a burst, then a second barrel; but to our great surprise no horn announced the expected success. The report of that gun went unquestioned in our sporting circle; it was in a manner axiomatic in woodcraft mysteries, and passed current with all who heard it for thus much—"a deer is killed." Loveleap did an extraordinary thing that day—he *missed*! But the drivers could not understand and the hounds would not believe it; so they rushed madly away in pursuit, as if it was not possible for the quarry long to escape.

"Push on," says Geordy, "they make for the river!" and away we went. We reined in for a minute at the ford; and finding that they had already outstripped us and were bearing down for Chapman's fort—a mile to the west of our position—we struck across for the marshes south of us, where we might, if he was a young deer, intercept him on his return to his accustomed haunts. In an old buck we had no chance; *he* is sure to set a proper value on his life, and seldom stops until he has put a river between his pursuer and himself.

Taking advantage of a road that lay in our way, we soon cleared the woods and entered an old field that skirted the marsh. It was a large waving plain of rank broom-grass, chequered here and there by strips of myrtle and marsh mallows.

"So far, Geordy," said I, "we have kept one track—now let us separate. The hounds are out of hearing, and we have little chance of any game but such as we may rouse without their help. How delightfully sheltered is this spot!—how completely is it shut in by that semicircle of woods from the sweep of the northwest winds! How genially the sun pours down upon it! Depend upon it, we shall find some luxurious rogues basking in this warm nook—for next to your Englishman, a deer is the greatest epicure alive! Now, then, by separate tracks, let us make across the old field—a blast of the horn will bring us together when we reach the marsh."

By separate tracks then we moved, and had not advanced two hundred yards, when crack went Geordy's gun. I looked in the direction of the report—and his head only was visible above the sea of marsh mallows. The direction of his *face* I could see, and *that* was pointed toward me. Toward *me* then, thought I, runs the deer. I reined in my horse and turned his head in that direction. It was such a thickly woven mass of mallows and myrtle—high as my shoulders as I sat in the saddle—that there was little hope of being able to see the game. I trusted to my ear to warn me of his approach, and soon heard the rustling of the leaves and the sharp, quick leap which mark the movement of a deer at speed. I saw him not until he appeared directly under my horse's nose, in act to leap; he vaulted, and would have dropped upon my saddle had he not seen the horse while yet poised in air, and (by an effort like that of the tumbler who throws a somerset) twisted himself suddenly to my right. He grazed my knee in his descent; and as he touched the earth I brought my gun down, pistol-fashion, with a rapid twitch, and sent the whole charge through his backbone. It was so instantaneous—so like a flash of lightning—that I could scarcely credit it when I saw the deer twirling and turning over at my horse's heels. Dis-mounting to secure him, it was some time before his muscular action was sufficiently overcome to allow me to use my knife.

He struggled and kicked—I set down my gun, the better to master him. In the midst of my employment, crack went Geordy's second barrel, nearer than the first—and "*mind! mind!*" followed the discharge. Before I could drop my knife and gain my feet; another deer was upon me! He followed directly in the track of the former and passed between my horse and me, so near that I might have bayoneted him! Where was my gun? lost in the broom grass! What a trial! I looked all around in an instant, and spying it where it lay, caught it eagerly up: the deer had disappeared! It flashed across me that underneath these myrtles the limbs, excluded from the sun had decayed, and that in the vistas thus formed a glimpse of the deer might yet be gained. In an instant I am on my knees, darting the most anxious glances along the vista; the flash of a tail is seen—I fire—a struggle is heard—I press forward through the interlacing branches—and to my joy and surprise, *another deer is mine!* Taking him by the legs, I drag him to the spot where the other lay. Then it was my turn to sound a "vaunty" peal! Geordy pealed in answer, and soon appeared, dragging a deer of his own (having missed one of those that I had killed). Three deer were started—they were all at our feet—and that *without the aid of a dog!* It was the work of five minutes! We piled them in a heap, covered them with branches and myrtle, and tasked our horns to the uttermost to recall the field. One by one the hounds came in, smelt at the myrtle bushes, seemed satisfied, though puzzled, wagged their tails, and coiling themselves each in his proper bed, lay down to sleep. Yet had any stranger approached that myrtle-covered heap every back would have bristled, and a fierce cry of defiance would have broken forth from every tongue, then so mute.

At last came Loveleap, fagged, and somewhat fretted by his ill-success.

"I have been blowing till I've split my wind, and not a dog has come to my horn. How came you thrown out? and why have you kept such an incessant braying of horns? Why, how is this? the dogs are here?"

"Yes!—they have shown their sense in coming to us; there's been butchery hereabouts!"

"One of P——'s cattle killed by the runaways, I suppose."

"Will you lend us your boy to bring a cart?" said I.

"Certainly," says Loveleap; "it will make such a feast for the dogs; but where is the cow?"

"*Here!*" says Geordy, kicking off the myrtle screen, and revealing to the sight of his astonished comrade *our three layers of venison!* Oh, you should have seen Loveleap's face!

The cart is brought, and our four deer are soon on their way home. Do you think we accompanied them? No! We were so merciless as to meditate still further havoc. The day was so little spent—and as our hands were in, and there was just in the next drive an overgrown old buck, who often had the insolence to baffle us—no! we must take a drive at him! Again the hounds are thrown into cover, headed by our remaining driver; but in the special object of our move we failed—the buck had decamped. Still, *the fortune of the day attended us*; and an inquisitive old turkey gobbler, having ventured to peep at Geordy where he lay in ambush, was sprawled by a shot from his gun, and was soon seen dangling from his saddle-bow.

This closed our hunt. And now that we have a moment's breathing time, tell me, brother sportsmen who may chance to read this veritable history—has it ever been your fortune, in a single day's hunt, and as the spoils of two gunners only, to bring home four deer and a wild turkey? Ye gastronomes! who relish the proceeds of a hunt better than its toils and perils—a glance at that larder, if you please! Look at that fine bird—so carefully hung up by the neck; his spurs are an inch and a half in length, his beard eight inches; what an ample chest! what glossy plumage!—his weight is twenty-five pounds! And see that brave array of haunches! that is a buck of two years—juicy, tender, but not fat—capital for steaks! But your eye finds something yet more attractive—the saddle of a four-year old doe, kidney covered, as you see; a morsel more savoury smokes not upon a monarch's board. How pleasant to eat! Shall I say it?—how much pleasanter to give away! Ah, how such things do win their way to *hearts*—men's and *women's* too! My young sporting friends, a word in your ear; the worst use you can make of your game is to eat it yourselves.

Ye city sportsmen! (we mean, *par excellence*, the sportsmen of the *Commercial Emporium*), who, with abundant pains and trouble, and with note of fearful preparation, marshal your forces for a week's campaign among the plains of Long Island, or the barrens of Jersey—and in reward of your toil, bag one brace of grouse or enjoy a *glorious snap* at some straggling deer, that escapes, *of course*, to tempt another party to your hopes and disappointments!—ye city sportsmen! who go so far, and get so little for your pains—what think ye of the execution done on this day, in a chase which cost us no extraordinary trouble, and never took us five miles from our winter homes? Or, ye enthusiasts in sport! who import from our shores the game your own inhospitable winters deny to your wishes—whose *purchased* partridges leave their travelling coops, to hibernate in the warm attic of a Broadway palace—thence to be transferred in the spring to the *protected* covers of Long Island—there to pair and rear broods, to be bagged in September by the same paternal hand that imported and domesticated the parent stock! what think ye of sport like this? Ours was no *preserve* shooting! We were not popping over our own nurslings! They were wild deer, of the wild woods, that we slew this day at Chee-Ha! Ye are of the right metal, we know, and it would please us to see you some day among us—and mark the throb of a new delight springing in your bosoms, as you sweep along with the rush of the hounds and fling the cares of life far, far behind you.

RANDOM THOUGHTS ON HUNTING

From 'Carolina Sports.'

THEY take, it seems to me, a false as well as a narrow view of human life, who denounce all amusement and recreation as unworthy of accountable and immortal beings. The transition from exercise to relaxation seems to be a requirement of our mental as well as our physical constitution; and (to adopt an illustration which, however trite, is exceedingly pertinent to our matter), as the bow which is never unstrung, however excellent the material of which it is composed, soon loses its elasticity and comes to be utterly worthless—so fares it with

the individual who, forgetful of this law of his nature, would keep either mind or body in a state of constant tension! The history of man in every phase of his existence—in every stage of his progress, from the grossest barbarism to the highest pitch of refinement—shows that *amusement*, under some shape or other, is indispensable to him. And if this be so it is a point of wisdom, and it is even promotive of virtue, to provide him such as are innocent. Field sports are both innocent and manly.

In these remarks I am far from pretending to the discovery of new truths; I am simply desirous to recall public attention to such as, sufficiently well known, are at times strangely overlooked—especially by our ascetic innovators, who would make life as unjoyous as their own natures; who would reform society by denouncing dancing as a sin—the theater as an abomination—and all amusements, however innocent, as a waste of time unworthy of immortal beings! These are the men of a single idea; who placed in a valley, bring everything to the standard of their own limited horizon—who refuse to look beyond unless superciliously, through the medium of a prejudice so inveterate as to discolor or distort whatever is graceful or beautiful in Nature or art. And their error, it seems to me, springs from this intense self-esteem—and their utter inability to get beyond themselves, so as to understand the relations and wants of others. They look at life from one position only—and refer everything to their own standard. Students—philosophers, it may be—having their time at their own disposal, to labor or relax, just as it suits their humor, they cannot realize the fact that *their* relaxation would be none to the grosser and less refined masses of society; and that amusements that employ the senses are needful to restore *their* worn bodies and revive their wasted spirits—that they are happier and better for the relaxation that follows the day of labor. It is with the same persons, and from the same mistaken views, that we find the severities of the Jewish sabbath ingrafted, without warrant from the Scriptures, on the Christian polity.

Instead of proceeding on these false assumptions: First, that society can dispense with amusements; second, that all amusements are a sin, how much wiser, how much worthier

of those whose lives are exemplary, that they should encourage by their countenance such amusements as are innocent and elegant—*dancing*, for example—and by this countenance preserve it as it should be, the handmaid of modesty and grace.

Instead of purchasing up theaters, to convert them into churches (which only causes new theaters to be built), it would be wiser, it seems to me (since every civilized Christian community has indulged, and will doubtless continue to indulge in theatrical representations), *to reform these exhibitions* until they should present nothing to the public but what the most scrupulous delicacy would approve! How far this may be done will be evident to those who will be at the trouble of examining the plays of the elder dramatists—of Ford and Webster, for example—and comparing them with such as are now exhibited. Few of these but would be hissed from the modern theaters, if represented as originally played. Nay, even those of Shakespeare and Jonson, if played from the original copies, would share the same fate, along with many masterly efforts of Beaumont and Fletcher, and Otway and Dryden, which their indecency has banished from the stage. And, indeed, to such an extent has this reform proceeded, that you may chance to hear fewer things offensive to delicacy in our theaters nowadays than in some pulpits that could be named—wherein vice is stripped with so determined a hand that decency revolts at the exhibition—(as if modesty were unscriptural, and the maxim "*pudorem illum superandum esse*" were now, as formerly, the rule of the Church)—and those passages of Scripture, which men scruple to read aloud in the presence of their families, you may hear so paraded and dallied before the congregation of the young and pure in heart that the indignant blush of shame is seen mantling their innocent cheeks! Comprehensive as the Decalogue assuredly is, there is yet nothing in it akin to indecency; and it seems quite possible to exhort man to the performance of his duty toward God and toward his neighbor—and to chastise his vices, too—without lapsing into indelicacy! Yet, since such things do happen, who but a madman would apply himself to pull down the pulpits thus desecrated, instead of purifying them of their gross offences? This is true wisdom; this is the true rule! Let it be applied to the theaters; and while their immoralities are

frowned upon and repressed, let not the world lose the instruction and delight which they are calculated to impart!

As to country amusements, it seems to me that they who denounce them should withhold their censures until they can substitute a recreation more commendable than hunting. So far as physical education is concerned, it stands preëminent. Its manliness none will deny; neither is there wanting ground for supposing (startling as the proposition may seem) that its tendency is actually promotive of good morals. For, whether it has happened by accident, or whether it stands in some unexplained relation of cause and effect, I know not; *but the fact is so*, that of all the associates who have acted with me in field sports, and were interested enough to excel in them, not one has been touched with the vice of gaming! Men of fortune, men of leisure, peculiarly exposed, from their social position, to this most demoralizing vice, have been completely exempt from it. May this not be ascribed, in a good measure, to their devotion to this pursuit and to the indirect influence of some of those habits of thought and action that it calls into exercise? Here is *the forecast*, that provides, at a distance, for what may be wanted at a given day; the *punctuality*, that observes the hour and day appointed; the *observation*, that familiarizes itself with the nature and habits of the quarry; the *sagacity*, that anticipates its projects of escape, and the *promptitude* that defeats them! The rapid glance and the steady aim, the quick perception, the ready execution; these are among the faculties and qualities continually called into pleasing exercise; and the man who habitually applies himself to this sport will become more *considerate*, as well as more prompt, more full of resource, more resolute, than if he never had engaged in it! Assuredly, there is no such preparatory school of war; and the expert hunter will, I doubt not, show himself the superior in the field to another, every other way his equal, yet wanting this experience! Neither should I forget to mention, among its recommendations, the direct tendency of this amusement to promote social intercourse and the interchange of friendly offices between neighbors.

The right to hunt wild animals is held by the great body of the people, whether landowners or otherwise, as one of their franchises, which they will indulge in at discretion, and to all

limitations on which they submit with the worst possible grace! The "*feræ naturæ*" are, in their code, the property of him who can take them—irrespective of any conflicting right in the owner of the soil. In the sections of country well stocked with game—where, consequently, the temptation to hold such opinions is the strongest—the feeling on this head is so decided that some overseers refuse to accept a place, otherwise desirable, if they are restricted in the right to hunt. The writer of these pages, finding that during his absence from his property his game had been destroyed, and his interests in other respects sacrificed to this propensity of his overseer, insisted, at some cost to his popularity, on inserting a clause in his annual contract absolutely restricting him in this respect. And what was the result? Having made his own grounds, by this restriction, a *preserve*, they were only the more harassed, on this account, by the unrestricted in the neighborhood, who took a malicious pleasure in destroying the game which a proprietor had presumed to keep for himself.

Though it is the broad common law maxim that "everything upon a man's land is his own—*usque ad cælum*," and he can thus shut it out from his neighbor without wrong to him—yet custom, with us, fortified by certain decisions of our courts, has gone far to qualify and set limitations to the maxim.

The land which he has purchased with the proceeds of his industry, and for which he pays tax to the State, is no longer his (except in a qualified sense) unless he incloses it. In other respects it is his neighbors', or anybody's. It is true that he may proceed against another who cuts down his timber, though it lies beyond his inclosure, as a trespasser—yet the same man may turn a drove of cattle on these lands, and browse on and trample them, to the destruction of a hundred times the value, without risk to himself or leaving any chance of redress to the proprietor and taxpayer. In like manner may a man's land be "harried," and not only his game, but sheep and other stock, be worried by the dogs of hunters, traversing his uninclosed grounds at discretion, without his being able to protect himself, as matters now stand, or obtaining any legal redress for the injury. It seems a questionable policy—in a country peculiarly situated as ours is—thus, by construction of law, to diminish

the value of land and the inducement to hold it by limiting and narrowing the rights of proprietors. The poor man, who owns no land, is slow to perceive the beauty or fitness of the common law maxim; and the demagogue is not the man to point it out. He has but one purpose—to *gain the favor of the people!*—his means, not the elevation of their nature by instilling high and generous feelings, but the flattery of their prejudices—a flattery as obsequious and as abject, I grieve to say, as that which in monarchical governments is lavished by courtiers on a monarch or on his minion! They have but one policy, they steer but one course, and that is *with the stream*. If you catch them departing from this cause it is because their tact has been at fault, and they have unwittingly mistaken an eddy for the main current. The right to hunt uninclosed lands thus secured by usage, or, in other words, by *our* common law—there are some who desire to extend it to inclosed lands unconditionally—or, at least, maintain their right to pursue the game thereon when started without the inclosure. It is to be apprehended that this spirit of encroachment is but too much fostered by such of our public men as, setting popularity above everything, fear to hazard it by publishing truths unpleasing to the majority! We admit, without hesitation, that there are in Congress *patriots* who see the *right* in the *expedient*—and the *expedient* in the wishes of their constituents. Nor is there any sufficient reason for thinking that Congress enjoys a monopoly of this sort of virtue. Restrictions on this unchecked right of hunting, in communities circumstanced like ours, will therefore, I presume, be slow in coming by the legislative enactment of laws conservative of game; and if the laws were stringent the juries would be indulgent and slow of giving damages, except in cases of flagrant injury.

During the session of the court, held in the southeastern circuit of this State, I was present at a trial, which will serve to illustrate the state of public opinion in reference to this subject. It was an action for trespass, growing out of the conflicting rights of the hunter and the landholder. One of the hunters was on the stand. He was himself a landholder and a man of some property, and the question was put by the counsel:

"Would you pursue a deer if he entered your neighbor's inclosure?"

Witness.—"Certainly."

Counsel.—"What if his fields were planted and his cotton growing, or his grain ripe?"

Witness.—"It would make no difference; I should follow my dogs, go where they might!"

Judge.—"And pull down your neighbor's fence, and trample his fields?"

Witness.—"I should do it—though I might regret to injure him!"

Judge.—"You would commit a trespass; you would be mulcted in damages. There is no law for such an act!"

Witness.—"It is hunter's law, however!"

And hunter's law is likely somewhat longer to be the governing law of the case in this section of country; for the prejudices of the people are strong against any exclusive property in game, as everyone feels who attempts to keep it to himself. Several gentlemen of my acquaintance have been proprietors of islands which were a source of perpetual annoyance to them. No sooner were they stocked with game than the *amateurs*, if not the *professed poachers*, would find their way to them; and if a bailiff was employed to keep them off he often proved, as in other countries, the principal poacher. And if actions of trespass were brought against intruders, the results were generally unsatisfactory. Juries are exceedingly benevolent in such cases; and even should conviction ensue, the fine or imprisonment of a freeman for so trifling and venial an offence as shooting a wild animal would be deemed a measure of odious severity.

Nor does the proprietor fare better in his attempts to fence out depredators if his possessions are situated on the main land. Admitting that he *can* impose a light fine on the trespasser found hunting within his inclosure, the proof is very difficult, and the penalty insufficient to deter from a repetition of the offence. Besides, the poacher may injure you scarcely the less, while he keeps himself free of the legal toil. He whistles a dog into your preserve at night, or at early dawn, and lurks in the neighborhood until the deer, startled from their fancied security, leap the inclosure and become his

prey. Or, could your fence be so strong and high as to prevent the escape of the deer, a torch thrown into the dry brushwood during the high winds of March envelops it in flames, and your labor and expense are made unavailing by a casualty (so called) which, nevertheless, you feel to have been a design—though you cannot legally prove it! In this instance alone, the principle of the anti-rent excitement is at work with us!

With this single exception, the rights of property are as religiously respected in our community as in any other that can be cited; and I am of opinion that the unwholesome condition of public sentiment in this particular instance is mostly an affair of inoculation. It is derived from the laboring emigrants from England, who, mixing with the operative classes of our own white population, inspire them with their own deep disgust at the tyranny of the English game laws. When they descant upon the oppressions which have driven them from home, to better their fortunes in this land, this seems to be the sorest and best remembered of their griefs—transportation, for killing a hare or a partridge! The preservation of game is thus associated, in the popular mind, with ideas of aristocracy—peculiar privileges to the rich, and oppression toward the poor! What wonder, then; that men, forgetful of the future, surrendering themselves to the present, mingle with the throng of destructives who seem bent on the extermination of the game, rather than attempt the difficult and unpopular and thankless office of conservators!

I think there will be a reform in this matter—not that I shall witness it. It must be the work of time. When the game shall have been so killed off that the mass of the people shall have no interest in hunting their neighbors' grounds, the law will be reformed; and when that same time arrives, the juries will have no interest in construing away the law. So that we may yet hope to see the time when men may, under the sanction of the law, and without offence or imputation of aristocracy, preserve the game from extermination, and perpetuate, in so doing, the healthful, generous, and noble diversion of hunting.

MARY McNEIL FENOLLOSA

[18— 1

ANNE H. DYER

UNQUESTIONABLY, one of the most brilliant of the younger Southern writers to-day is Mary McNeil Fenollosa.

Mary McNeil was born in the old Southern city of Mobile, Alabama, where she grew up, one of a large family of brothers and sisters. Her parents, William Stoddard McNeil and his wife, who was Miss Laura Sibley, are both people of liberal culture and literary tastes. Aside from his profession, which is that of an architectural draughtsman, Mr. McNeil is himself a poet of no mean ability and a botanist of some distinction. From her father Mary McNeil no doubt inherited largely her poetic gift and her love of Nature, both of which have been of immense aid to her in what has been so far the largest and most important field of her work—that laid in Japan.

Of an ardent nature, abounding vitality and an artistic temperament, the young girl, who developed striking beauty as well as unusual gifts, contracted an early romantic marriage with a young man but little older than herself, Ludolph Chester. This love match, which was during its brief existence a very happy one, was terminated a year or two later by the death of her husband, leaving the young widow still but a girl in her teens. A second marriage some few years later took her to Japan, where, for the first time, her impressionable nature found abundant inspiration in the great beauty and poetic charm of that land. On her return to her own country she began to write verses and stories which found their way to some of our magazines, some of them attracting considerable attention; but her full opportunity for mental development did not come until her marriage, in 1895, with Prof. Ernest F. Fenollosa, the well-known art critic and the authority *par excellence* in this country on all matters pertaining to Oriental art. Her marriage to a man of such profound scholarship, himself richly endowed with poetic and artistic gifts, gave the stimulus, the sympathetic recognition and guidance which only were needed to cause her half-awakened powers to flower into real achievement.

This first took form in a modest book of verse, called 'Out of the Nest,' from the old nursery rhyme: "Some Flew East and Some

Flew West." In this little volume, the only book of verse as yet published by her, is contained some of Mrs. Fenollosa's most distinctive and admirable work. Especially is this the case in the poems of the East—the land of her dear delight. In those particularly are most clearly manifested, not only her lyrical gift but her extraordinary sense of color, her happy charm of suggestiveness, and the rare fine intuition that has enabled her to pierce below mere superficial loveliness and to grasp the spiritual passion, the deep art-impulse of an alien people, as perhaps no one has yet done in quite the same way, and no one, except Lafcadio Hearn, has done at all. This little volume was followed by her first work of fiction, a novel of Southern life: 'Truth Dexter.'

'Truth Dexter' was published under the pseudonym of *Sidney McCall*. It had an immediate success; taking its place from the first as a "best seller," much to the amazement of its author, who had modestly expected but slight recognition from a work of the immature power of which she was the one most keenly aware. Its undoubted and wide popularity, however, instead of filling the writer with a consciousness of easy triumph, only stimulated her to bend her powers more seriously and earnestly to the production of something better. The large advance in conception, in grasp of situations, and in character study is plainly shown in the novel which followed some two years later: 'The Breath of the Gods.' The scene of this work, unlike that of 'Truth Dexter,' is laid almost wholly in Japan, just prior to the great struggle of that nation with Russia. Although diplomatic life is here treated with considerable insight and scope, the real and fundamental problems of character, of the political and social conditions of the time, are purely Japanese. That no such serious work of fiction in this line has before been attempted is recognized by the Japanese themselves, who place it among the valuable works of reference on their country. It is even used in some of the larger schools of that country as a book to be read and studied by Japanese students. While it did not have such an immediate jump into popularity as 'Truth Dexter,' it has very steadily made its way and bids fair to possess a more enduring fame than the latter. It is already in process of being dramatized and put into grand opera abroad. The book, as a matter of fact, was first cast into the form of a play by its author, who, not being entirely satisfied with it in that form, rewrote it as a novel. Its dramatic quality, even in the latter form, is very striking; and the graphic power of description, of pictorial and communicative phrase, is given a much freer and fuller range than the scope of 'Truth Dexter' admitted.

Like the two strands of a woven fabric, or two *motifs* in a

musical theme, are Mrs. Fenollosa's love of Japan and her love of the South. Her nature vibrates between the two as between two poles of being. When she is in Japan the needle of her nature dips toward the South, and *vice versa*; for which reason, odd as it may seem, her Southern novel was written in Japan and her Japanese work was done in her Southern home, near Mobile, which is named after the dear Japanese one so far away: "Kobinata" (Little Sunshine Hill). This double love of her nature is excellently illustrated in the poem "The Two Homes," at the end of the first part of her volume of verse; of which Lafcadio Hearn wrote her that "its charm touches and thrills even this grey and battered old heart." In that kindly Southern soil grow and flourish

"Tender vagrants, exiles sweet,
Nodes where arcs of longing meet."

In the spring the cherry vies with the rose; plum, wistaria and iris mingle their odors with

"Moon-flowers punctually true—
Great magnolias holding up
Each a carven ivory cup."

Mrs. Fenollosa is indeed nowhere so happy, so at home, as in her own garden. Her vigilance and her devoted care and constant supervision have made it a thing of beauty. From her big, airy, open attic study, overlooking the wide lawn, with its stately oaks, magnolias and cedars, was written that prose-poem called 'The Dragon Painter,' which succeeded 'The Breath of the Gods.'

In this short novel, or novelette, is packed the sensuous color, the tones and atmosphere of mystical Japan. It is a fantasy, and yet it is entirely true as a phase of Japanese life and feeling. Essential values cling, like incense, to its pages. Here Mrs. Fenollosa has dipped her brush into the veritable colors of an Eastern palette. No touch of Western life mars the unity of the impression. As a mere *tour de force* it is remarkable for its quality of illusion. Like the inaccessible mountain-azalea growing in a living burst of flame on some far mountain slope, it has the haunting quality of the intangible, the elusive loveliness that escapes and defies our too concrete and destructive grasp of the actual. Here, too, is displayed Mrs. Fenollosa's very admirable work in *genre* study, of which she gave us a hint in 'The Breath of the Gods.'

Mrs. Fenollosa never goes immediately from one large work to another. An interval of rest from the labor of sustained construction she finds necessary; but being of a too active mind and tempera-

ment to let the time pass idly, the interim is generally occupied in the production of verses and short stories. Several of the latter are worthy of mention; notably, a study which appeared in *Everybody's Magazine* during the summer of 1907, called "The White Iris." Here again is very exquisitely shown her charm of color and atmosphere, and more particularly the feeling—what might almost be called the *ancestral* feeling—of the Japanese toward nature. The love of the Japanese for nature has its roots in his very being itself. It is as inseparable from him as his nationality, as those deeper racial impulses that make him what he is. Mrs. Fenollosa's gift lies in having caught the very quality of this feeling: a rare mark of intuitive perception. Among her minor works is a short drama, "The Lady of the Hair-Pins," which for dramatic power, moving pathos, and highly-sustained literary quality, should rank with her best productions.

It would be unfair to speak of Mrs. Fenollosa's literary achievements without also speaking of the admirable quality of encouragement, of constant aid and stimulus given her by Prof. Fenollosa: a fact that none is so quick and so grateful to acknowledge as herself. A remarkable community of aim and thought has been the fertile soil in which Mrs. Fenollosa's gifts of mind and temperament have quickened and been brought to fruition. As she is still a young woman, having scarcely yet reached the high noon of life, we may confidently expect that her work so far is but the brilliant promise of what is yet to come; and that the South is to be enriched by works from her pen of an even more ripened and brilliant power.

Anne H. Dyer

IN THE WOODS

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DEW still glistened in the shadows as Truth went, searching for the memories of her childhood, into the wide, silent treasure-house of the forest. At first, as if resentful of minor impressions, she was deliberately unobservant. Her old green sunbonnet with its dear, indelible stains of blackberry, persimmon, and walnut, she drew downward until her lowered eyes could see only a semicircle of ground—now flecked with dry grass, now bare—and this kept moving with her, like the cardboard turf about the feet of a paper-doll. The vague, familiar odor of earth, mingled with that of the old bonnet and black shawl (the same she had worn on the beach at Biloxi), produced a partial anæsthesia, in which recent events dissolved and those of childhood began to take on luminous outlines.

It was one of those Southern March mornings when the wind, shamed into gentleness, wanders irresolute from hill to hill, or drowzes with violets in the valleys. The main road, pink from its amalgamation of sand and clay, stretched out like a fallen scarf of dawn, and upon it the trees dropped leaf-shadows in olive mosaics. All was motionless save where a dewy spray flouted the unceremonious leave-taking of a bird. Far off a woodpecker tapped his hollow drum.

Bending her course now from the main road into the wood, she took a little pathless path down the slope, here embossed with countless tiny, scalloped terraces banked up with pine-straw and the roots of grass, and brimmed with pink-white sand. Between could be traced, in shadowy ripples, the water-courses of many a summer shower. As a child how often had she planted her iris banners, and worked out flower-tales of mediæval chivalry upon these pigmy battlements! She was at the very scene of Ivanhoe's triumph—her Ivanhoe of a twig, in leaf armor and acorn helmet. The little drama seemed to spring into life before her eyes. A spasmodic contraction caught at her throat. She flung back her head and

clutched the nearest tree for support. It was a slender dogwood in full, white pomp of blossom.

When dogwood's white,
Fishers delight!

That was what she and grandpa used to sing! The snowy discs fluttered down upon her in an indignant shower. She swayed a moment with the tree, and kept closed eyes until the cool, thin myrrh of the pines should have brought strength.

She strolled on now more slowly. The forgotten sun-bonnet hung in an octagonal green bucket at the back of her neck. On every side great pines stood rigidly upright in the slanting soil, their brown, scarred trunks softening to purple in the broad belts of distance. From the roof overhead a pine-burr suddenly fell, as, in old Eastern temples, a bronze bolt, or knob, is loosed, at last, from mouldering timbers.

Truth stopped for the gift, but paused before she reached it, arrested by a new odor, a new, delicious, tantalizing fragrance that seemed a challenge, a call, the laughter of a hidden sprite. In an instant she had flung herself on her knees and was tearing straw and dry leaves from a heap at the edge of the nearest embankment. Her cheeks were crimson, her lips already parted for the cry of triumph. Yes, she had found it already—a great cluster of wild arbutus, waxen, with coral buds!

She knelt over, sniffing at them, taking in long, quivering breaths; then, prone on the earth, with one elbow deep in sand, began deliberately to pluck away each bit of straw and dead leaf. She marvelled for the hundredth time at the delicate adjustment of blossoms among such extraneous substances. Not a petal was scratched. The close, green foliage, richly fluted, and lined with thin, brown fur, was almost as wonderful as the flowers. After all, it was no less than a miracle that here, from a handful of sand caught up in a crescent of dead leaves, should spring a wreath of wax, enamel, and gems. Who taught the buds to draw red ichor from the same source that gave their shielding coats impervious harshness?

When the whole group lay clear, even to a circling border of bare earth, Truth rose and stood above it in silent adoration. Then she walked away, pulled down her bonnet over her eyes once more, and, turning, came back, pretending surprise at the discovery. At last she knelt again, selected one tiny, crimson bud-spray as trophy, and carefully, twig by twig, leaf by leaf, replaced about the others their rude covering. Her troubles had vanished; she was Truth, the child, once more.

Now she looked about her frankly. At the foot of the hill lay a dark, thick line of other trees than pines, a blue-green wall of huge magnolias, cypresses, tulip trees, and bay, these, with a thick undergrowth of glossy-leaved shrubs, marking the course of "the branch." Rich, moist odors rose among the pine-stems to greet her, that indescribable earth-smell which is the incense of all true nature worshippers, and the more tangible hints of dripping resin, and the thick, oozing juices of gums. As her foot touched the first spongy outskirt, she said aloud, "O God, don't let the snakes bite me!" This prayer she had always uttered, when as a child she had ventured into supposed lairs of the moccasin or rattlesnake. She felt nothing incongruous in it now, only the usual childish confidence that she was protected. The "branch" flowers are late, and none were here to welcome her except the wine-colored stars of the red bay. These she gloated over with eye, touch, and nostril. The cinnamon-brown, clear water at her feet, gathered from hillside springs to creep in sunless convolutions toward the distant river, reflected familiarly the silhouette of her light-poised figure. Naked cypress knees thrust themselves upward from round, soaked beds of moss and Mitchella vines, and intertwined tree-roots made a chain of little islands across the sullen flood. Truth, laughing in sheer delight, commenced the precarious passage. Half-way across she encountered an old friend, a magnolia, growing almost horizontally, with one supporting elbow in the stream. She leaned both arms on it to rest, and fell to caressing a well-remembered group of tree ferns.

Beyond the branch another hill sloped slowly and dimly upward among endless tiers of pine-pillars. Here fell, wafted on counter-currents of air, a new odor, an influence faint as

yet, but irresistibly sweet, piercing, and subtle. She gave a little cry; her heart leaped, and her swift feet followed.

The yellow jasmine! She found it in a little clearing of oaklings at the very top of the hill. The trees were leafless yet, but at the tip of every spray grew a swollen red leaf-bud apparently on the point of bursting. Upon the ground between the trees tangled masses of vines writhed and struggled, wiry, purple stems winged at intervals with flame-points of emerald and silver. No blossom crests tossed on these riotous waves, but up the trunk of every tree ran green and purple spirals, which darted, aspiring, to the very tip, and there, audacious, glorious, triumphant, shouted the praises of spring from a thousand golden bugles. The echo of the call was perfume. Truth felt her senses reel with it.

"Oh, I can't reach you! Come down, come down! I must have you."

The flowers bridled and tossed; the yellow sprays tinkled in the sun like a golden fountain.

"Come down!" she cried again. A saucy flower unhooked itself and struck her between the eyes. She laughed as she caught it. "Is this all I'm to have? Then all right!" She turned away singing.

"How clumsy and stupid hot-house flowers are!" she thought. "They are just like stuffed squirrels. I wonder why things get so heavy and helpless when they are cultivated. Just imagine having to smoke off bugs from a wild jasmine vine!" She regarded the flower in her hand with close scrutiny.

"I reckon these seem more real because they grow as nature meant to have them. Somehow it seems almost wicked to over-cultivate flowers—or people either." The thought of cities choked up in her throat. She tossed it off with a shake of her head. "How I *hate* hot-houses, glass, and gardeners!"

The smile faded from her eyes. She walked abstractedly, with drooping head, until a big blue violet, staring eagerly, caught her attention. She was down beside it in a moment, one finger under the velvet chin, that she might gaze more deeply into the single, mysterious, yellow eye. "Dear little violet," she said in a solemn voice, "if ever you see a gardener coming, you take my advice and just—die! It will save lots

of trouble." The violet nodded sagely, and continued nodding, as if talking to itself, long after Truth had passed. The two understood each other perfectly.

But sad thoughts had no power to cling a day like this. Oh, the joy of being in her woods again! Was ever a sky so blue? No chiselled dome could be more tangible. The fringed openings of pine-branches cut it into irregular shapes; each area might have been a slab of turquoise set in green bronze. The beams of the sun came in sheaves and bands through purple pine-trunks, that were half dissolved in golden mist before they could touch the earth. Sharp contrasts were eliminated. The luminous solvent crept with the warmth and lull of an elixir into the heart.

Truth wandered inconsequently from point to point, her course making odd little parallelograms and zigzags through the dry, scant grass. Now a wild iris beckoned her, a pointed, azure flame springing from the ashes of last year's growth; now a group of ferns, half-hidden in some tiny cave or dell, about to unroll curled fronds of chrysoprased, hung with loose white filaments, as of forgotten moon-rays. The great bronze welts upon the buckeye she knew for volcanoes of struggling leaves; the dried umbels and racemes of a vanished summer were pledges of beauty and rebirth. The dogwood trees gleamed out ever and again, and always with startling effect. Violets, iris, jasmine, and arbutus abounded. Not an inch of earth but might produce a friend. These, these alone were her kin, her companions; this was true living, this the only life—to blend one's self with the being of the kind old earth, to lean one's tired head upon her knee, and let the mesmeric fingers of the wind exorcise the circle of the world's troubled phantoms.

She threw herself prone upon the old shawl, but kept her hands and cheek upon the sand. Her eyes closed in a drowsy beatitude of utter irresponsibility. The great, steady magnet of the earth radiated peace. She smiled dreamily as the sun threw over her a thin coverlet of warmth.

For an hour she lay there, neither asleep nor awake, but in the blessing of unreflecting trance, of impression more keen and inclusive for its directness, the consciousness of Nature's primeval races, and, so lying, so dreaming, her

human body drifted, as it were, into a world of other dimensions, the plane of things that leaf and bud; her blood ran as cool as the sweet sap along swaying boughs, and, through a stillness as absolute as if her heart had stopped—out of the very hush of finite movement—a new and larger rhythm filled gradually the vacuum of her perceptions and she drew herself to be a mere sentient atom, part of the diurnal motion of a great, dumb planet, helplessly secure, transmutably persistent.

In her slow return to a perception of personal identity, Truth Dexter, the individual, dawned as a clear vision from the troubled haze of recent experiences. What had she to do with Craighead, culture, and Boston? It was a pagan soul that lay there, sleepy and strong. A slight movement overhead drew her attention to a squirrel that peered down at her from a pine-branch, with round bright eyes and head tilted daintily. At that moment he was much nearer of kin than the grandmother who waited so anxiously at home.

Truth closed her eyes again, and a drowsy stir of speculation made her wonder whether, in some early incarnation, in a world as yet unpeopled, her spirit might not have been that of a pine tree or a hillside stream, which to-day's loosening of successive sheaves had freed for a last vision of Nature's harmony.

The sun, now directly overhead, caressed her with too fervent kindness. Idly she planted a little weed-stalk upward and noted that it cast no shadow.

"Why, it must be twelve!" she said aloud.

She gave a long sigh that was half a smile, and rose slowly to her feet, looking all the while around upon the forest.

"Yes, I must go," she repeated as if to the trees. "But, oh, how glad I am that I came! It is not lost. I have found it now, forever, and it was, myself. Sometimes it seemed to be lost, but it was only watching for me here!"

She stooped for the shawl and bonnet. Suddenly the old look of anguish darkened her face. Letting them fall she flung her arms impetuously about the nearest pine. "Old pine!" she cried, "did you ever have lightning crash down through your branches, so that you thought for a while you were dead, and could never grow any more? Well, that is

just how I have been feeling! But after a while the first dreadful hurt passes, and you know that you are not dead—that you are even going to keep on growing. Yes, even if half of you is torn away you must keep on growing with what is left. The birds and squirrels won't laugh at your scars; and after a while, vines will creep up to hide the ugly spaces. Isn't it so, dear tree-friend?"

The tree answered nothing, but that is often the way with a thoughtful listener.

KANO

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THE old folks call it Yeddo. To the young, "Tokyo" has a pleasant, modern sound, and comes glibly. But whether young or old, those whose home it is know that the great flat city, troubled with green hills, cleft by a shining river, and veined in living canals, is the central spot of all the world.

Storms visit Tokyo—with fury often, sometimes with destruction. Earthquakes cow it; snow falls upon its temple roofs, swings in wet, dazzling masses from the bamboo plumes, or balances in white strata along green-black pine branches. The summer sun scorches the face of Yeddo, and summer rain comes down in wide bands of light. With evening the mist creeps up, thrown over it like a covering, casting a spell of silence through which the yellow lanterns of the hurrying jinrikishas dance an elfish dance, and the voices of the singing-girls pierce like fine blades of sound.

But to know the full charm of the great city, one must wake with it at some rebirth of dawn. This hour gives to the imaginative in every land a thrill, a yearning, and a pang of visual regeneration. In no place is this wonder more deeply touched with mystery than in modern Tokyo.

Far off to the east the Sumida River lies in sleep. Beyond it, temple roofs—black keels of sunken vessels—cut a sky still powdered thick with stars. Nothing moves, and yet a something changes! The darkness shivers as to a cold

touch. A pallid haze breathes wanly on the surface of the impassive sky. The gold deepens swiftly and turns to a faint rose flush. The stars scamper away like mice.

Across the moor of gray house eaves the mist wavers. Day troubles it. A pink light rises to the zenith, and the mist shifts and slips away in layers, pink and gold and white. Now far beyond the grayness, to the west, the cone of Fuji flashes into splendor. It, too, is pink. Its shape is of a lotos bud, and the long fissures that plough a mountain side are now but delicate gold veining on a petal. Slowly it seems to open. It is the chalice of a new day, the signal and the pledge of consecration. Husky crows awake in the pine trees, and doves under the temple eaves. The east is red beyond the river, and the round, red sun, insignia of this land, soars up like a cry of triumph.

On the glittering road of the Sumida, loaded barges, covered for the night with huge squares of fringed straw mats, begin to nod and preen themselves like a covey of gigantic river birds. Sounds of prayer and of silver matin bells come from the temples, where priest and acolyte greet the Lord Buddha of a new day. From tiny chimneyless kitchens of a thousand homes thin blue feathers of smoke make slow upward progress, to be lost in the last echoes of the vanishing mist. Sparrows begin to chirp, first one, then ten, then thousands. Their voices have the clash and chime of a myriad small triangles.

The wooden outer panels (*amado*) of countless dwellings are thrust noisily aside and stacked into a shallow closet. The noise reverberates from district to district in a sharp musketry of sound. Maid servants call cheerily across bamboo fences. *Shoji* next are opened, disclosing often the dull green mosquito net hung from corner to corner of the low-ceiled sleeping rooms. Children, in brilliant night robes, run to the verandas to see the early sun; cocks strut in pigmy gardens. Now, from along the streets rise the calls of flower peddlers, of venders of fish, bean-curd, vegetables, and milk. Thus the day comes to modern Tokyo, which the old folks still call Yeddo.

On such a midsummer dawn, not many years ago, old Kano Indara, sleeping in his darkened chamber, felt the sum-

mons of an approaching joy. Beauty tugged at his dreams. Smiling, as a child that is led by love, he rose, drew aside softly the shoji, then the amado of his room, and then, with face uplifted, stepped down into his garden. The beauty of the ebbing night caught at his sleeve, but the dawn held him back.

It was the moment just before the great Sun took place upon his throne. Kano still felt himself lord of the green space round about him. On their pretty bamboo trellises the potted morning-glory vines held out flowers as yet unopened. They were fragile, as if of tissue, and were beaded at the crinkled tips with dew. Kano's eyelids, too, had dew of tears upon them. He crouched close to the flowers. Something in him, too, some new ecstasy was to unfurl. His lean body began to tremble. He seated himself at the edge of the narrow, railless veranda along which the growing plants were ranged. One trembling 'bud reached out as if it wished to touch him.

The old man shook with the beating of his own heart. He was an artist. Could he endure another revelation of joy? Yes, his soul, renewed ever as the gods themselves renew their youth, was to be given the inner vision. Now, to him, this was the first morning. Creation bore down upon him.

The flower, too, had begun to tremble. Kano turned directly to it. The filmy, azure angles at the tip were straining to part, held together by just one drop of light. Even as Kano stared the drop fell heavily, splashing on his hand. The flower, with a little sob, opened to him, and questioned him of life, of art, of immortality. The old man covered his face, weeping.

The last of his race was Kano Indara; the last of a mighty line of artists. Even in this material age his fame spread as the mists of his own land, and his name was known in barbarian countries far across the sea. Tokyo might fall under the blight of progress, but Kano would hold to the traditions of his race. To live as a true artist—to die as one—this was his care. He might have claimed high position in the great Art Museum recently inaugurated by the new government, and housed in an abomination of pink stucco

with Moorish towers at the four corners. He might even have been elected president of the new Academy, and have presided over the Italian sculptors and degenerate French painters imported to instruct and "civilize" modern Japan. Stiff graphite pencils, making lines as hard and sharp as those in the faces of foreigners themselves, were to take the place of the soft charcoal flake whose stroke was of satin and young leaves. Horrible brushes, fashioned of the hair of swine, pinched in by metal bands, and wielded with a hard tapering stick of varnished wood, were to be thrust into the hands of artists—yes—artists—men who, from childhood, had known the soft pliant Japanese brush almost as a spirit hand—had felt the joy of the long stroke down fibrous paper where the very thickening and thinning of the line, the turn of the brush here, the easing of it there, made visual music—men who had realized the brush as part not only of the body but of the soul—such men, indeed—such artists, were to be offered a bunch of hog bristles, set in foreign tin. Why, even in the annals of Kano's own family more than one faithful brush had acquired a soul of its own, and after the master's death had gone on lamenting in his written name. But the foreigners' brushes, and their little tubes of ill-smelling gum colored with dead hues! Kano shuddered anew at the thought.

Naturally he hated all new forms of government. He regretted and deplored the magnanimity of his Emperor in giving to his people, so soon, a modern constitution. What need had Art of a constitution?

Across the northern end of Yeddo runs the green welt of a table-land. Midway, at the base of this, tucked away from northern winds, hidden in green bamboo hedges, Kano lived, a mute protest against the new. Beside himself, of the household were Umè-ko, his only child, and an old family servant, Mata.

Kano's garden, always the most important part of a Japanese dwelling place, ran out in one continuous, shallow terrace to the south. A stone wall upheld its front edge from the narrow street; and on top of this wall stiff hedges grew. In one corner, however, a hillock had been raised, a "Moon Viewing Place," such as poets and artists have always found

necessary. From its flat top old Kano had watched through many years the rising of the moon; had seen, as now, a new dawn possess a new-created earth—had traced the outlines of the stars. By day he sometimes loved to watch the little street below, delighting in the motion and color of passing groups.

For the garden, itself, it was fashioned chiefly of sand, pebbles, stones, and many varieties of pine, the old artist's favorite plant. A small rock-bound pond curved about the inner base of the moon-viewing hill, duplicating in its clear surface the beauties near. A few splendid carp, the color themselves of dawn, swam lazily about with noses in the direction of the house whence came, they well knew, liberal offerings of rice and cake.

Kano had his plum trees, too; the classic "umè," loved of all artists, poets, and decent-minded people generally. One tree, a superb specimen of the kind called "Crouching-Dragon-Plum," writhed and twisted near the veranda of the chamber of its name-child, Umè-ko, thrusting one leafy arm almost to the paper shoji of her wall. Kano's transient flowers were grown for the most part in pots, and these his daughter Umè-ko loved to tend. There were morning-glories for the mid-summer season, peonies and iris for the spring, and chrysanthemums for autumn. One foreign rose-plant, pink of bloom, in a blue-gray jar, had been pruned and trained into a beauty that no Western rose-bush ever knew.

Behind the Kano cottage the rise of ground for twenty yards was of a grade scarcely perceptible to the eye. Here Mata did the family washing; dried daikon in winter, and sweet-potato slices in the summer sun. This small space she considered her special domain, and was at no pains to conceal the fact. Beyond, the hill went upward suddenly with the curve of a cresting wave. Higher it rose and higher, bearing a tangled growth of vines and ferns and bamboo grass; higher and higher, until it broke, in sheer mid-air, with a coarse foam of rock, thick shrubs, and stony ledges. Almost at the zenith of the cottage garden it poised, and a great camphor tree, centuries old, soared out into the blue like a green balloon.

Behind the camphor tree, again, and not visible from the

garden below, stood a temple of the "Shingon" sect, the most mystic of the old esoteric Buddhist forms. To the rear of this the broad, low, rectangular buildings of a nunnery, gray and old as the temple itself, brooded among high hedges of the sacred mochi tree. This retreat had been famous for centuries throughout Japan. More than once a Lady Abbess had been yielded from the Imperial family. Formerly the temple had owned many koku of rich land; had held feudal sway over rice fields and whole villages, deriving princely revenue. With the restoration of the Emperor to temporal power, some thirty years before the beginning of this story, most of the land had been confiscated; and now, shrunk like the papal power at Rome, the temple claimed, in land, only those acres bounded by its own hedges and stone temple walls. There were the main building itself, silent, impressive in towering majesty; subordinate chapels and dwellings for priests, a huge smoke-stained refectory, the low nunnery in its spreading gardens and, down the northern slope of the hill, the cemetery, a lichen-growth, as it were, of bristling, close-set tombs in gray stone, the splintered regularity broken in places by the tall rounded column of a priest's grave, set in a ring of wooden sotoba. At irregular intervals clusters of giant bamboo trees sprang like green flame from the fissures of gray rock.

Even in humiliation, in comparative poverty, the temple dominated, for miles around, the imagination of the people, and was the great central note of the landscape. The immediate neighborhood was jealously proud of it. Country folk journeying by the street below, looked up with lips that whispered invocation. Children climbed the long stone steps to play in the temple courtyard, and feed the beautiful tame doves that lived among the carved dragons of the temple eaves.

In that gray cemetery on the further slope Kano's wife, the young mother who died so long ago that Umè-ko could not remember her at all, slept beneath a granite shaft which said, "A Flower having blossomed in the Night, the Halls of the Gods are fragrant." This was the Buddhist kaimyo, or priestly invocation to the spirit of the dead. Of the more personal part of the young mother, her name, age, and the

date of her "divine retirement," these were recorded in the household shrine of the Kano cottage, where her "ihai" stood, just behind a little lamp of pure vegetable oil whose light had never yet been suffered to die. Through this shrine, and the daily loving offices required by it, she had never ceased to be a presence in the house. Even in his passionate desire for a son to inherit the name and traditions of his race, old Kano had not been able to endure the thought of a second wife who might wish the shrine removed.

Umè-ko and her father were well known at the temple, and worshipped often before its golden altars. But Mata scorned the ceremony of the older creed. She was a Shinshu, a Protestant. Her sect discarded mysticism as useless, believed in the marriage of priests, and in the abolition of the monastic life, and relied for salvation only on the love and mercy of Amida, the Buddha of Light.

Sometimes at twilight a group of shadowy human figures, gray as the doves themselves, crept out from the nunnery gate, crossed the wide, pebbled courtyard of the temple and stood, for long moments, by the gnarled roots of the camphor tree, staring out across the beauty of the plain of Yeddo; its shining bay a great mirror to the south, and off, on the western horizon, where the last light hung, Fuji, a cone of porphyry, massive against the gold.

THE MAGNOLIA

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O flowers of the garden, of skilled and human care,
Sweet heliotrope, and violet, and orchid frail and fair,
Pour out your love to happier hearts; the woodland flowers
for me,
The pallid, creamy blossoms of the dark magnolia tree!

I close my eyes; my soul lifts up to float with their perfume,
And dull the body lying in this narrow city room.
Again I am a happy child. I leap and joy to see
The great curved petals wavering slip from out the gleaming
tree.

As holy grail, or pearl inwrought, or carven ivory cup,
 They stand on bronze and emerald bough, and brim their
 sweetness up;
 And underneath a happy child!—O days that used to be!
 In distant land, the flowers still stand upon the dark green
 tree.

THE TWO HOMES

Safe at home, a shrine of love,
 Deep in scented Eastern grove,
 Live I, love I, tend and sew
 Much as Western women do,
 Yet the life is richer far,
 Owning thus a double star;
 One must joy in alien ways,
 Learn, adapt, and paraphrase,
 Making light the yoke devised
 By a world called civilized.

But because of loves as kind,
 In my garden you will find
 Flowers that knew but Western skies;
 Pansies sweet, with homesick eyes;
 Jasmine looped on purple stems
 Crowned with golden diadems;
 Great magnolias holding up
 Each a carven ivory cup;
 Moon-flowers punctually true
 As those the Southern breezes woo.

* * * * * *

In that home I call my other
 Lives my comrade, friend, and mother;
 She to whom the empty miles
 Seem but deeper mother-smiles,
 She to whom the alien hours
 Seem a calendar of flowers.
 In her garden thrive and grow
 Blooms that Eastern races know,
 Tender vagrants, exiles sweet,
 Nodes where arcs of longing meet.

When my sleeping daisies wake
I must greet them for her sake;
When her cherry-blossoms shine
I can feel her heart in mine.
Swift from pink or plum or rose
Mutual benediction goes,
Till the very birds must guess
All my garden's preciousness—
Surely life is sweet to lend,
Home and lover, flower and friend!

AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH

Out from its casket of pungent calf,
Out from the strata of yellowing leaves
I startled a picture—a photograph
Hid like a fern, in the Old World's sleeves.

I caught it, and stared with my heart at bay.
Sweet eyes! Sweet lips! And a smile like light!
The face, as a rose, in its dew-dreams lay,
How could she know of the coming night?

Why should I shrink from her unknown fears?
I am a woman, proud and cold.
I'm done with shrinking, and done with tears.
Who weeps on the pictured face I hold?

Why should I rise, with a sudden start,
Seeking a mirror; with eyes flashed keen
From one to the other? Oh! withered heart!
And the row of grimacing ghosts between!

THREE WOMEN

I know three women. One is brave, and strong
To lift calm eyes beside her chosen king.
Upward they toil, nor scornful whispering,
Nor dull indifference, nor suffered wrong
Can balk their striving; but the way is long.
The next is wild and free; and, as a wing
May cleave the azure of a prairie's ring,
Her mateless soul would cleave the rim of song.
The third is gentle, hushed in quiet needs,
A brooding bird among the water-reeds.
Love is her heaven; and, where it mirrored lies,
Lean the blue blossoms of her children's eyes.
"Clear types," you say, "and strangely set apart."
Look deeper, friend, 'tis but one woman's heart.

AFTER THE STORM

They think because we write of grief and passion
That all the tempest of a soul is there.
O, this is not the soul's or ocean's fashion;
Wait for the lull, when shores are broad and bare.

Wait till the storm has passed, and ocean cowers
In vast submission to a fate too strong;
Then on the beach, in shreds of deep-sea flowers,
We find the shells, the broken shells of song.

A FRIEND

After the Japanese.

The drooping plum-tree meekly bears
The snows that mock her coming bloom.
But, ah, her friend, the nightingale,
Leaps to her bough, and sings perfume.

TO A JAPANESE NIGHTINGALE

Dark on the face of a low, full moon
Swayeth the tall bamboo.
No flute nor quiver of song is heard,
Though sheer on the tip a small brown bird
Sways to an inward tune.

O small brown bird, like a dusky star,
Lone on the tall bamboo,
Thou germ of the soul of a summer night,
Thou quickening core of a lost delight,
Of ecstasy born afar,

Soar out thy bliss to the tingling air,
Sing from the tall bamboo.
Loosen the long, clear, syrup note
That shimmers and throbs in thy delicate throat;
Mellow my soul's despair!

FUJISAN FROM ENOSHIMA

O Thou divine, remote, ineffable!
Thou cone of visions based on level sea,
Thou ache of joy in pale eternity,
Thou gleaming pearl in night's encrusted shell,
Thou frozen ghost, thou crystal citadel,
Heart-hushed I gaze, until there seems to be
Nothing in heaven or earth, but thee and me;
I the faint echo, thou the crystal bell!

Time rolls beneath me, as the waves' long foam,
And thoughts, as drifting weeds, float vaguely by,
Leaving my ransomed soul to fill the dome
Which curves, by day, thy cloud-fringed canopy.
Measured by gods, I draw my human height—
Then hide me, weeping. I have faced the light!

OSCAR PENN FITZGERALD

[1829—1911]

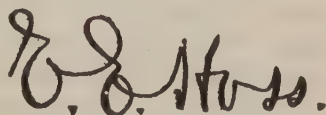
E. E. HOSS

OSCAR P. FITZGERALD was born in Caswell County, North Carolina, August 29, 1829. His father's people were of the Leinster Fitzgeralds, and his mother's of the Virginia Goodes. Though denied the benefits of a college education, he had a good school training. At the age of fourteen he went to Lynchburg and entered the office of the old *Lynchburg Republican*, where for six years his wits were sharpened by contact with men of intelligence and by the incessant reading of newspapers and general literature. At the end of that time he returned to his native state, and for a year or so taught a private school in Rockingham County. Nature, however, did not cut him out for a school teacher. During his stay in Lynchburg he had already begun to write for the press, and his fingers were itching to use the pen. An opportunity being offered him in 1852 to do work on the *Richmond Examiner*, of which John M. Daniel was then the editor, he promptly accepted it. About two years later he removed to Macon, Georgia, with the purpose of becoming one of the editors of the *Macon Telegraph*, a strong and influential State Rights journal. Soon after reaching Macon he suffered an attack of typhoid fever, at the close of which, following an impulse that had long been in his heart, he identified himself with the Methodist Church. A little later he was licensed to preach, and put in charge of a congregation of colored Methodists. The following year, having in the mean time been regularly received into the Georgia Conference, he was sent as junior preacher to Trinity Church, Savannah. In the fall of 1854 he was married to Miss Sarah Banks, of an old and highly respectable Georgia family, and, in response to a call from Bishop J. O. Andrew, sailed as a missionary to California, taking the Isthmus route. For the three years following he did effective work, both in the mining camps and in the growing towns of the new State, and laid the foundation for that wide range of acquaintanceship which he subsequently formed along the whole Pacific Coast. A providential opening in 1858 made him editor of the *Pacific Methodist* and kept him in that position till 1867. This part of his career was somewhat stormy. Right through the passions of the Civil War, in the face of fierce criticisms, and

often of personal danger, he maintained a steadfast front, never lowering his flag nor abating one jot or tittle of his devotion to his Church and his native section. From 1867 to 1871 he was Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of California, having been elected by a large majority as the nominee of the Democratic party. At the end of his term, and again in 1875, he was renominated, but on each of these latter occasions suffered defeat by the Republican nominee. Closing up his term of public office with great credit, he reentered the pastorate and filled several important charges. In 1877 he launched *Fitzgerald's Home Newspaper*, a periodical of the highest moral and literary excellence, and one that gave promise of great success. But the General Conference which met in Atlanta, Georgia, May, 1878, selected him to be editor of the *Christian Advocate*, the general organ of the Church, in succession to the late Dr. Thomas O. Summers, in which post of honor he was continued by two successive reelections for twelve years. The General Conference of 1890, in session at St. Louis, Missouri, chose him Bishop. He remained in the active work of the Episcopacy till 1902, since which time he has been on the superannuated list. In the midst of his pressing official duties, Bishop Fitzgerald has always performed much literary labor and even now, in his seventy-ninth year, he is still very busy.

His home at the present is at Nashville, Tennessee, where after thirty years of residence he is loved and honored by the whole community. In personal appearance Bishop Fitzgerald is a striking figure, being a little more than six feet tall, straight as an arrow, lithe and muscular, and without an ounce of superfluous flesh. His once raven black hair, now a white crown of glory, broad forehead, keen gray eyes, prominent nose, mobile lips and firm chin, all combine to give him a distinguished look. His manners are affable to the highest degree. I have not known a man who possessed a greater social charm. It is doubtful whether he ever entered any circle without at once becoming a center of attraction. Among the mixed multitudes of the Pacific Slope he had an immense personal following, inside and outside the church. Men of all creeds and of no creed were his strong and passionate friends. From his earliest youth Bishop Fitzgerald has been a diligent reader of the best English literature. Much of his distinctive style as a writer is due to this fact. He possesses a singularly pure taste in the selection and use of words, and a most uncommon lightness and brightness of touch in composition. It is not depreciating his other work to say that he will be best remembered as an editor. In many respects he has had no superior on the religious press of America. Of the paragraph, in

particular, he is the perfect master. A worthy volume of his brief and finished utterances might easily be selected from the pages of the *Christian Advocate*. Among all his books there is perhaps none that contains so many distinctly literary qualities as his 'California Sketches.' Some of the short stories embodied in that enticing volume are fit to be compared with the best work of Bret Harte. In the apt delineation of character he is preëminent, as appears from his biographies of Drs. Summers, McFerrin, and Longstreet, as well as from many stray productions. A very human man is the Bishop. Nothing has ever interested him so much as men. An intense Southerner, a Democrat of the sort that would have delighted Andrew Jackson's heart, an ardent Methodist; as he draws near the close of a long life he has, if not riches, at least honor and troops of friends.



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MY FIRST SUNDAY IN THE MINES

From 'California Sketches.' All selections are copyrighted by the author, and are used by his permission.

SONORA, in 1855, was an exciting, wild, wicked, fascinating place. Gold dust and gamblers were plentiful. A rich mining camp is a bonanza to the sporting fraternity. The peculiar excitement of mining is near akin to gambling, and seems to prepare the gold hunter for the faro bank and monte table. The life was free and spiced with tragedy. The men were reckless, the women few and not wholly select. The conventionalities of older communities were ignored. People dressed and talked as they pleased, and were a law unto themselves. Even a parson could gallop at full speed

through a mining camp without exciting remark. To me it was all new, and at first a little bewildering, but there was a charm about it that lingers pleasantly in the memory after the lapse of all these long years from 1855 to date.

Sonora was a picture unique in its beauty as I first looked down upon it from the crest of the highest hill above the town that bright May morning. The air was exhilarating, electric. The sky was deep blue, without a speck of cloud. The town lay stretched between two ranges of hills, the cozy cottages and rude cabins straggling along their sides, while the full tide of life flowed through Washington Street in the center, where thousands of miners jostled one another as they moved to and fro. High hills encircled the place on all sides protectingly, and Bald Mountain, dark and bare, lifted above all the rest, seemed to watch the Queen City of the mines like a dusky duenna. The far-off Sierras, white and cold, lay propped against the sky like shrouded giants under their winding sheets of snow. Near me stood a lone pine which had escaped the ruthless ax because there was a grave under it marked by a rude cross.

Descending to the main street again, I found it crowded with flannel-shirted men. They seemed to be excited, judging from their loud tones and fierce gesticulations.

"They have caught Felipe at French Camp, and they will have him here by ten o'clock," said one of a group near me.

"Yes, and the boys are getting ready to swing the cursed greaser when he gets here," said another, savagely.

On inquiry, I learned that the gentleman for whose arrival such preparation was being made was a Mexican who had stabbed to the heart a policeman named Sheldon two nights before. The assassin fled the town, but the sheriff and his posse had gotten on his track, and, pursuing rapidly, had overtaken him at French Camp, and were now returning with their prisoner in charge. Sheldon was a good-natured, generous fellow, popular with the "boys." He was brave to a fault, perhaps a little too ready at times to use his pistol. Two Mexicans had been shot by him since his call to police duty, and, though the Americans justified him in so doing, the Mexicans cherished a bitter feeling toward him. Sheldon

knew that he was hated by those swarthy fellows whose strong point is not forgiveness of enemies, and not long before the tragedy was heard to say, in a half-serious tone: "I expect to die in my boots." Poor fellow! it came sooner than he thought.

By ten o'clock Washington Street was densely thronged by red and blue shirted men, whose remarks showed that they were ripe for mischief.

"Hang him, I say! If we allow the officers who watch for our protection when we are asleep to be murdered in this way, nobody is safe. I say hang him!" shouted a thick-chested miner, gritting his teeth.

"That's the talk! swing him!" "Hang him!" "Put cold lead through him!" and such like expressions were heard on all sides.

Suddenly there was a rush of the crowd toward the point where Washington Street intersected with the Jamestown Road. Then the tide flowed backward, and came surging by the place where I was standing.

"There he comes! at him, boys!" "A rope! a rope!" "Go for him!" shouted a hundred voices.

The object of the popular execration, guarded by the sheriff and a posse of about twenty men, was hurried along in the middle of the street, his hat gone, his bosom bare, a red sash around his waist. He was a bad-looking fellow, and in the rapid glances he cast at the angry crowd around him there was more of hate than fear. The flashes of his dark eyes made one think of the gleam of the deadly Spanish dirk. The twenty picked men guarding him had each a revolver in his hand, with Major Solomon, the sheriff, at their head. The mob knew Solomon. He had distinguished himself for cool courage in the Mexican War, and they were well aware that those pistols were paraded for use if occasion demanded.

The prisoner was taken into the Placer Hotel, where the coroner's jury was held, the mob surrounding the building and roaring like a sea.

"There they come! go for him, boys!" was shouted as the doors were flung open, and Felipe appeared, attended by his guard.

A rush was made, but there was Solomon with his twenty men pistol in hand, and no man dared to lay a hand on the murderer. With steady step they marched to the jail, the crowd parting as the sheriff and his posse advanced, and the prisoner was hurried inside and the doors locked.

Baffled thus, for a few moments the mob was silent, and then it exploded with imprecations and yells: "Break open the door!" "Tear down the jail!" "Bring him out!" "Who has a rope?" "Out with him!"

Cool and collected, Solomon stood on the doorstep, his twenty men standing holding their revolvers ready. The County Judge Quint attempted to address the excited mass, but his voice was drowned by their yells. The silver-tongued Henry P. Barber, an orator born, and whose sad career would make a romance of thrilling interest, essayed to speak, but even his magic voice was lost in the tornado of popular fury.

I had climbed a high fence above the jail yard, where the whole scene was before me. When Barber gave up the attempt to get a hearing from the mob, there was a momentary silence. Solomon saw the opportunity, and lifting his hand, he said: "Will you hear me a moment? I am not fool enough to think that with these twenty men I can whip this crowd. You can overcome us by your numbers and kill us if you choose. Perhaps you will do it—I am ready for that. I don't say I can prevent you, but I do say"—and here his eye kindled and his voice had a steel-like ring—"the first man that touches that jail door dies!"

There was a perceptible thrill throughout that dense mass of human beings. No man volunteered to lead an assault on the jail door. Solomon followed up this stroke: "Boys, when you take time to reflect, you will see that this is all wrong. I was elected by your votes, and you are acting in bad faith when you put me in a position where I must violate my sworn duty or fight you. This is the holy Sabbath day. Back in our old homes we have been used to different scenes from this. The prisoner will be kept, and tried, and duly punished by the law. Let us give three cheers for the clergy of California, two of whom I see present [pointing to where my Presbyterian neighbor, the Rev. S. S. Harmon, and

I were perched conspicuously], and then go home like good citizens."

Courage and tact prevailed. The mob was conquered. The cheers were given with a will, the crowd melted away, and in a few minutes the jail yard was clear.

I lingered alone, and was struck with the sudden transition. The sun was sinking in the west, already the town below was wrapped in shade, the tops of the encircling hills caught the lingering beams, the loftier crest of Bald Mountain blazing as if it were a mass of burnished gold. It was the calm and glory of Nature in sharp contrast with the turbulence and brutality of men.

Wending my way back to the hotel, I seated myself on the piazza of the second story, and watched the motley crowd going in and out of the "Long Tom" drinking and gambling saloon across the street, musing upon the scenes of my first Sunday in the mines.

CISSAHA

From 'California Sketches.'

I FIRST noticed him one night at prayer meeting at Sonora, in the Southern Mines, in 1855. He came in timidly, and took a seat near the door. His manner was reverent, and he watched the exercises with curious interest, his eyes following every gesture of the preacher, and his ears losing not a word that was said or sung. I was struck with his peculiar physiognomy as he sat there with his thin, swarthy face, his soft, sad black eyes, and long black hair. I could not make him out; he might be Mexican, Spanish, Portuguese, "Kan-aka," or what not. He waited until I passed out at the close of the meeting, and, bowing very humbly, placed half a dollar in my hand, and walked away. This happened several weeks in succession, and I noticed him at church on Sunday evenings. He would come in after the crowd had entered, and take his place near the door. He never failed to hand me the half dollar at the close of every service, his dark, wistful-looking eyes lighting up with pleasure as I took the coin from his hand. He never waited to talk, but hurried off at once.

My curiosity was excited, and I began to feel a special interest in this strange-looking foreigner.

I was sitting one morning in the little room on the hillside, which was at once dining room, parlor, bedchamber, and study, when, lifting my eyes a moment from the book I was reading, there stood my strange foreigner in the door.

"Come in," I said kindly.

Making profound salaams, he rushed impulsively toward me, exclaiming in broken English: "My good brahmin!" "My good brahmin!" with a torrent of words I could not understand.

I invited him to take a seat, but he declined. He looked flushed and excited, his dark eyes flashing. I soon found that he could understand English much better than he could speak it himself.

"What is your name!" I asked.

"Cissaha," he answered, accenting strongly the last syllable.

"Of what nation are you?" was my next question.

"Me Hindoo—me good caste," he added rather proudly.

After gratifying my curiosity by answering my many questions, he told his business with me. It was with great difficulty that I could make out what he said; his pronunciation was sadly imperfect at best, and when he talked himself into an excited state his speech was a curious jargon of confused and strange sounds. The substance of his story was, that, though belonging to a caste which was above such work, necessity had forced him to take the place of a cook in a miners' boarding house at a notorious camp called aptly Whisky Hill, which was about three miles from Sonora. After six months' service, the proprietor of the establishment had dismissed him with no other pay than a bogus title to a mining claim. When the poor fellow went to take possession, the rightful owners drove him away with many blows and much of that peculiarly emphatic profanity for which California was rather noted in those early days. On going back to his employer with the story of his failure to get possession of the mining claim, he was driven away with cursings and threats, without a dollar for months of hard work.

This was Cissaha's story. He had come to me for redress

I felt no little sympathy for him as he stood before me, so helpless in a strange land. He had been shamefully wronged, and I felt indignant at the recital. But I told him that while I was sorry for him, I could do nothing; he had better put the case in the hands of a lawyer. I suggested the name of one.

"No, no!" he said passionately; "you my good brahmin; you go Whisky Hill, you make Flank Powell pay my money!"

He seemed to think that as a teacher of religion I must be invested also with some sort of authority in civil matters. I could not make him understand that this was not so.

"You ride horse, me walk; Flank Powell see my good brahmin come, he pay money," urged Cissaha.

Yielding to a sudden impulse, I told him I would go with him. He bowed almost to the floor, and the tears, which had flowed freely as he told his tale of wrongs, were wiped away.

Mounting Dr. Jack Franklin's sorrel horse—my pen pauses as I write the name of that noble Tennessean, that true and generous friend—I started to Whisky Hill, my client keeping alongside on foot.

As we proceeded, I could not help feeling that I was on a sort of fool's errand. It was certainly a new rôle for me. But my sympathy had been excited, and I fortified myself by repeating mentally all those scriptures of the Old and New Testaments which enjoin kindness to strangers.

I found that Cissaha was well known in the camp, and that he was generally liked. Everybody seemed to know how he had been treated, and the popular feeling was on his side. Several parties confirmed his statement of the case in every particular. Walking along among the mining claims, with a proud and confident air he would point to me, saying: "There my good brahmin—he make Flank Powell pay my money now."

"Powell is a rough customer," said a tall young fellow from New York, who stood near the trail with a pick in his hand; "he will give you trouble before you get through with him."

Cissaha only shook his head in a knowing way and hastened on, keeping my sorrel in a brisk trot.

A stout and ill-dressed woman was standing in the porch of Mr. Powell's establishment as I rode up.

"Is Mr. Powell at home?" I asked.

"Yes; he is in the house," she said dryly, scowling alternately at Cissaha and me.

"Please tell him that I would like to see him."

She went into the house after giving us a parting angry glance, and in a few minutes Mr. Powell made his appearance. He looked the ruffian that he was all over. A huge fellow, with enormous breadth between the shoulders, and the chest of a bull, with a fiery red face, blear blue eyes red at the corners, coarse sandy hair, and a villainous *tout ensemble* every way, he was as bad a specimen of my kind as I had ever met.

"What do you want with me?" he growled out, after taking a look at us.

"I understand," I answered in my blandest tones; "that there has been some difficulty in making a settlement between you and this Hindoo man, and at his request I have come over to see if I can help to adjust it."

"Damn you!" said the ruffian, "if you come here meddling with my affairs, I'll knock you off that horse."

He *was* a rough customer to look at just then.

Cissaha looked a little alarmed, and drew nearer to me.

I looked the man in the eye and answered: "I am not afraid of any violence at your hands. You dare not attempt it. You have cruelly wronged this poor foreigner, and you know it. Every man in the camp condemns you for it, and is ashamed of your conduct. Now, I intend to see this thing through. I will devote a year to it and spend every dollar I can raise if necessary to make you pay this debt!"

By this time quite a crowd of miners had gathered around us, and there were unmistakable expressions of approval of my speech.

"That's the right sort of talk!" exclaimed a grizzly-bearded man in a red shirt.

"Stand up to him, parson!" said another.

There was a pause. Powell, as I learned afterward, was detested in the camp. He had the reputation of a bully and a cheat. I think he was likewise a coward. At any rate, as I

warmed with virtuous indignation, he cooled. Perhaps he did not like the expressions on the faces of the rough, athletic men standing around. "What do you want me to do?" he asked in a sullen tone.

"I want you to pay this man what you owe him," I answered.

The negotiations begun thus unpromisingly ended very happily. After making some deduction on some pretext or other, the money was paid, much to my relief and the joy of my client. Mr. Powell indulged in no parting courtesies, nor did he tender me the hospitalities of his house. I have never seen him from that day to this. I have never wished to renew his acquaintance.

Cissaha marched back to Sonora in triumph.

A few days after the Whisky Hill adventure, as I was sitting on the rear side of the little parsonage to get the benefit of the shade, I had another visit from Cissaha. He had on his shoulder a miner's pick and shovel, which he laid down at my feet.

"What is that for?" I asked.

"My good brahmin look at pick and shobel, then no break, and find heap gold," said he, his face full of trust and hopefulness.

I cast a kindly glance at the implements, and did not think it worth while to combat his innocent superstition. If good wishes could have brought him good luck, the poor fellow would have prospered in his search after gold.

From that time on he was scarcely ever absent from church services, never omitting to pay his weekly half dollar. More than once I observed the tears running down his cheeks as he sat near the door, eye and ear all attent to the service.

A day or two before my departure for Conference, at the end of my two years in Sonora, Cissaha made me a visit. He looked sad and anxious. "You go way?" he inquired.

"Yes; I must go," I answered.

"You no come back Sonora?" he asked.

"No; I cannot come back," I said.

He stood a moment, his chest heaving with emotion, and then said: "Me go with you, me live where you live, me die

where you die," almost the very words of the fair young Moabite.

Cissaha went with us. How could I refuse to take him? At San José he lived with us, doing our cooking, nursing our little Paul, and making himself generally useful. He taught us to love curry and to eat cucumbers Hindoo fashion—that is, stewed with veal or chicken. He was the gentlest and most docile of servants, never out of temper, and always anxious to please. Little Paul was very fond of him, and often he would take him off in his baby wagon, and they would be gone for hours together.

He never tired of asking questions about the Christian religion, and manifested a peculiar delight in the words and life of Jesus. One day he came into my study and said: "Me want you to make me Christian."

"I can't make you a Christian; Jesus can do it," I answered.

He looked greatly puzzled and troubled at this reply, but when I had explained the whole matter to him he brightened up and intimated that he wanted to join the Church. I enrolled his name as a probationer, and his delight was unbounded.

One day Cissaha came to me all smiling, and said: "Me want to give all the preachers one big dinner."

"Very well," I answered; "I will let you do so. How many do you want?"

"Me want heap preachers, table all full," he said.

He gave me to understand that the feast must be altogether his own—his money must buy everything, even to the salt and pepper for seasoning the dishes. He would use nothing that was in the house, but bought flour, fowls, beef, vegetables, confectionery, coffee, tea, everything for the great occasion. He made a grand dinner, not forgetting the curry, and with a table full of preachers to enjoy it he was a picture of happiness. His dark face beamed with delight as he handed around the viands to the smiling and appreciative guests. He had some Hindoo notion that there was great merit in feasting so many belonging to the brahmin caste. To him the dinner was a sort of sacrifice most acceptable to Heaven.

My Oriental domestic seemed very happy for some months,

and became a general favorite on account of his gentle manners, docile temper, and obliging disposition. His name was shortened to "Tom" by the popular usage, and under the instructions of the mistress of the parsonage he began the study of English. Poor fellow! he never could make the sound of f or z, the former always turning to p, and the latter to g, upon his tongue. I believe there are no p's or g's in the Hindoostanee.

A change came over Cissaha. He became all at once moody and silent. Several times I found him in tears. Something was the matter with him. That was clear.

One afternoon the secret came out. He came into my room. There were traces of tears on his cheeks. "I go 'way—can stay with my pather [father] no more," he said with a quiver in his voice.

"Why, what is the matter?" I asked.

"Debbil in here," he answered, touching his forehead. "Debbil tell me drink whisky; me no drink where my pather stay, so must go."

"Why, I did not know you ever drank whisky; where did you learn that?" I asked.

"Me drink with the boys at Plank Powell's—drink beer and whisky. No drink for long time, but debbil in here [touching his forehead] say *must* drink."

He was a picture of shame and grief as he stood there before me. How hard he must have fought against the appetite for strong drink since he had been with me! And how full of shame and sorrow he was to confess his weakness to me! He told me all about it: how he had been treated to beer and whisky by the good-natured miners, and how the taste for liquor had grown on him, and how he had resisted for a time, and how he had at last yielded to the feeling that the devil was too strong for him. That the devil was in it, he seemed to have no doubt. And truly it was so—the cruellest, deadliest of devils, the devil of drink! As a Hindoo, in his own country no strong drink had ever passed his lips. The fiery potations of Whisky Hill were too much for him.

"You should prav, Cissaha."

"Me pray all night, but debbil too strong—me *must* drink whisky!" he said vehemently.

He left us. The parting was very sad to him and us. He had a special cry over little Paul.

"You my pather [to me]; you my mother [to my wife]; I go, but me pack you both always in my belly!"

We could but smile through our tears. The poor fellow meant to say he would still bear us in his grateful heart in his wanderings.

After a few months he came to see us. He looked seedy and sad. He had found employment, but did not stay long at a place. He had stopped awhile with a Presbyterian minister in the Sacramento Valley, and was solicited by him to join the Church.

"Me tell him no!" he said, his eye flashing; "me tell him my pather done make me Christian; me no want to be made Christian again."

The poor fellow was true to his first love, sad Christian as he was.

"Me drink no whisky for four, five week—me now try to stop. Give me prayer to say when debbil get in here," touching his head.

That was what he had come for chiefly. I gave him the form of a short and simple prayer. He repeated it after me in his way until he had it by heart, and then he left.

Once or twice a year he came to see us, and always had a pathetic tale to tell of his struggles with strong drink, and the greed and violence of men who were tempted to oppress and maltreat a poor creature whose weakness invited injustice.

He told us of an adventure when acting as a sheep herder in Southern California, whither he had wandered. A large flock of sheep which he had in charge had been disturbed in the corral a couple of nights in succession. On the third night, hearing a commotion among them, he sprang up from his bunk and rushed out to see what was the matter. But let him tell the story: "Me run out to see what's matter; stars shine blight; me get into corral; sheep all bery much scared, and bery much run, and bery much jump. Big black bear jump over corral fence and come right for me. Me so flighten me know nothing, but raise my arms, run at bear, and say, *E-e-e-e-e!*" prolonging the shrill scream and becoming terribly excited as he went on.

"Well, how did it end?" I asked.

"Me scream so loud that bear get scared too, and he turn, run bery fast, jump over corral, and run away."

We did not doubt this story. The narration was too vivid to have been invented, and that scream was enough to upset the nerves of any grizzly.

We got to looking for him at regular intervals. He would bring candies and little presents for the children, and would give a tearful recital of his experiences and take a tearful leave of us. He was fighting his enemy and still claiming to be a Christian. He said many things which showed that he had thought earnestly and deeply on religious subjects, and he would end by saying: "Jesus, help me! Jesus, help me!"

He came to see us after the death of our Paul, and he wept when we told him how our dear boy had left us. He had had a long sickness in the hospital. He had before expressed a desire to go back to his own country, and now this desire had grown into a passion. His wan face lighted up as he looked wistfully seaward from the bay window of our cottage on the hill above the Golden Gate. He left us with a slow and feeble step, often looking back as long as he was in sight.

That was the last of Cissaha. I know not whether he is in Hindostan or the world of spirits.

DICK

From 'California Sketches.'

DICK was a Californian. We made his acquaintance in Sonora about a month before Christmas, *Anno Domini* 1855. This is the way it happened:

At the request of a number of families, the lady who presided in the curious little parsonage near the church on the hillside had started a school for little girls. The public schools might do for the boys, but were too mixed for their sisters—so they thought. Boys could rough it—they were a rough set, anyhow—but the girls must be reared according to the traditions of the old times and the old homes. That was the view taken of the matter then, and from that day to this the

average California girl has been superior to the average California boy. The boy gets his bias from the street; the girl, from her mother at home. The boy plunges into the life that surges around him; the girl only feels the touch of its waves as they break upon the embankments of home. The boy gets more of the father; the girl gets more of the mother. This may explain their relative superiority. The school for girls was started on condition that it should be free, the proposed teacher refusing all compensation. That part of the arrangement was a failure, for at the end of the first month every little girl brought a handful of money, and laid it on the teacher's desk. It must have been a concerted matter. That quiet, unselfish woman had suddenly become a money-maker in spite of herself. (Use was found for the coin in the course of events.) The school was opened with a psalm, a prayer, and a little song in which the sweet voices of the little Jewish, Spanish, German, Irish, and American maidens united heartily. Dear children! they are scattered now. Some of them have died, and some of them have met with what is worse than death. There was one bright Spanish girl, slender, graceful as a willow, with the fresh Castilian blood mantling her cheeks, her bright eyes beaming with mischief and affection. She was a beautiful child, and her winning ways made her a pet in the little school. But surrounded as the bright, beautiful girl was, Satan had a mortgage on her from her birth, and her fate was too dark and sad to be told in these pages. She inherited evil condition, and perhaps evil blood, and her evil life seemed to be inevitable. Poor child of sin, whose very beauty was thy curse, let the curtain fall upon thy fate and name; we leave thee in the hands of the pitying Christ, who hath said, "Where little is given little will be required." Little was given thee in the way of opportunity, for it was a mother's hand that bound thee with the chains of evil.

Among the children that came to that remarkable academy on the hill was little Mary Kinneth, a thin, delicate child, with mild blue eyes, flaxen hair, a peach complexion, and the blue veins on her temples that are so often the sign of delicacy of organization and the presage of early death. Mike Kinneth, her father, was a drinking Irishman, a good-hearted fellow when sober, but pugnacious and disposed to beat his wife when

drunk. The poor woman came over to see me one day. She had been crying, and there was an ugly bruise on her cheek.

"Your Riverence will excuse me," she said, courtesying, "but I wish you would come over and spake a word to me husband. Mike's a kind, good craythur except when he is dhrinkin', but then he is the very Satan himself."

"Did he give you that bruise on your face, Mrs. Kinneth?"

"Yis. He came home last night mad with the whisky, and was breakin' iver everything in the house. I tried to stop him, an' thin he bate me—O! he never did that before! My heart is broke!" Here the poor woman broke down and cried, hiding her face in her apron. "Little Mary was asleep, an' she waked up frightened an' cryin' to see her father in such a way. Seein' the child seemed to sober him a little, an' he stumbled onto the bed, an' fell asleep. He was always kind to the child, dhrunk or sober. An' there is a good heart in him if he will only stay away from the dhrink."

"Would he let me talk to him?"

"Yis; we belong to the old Church, but there is no priest here now, an' the kindness yer lady has shown to little Mary has softened his heart to ye both. An' I think he feels a little sick and ashamed this mornin', an' he will listen to kind words now if iver."

I went to see Mike, and found him half sick and in a penitent mood. He called me "Father Fitzgerald," and treated me with the utmost politeness and deference. I talked to him about little Mary, and his warm Irish heart opened to me at once.

"She is a good child, your Riverence, and shame on the father that would hurt or disgrace her!" The tears stood in Mike's eyes as he spoke the words.

"All the trouble comes from the whisky. Why not give it up?"

"By the help of God I will!" said Mike, grasping my hand with energy.

And he did. I confess that the result of my visit exceeded my hopes. Mike kept away from the saloons, worked steadily, little Mary had no lack of new shoes and neat frocks, and the Kinneth family were happy in a humble way. Mike always seemed glad to see me, and greeted me warmly.

One morning about the last of November there was a knock at the door of the little parsonage. Opening the door, there stood Mrs. Kinneth with a turkey under her arm.

"Christmas will soon be coming, an' I've brought ye a turkey for your kindness to little Mary an' your good talk to Mike. He has not touched a dhrop since the blissed day ye spake to him. Will ye take the turkey, and my thanks wid it?"

The turkey was politely and smilingly accepted, and Mrs. Kinneth went away looking mightily pleased.

I extemporized a little coop for our turkey. Having but little mechanical ingenuity, it was a difficult job, but it resulted more satisfactorily than did my attempt to make a door for the miniature kitchen attached to the parsonage. My object was to nail some cross pieces on some plain boards, hang it on hinges, and fasten it on the inside by a leather strap attached to a nail. The model in my mind was, as the reader sees, of the most simple and primitive pattern. I spent all my leisure time for a week at work on that door. I spoiled the lumber, I blistered my hands, I broke several dollars' worth of carpenter's tools, for which I had to pay, and—then I hired a man to make that door! This was my last effort in that line of things, excepting the turkey coop, which was the very last. It lasted four days, at the end of which time it just gave way all over, and caved in. Fortunately, it was no longer needed. Our turkey would not leave us. The parsonage fare suited him, and he stayed and throve and made friends.

We named him Dick. He is the hero of this sketch. Dick was intelligent, sociable, and had a good appetite. He would eat anything, from a crust of bread to the pieces of candy that the schoolgirls would give him as they passed. He became as gentle as a dog, and would answer to his name. He had the freedom of the town, and went where he pleased, returning at meal times, and at night to roost on the western end of the kitchen roof. He would eat from our hands, looking at us with a sort of human expression in his shiny eyes. If he were a hundred yards away, all we had to do was to go to the door and call out, "Dick! Dick!" once or twice, and here he would come, stretching his long legs, and saying, "Oot, oot, oot" (is that the way to spell it?). He got to like going about

with me. He would go with me to the postoffice, to the market, and sometimes he would accompany me in a pastoral visit. Dick was well-known and popular. Even the bad boys of the town did not throw stones at him. His ruling passion was the love of eating. He ate between meals. He ate all that was offered to him. Dick was a pampered turkey, and made the most of his good luck and popularity. He was never in low spirits, and never disturbed, except when a dog came about him. He disliked dogs, and seemed to distrust them.

The days rolled by, and Dick was fat and happy. It was the day before Christmas. We had asked two bachelors to take Christmas dinner with us, having room and chairs for just two more persons. (One of our four chairs was called a stool. It had a bottom and three legs, one of which was a little shaky, and no back.) There was a constraint upon us both all day. I knew what was the matter, but said nothing. About four o'clock in the afternoon Dick's mistress sat down by me, and, after a pause, remarked: "Do you know that tomorrow is Christmas Day?"

"Yes, I know it." Another pause. I had nothing to say just then.

"Well, if—if—if anything is to be done about that turkey, it is time it were done."

"Do you mean Dick?"

"Yes," with a little quiver in her voice.

"I understand you—you mean to kill him—poor Dick! the only pet we ever had."

She broke right down at this, and began to cry.

"What is the matter here?" said our kind, energetic neighbor, Mrs. T——, who came in to pay us one of her informal visits. She was from Philadelphia, and, though a gifted woman, with a wide range of reading and observation of human life, was not a sentimentalist. She laughed at the weeping mistress of the parsonage, and, going to the back door, she called out: "Dick! Dick!"

Dick, who was taking the air high up on the hillside, came at the call, making long strides, and sounding his "Oot, oot, oot," which was the formula by which he expressed all his emotions, varying only the tone.

Dick, as he stood with outstretched neck and a look of

expectation in his honest eyes, was scooped up by our neighbor, and carried off down the hill in the most summary manner.

In about an hour Dick was brought back. He was dressed. He was also stuffed.

THE ETHICS OF GRIZZLY HUNTING

From 'California Sketches.'

ON the Petaluma boat I met him. He was on his way to Washington City, for the purpose of presenting to the President of the United States a curious chair made entirely of buck horns, a real marvel of ingenuity, of which he was quite vain. Dressed in buckskin, with fringed leggings and sleeves, belted and bristling with hunters' arms, strongly built and grizzly-bearded, he was a striking figure as he sat the center of a crowd of admirers. His countenance was expressive of a mixture of brutality, cunning, and good humor. He was a thorough animal. Wild frontier life had not sublimated this old sinner in the way pictured by writers who romance about such things at a distance. Contact with Nature and Indians does not seem to exalt the white man, except in fiction. It tends rather to draw him back toward barbarism. The renegade white only differs from the red savage in being a shade more devilish.

"This is Seth Kinman, the great Indian fighter and bear hunter," said an officious passenger.

Thus introduced, I shook hands with him. He seemed inclined to talk, and was kind enough to say he had heard of me and voted for me. Making due acknowledgment of the honor done me, I seated myself near enough to hear, but not so near as to catch the fumes of the alcoholic stimulants of which he was in the habit of indulging freely. His talk was of himself, in connection with Indians and bears. He seemed to look upon them in the same light—as natural enemies, to be circumvented or destroyed as opportunity permitted.

"You can't trust an Injun," he said. "I know 'em. If they git the upper hand of you, they'll cinch you, sure. The only way to git along with 'em is to make 'em afeard of you.

They'd put a arrer through me long ago if I hadn't made 'em believe I was a *conjurer*. It happened this way: I had a contract for furnishin' venison for the troops in Humboldt, and took along a lot of Injuns for the hunt. We had mighty good luck, and started back to Eureka loaded down with the finest sort of deer meat. I saw the Injuns laggin' behind, and whisperin' to one another, and mistrusted things wasn't exactly right. So I keeps my eye on 'em, and had old Cottonblossom here"—caressing a long, rusty-looking rifle—"ready in case anything should turn up. You can't trust a Injun—they're all alike; if they git the upper hand of you, you're gone!" He winked knowingly and chuckled, and then went on: "I stopped and let the Injuns come up, and then got to talkin' with 'em about huntin' and shootin'. I told 'em I was a conjurer, and couldn't be killed by a bullet or arrer, and to prove it I took off my buckskin shirt and set it up twenty steps off, and told 'em the man who could put a arrer through it might have it. They were more than a hour shootin' at that shirt—the same one I've got on now—but they couldn't *faze* it."

"How was that?" asked an open-mouthed young fellow, blazing with cheap jewelry.

"Why, you see, young man, this shirt is well tanned and tough, and I just stood it up on the edges, so that when a arrer struck it, it would naturally give way. If I had only had it on, the arrers would have gone clean through it, and me too. Injuns are mighty smart in some things, but they all believe in devils, conjurin', and such like. I played 'em fine on this idee, and they were afeard to touch me, though they were ready enough if they had dared. While I was out chop-pin' wood one day, I see a smoke risin', and thinkin' somethin' must be wrong, I got back as soon as I could, and sure enough my house was burnin'. I knowed it was Injuns, and circlin' round I found the track of a big Injun; it was plain enough to see where he had crossed the creek comin' and goin'. I got *his* skelp—why, his har was that long," he said, measuring to his elbow, and leering hideously.

Whether or not this incident was apocryphal I could not decide, but it was evident enough that he intensely relished the notion of "skelping" an Indian.

"I want you to come up to Humboldt and see me kill a grizzly," he continued, addressing himself to me. "An' let me tell you now, if ever you shoot a grizzly, hit him about the ear. If you hit him right, you will kill him; if you don't kill him, you spile his mind. I have seen a grizzly, after he had been hit about the ear, go roun' an' roun' like a top. No danger in a bar after you have hit him in the ear—it's his tender place. But a bar's mighty dangerous if you hit him anywhere else, an' don't kill him. Me an' a Injun was huntin' in the *chaparral*, an' come across a big grizzly. We both blazed away at him at close range. I saw he was hit, for he whirled half roun', an' partly keeled over; but he got up, an' started for us, mad as fury. We had no time to load, an' there was nothin' left but to run for it. It was nip an' tuck between us. I'm a good runner, an' the Injun wasn't slow. Lookin' back, I saw the bar was gainin' on us. I knowed he'd git one of us, an' so I hauled off an' knocked the Injun down. Before he could git up the bar had him." He paused and looked around complacently.

"Did the bear kill the Indian?" asked the young man with abundant jewelry.

"No; he *chawed* him up awhile, and then left him, and the Injun finally got well. If it had been a white man, he would have died. Injuns can stand a great deal of hurtin' an' not die."

At this point the thought came into my mind that if this incident must be taken as a true presentation of the ethics of bear hunting as practiced by Mr. Kinman, I did not aspire to the honor of becoming his hunting companion. Are the ethics of the stock exchange any higher than those of the Humboldt bear hunter? Let the bear, bankruptcy, or the devil take the hindmost, is the motto of human nature on its dark side, whether on Wall Street or in the California *chaparral*.

"Were you ever in Napa City?" he inquired of me.

I answered in the affirmative.

"Did you see the big stuffed grizzly in the drug store? You have, eh? Well, I killed that bar, the biggest ever shot in Californy. I was out one day lookin' for a deer about sundown, an' heerd the dogs a barkin' as they was comin'

down Eel River. In a little while here come the bar, an' a whopper he was! I raised old Cottonblossom, an' let him have it as he passed me. I saw I had hit him, for he seemed to drag his *lines* [loins] as he plunged down the bank of the river among the grapevines an' thick bushes. Next mornin' I took the dogs an' put 'em on his trail. I could see that his back was broke, because I could see the print where his hind parts had dragged down the sandy bed of the river. By an' by I heerd the dogs a bayin', an' I knowed they'd come up with him. I hurried up, an' found the bar sittin' on his rump in a hole of water about three feet deep, snappin' his teeth at the dogs as they swum around him, barkin' like fury. He couldn't git any further—old Cottonblossom had done his work for him. I thought I would have a little fun by aggravatin' him awhile."

"What do you mean by aggravating the bear?" asked a bystander.

"I would just take big rocks an' go up close to him, an' hit him between the eyes. You ought to have heerd him *yowl*! His eyes actually turned green, he was so mad, an' his jaws champed like a sawmill; but he couldn't budge—every time he tried to git on his feet he fell back agin, the maddest bar ever seen." At this point in the narration Kinman's sinister blue eyes gleamed with brute ferocity. My aversion to making him my hunting companion increased. "After I had my fun with him, I took old Cottonblossom an' planted a bullet under his shoulder, an' he tumbled over dead. It took four of us to pull him out of that hole, an' he weighed thirteen hundred pounds."

I had enough of this, and left the group, reflecting on the peculiar ethics of bear hunting. The last glimpse I had of this child of Nature, he was chuckling over a grossly obscene picture which he was exhibiting to some congenial spirits. His invitation to join him in a bear hunt has not yet been accepted.

THE BRUISED REED AND SMOKING FLAX

From 'Upper Room Meditations.'

"A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench."—*Isaiah* xlii, 3.

THE pathos of this passage centers in the fact that it refers to the suffering Christ. He was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities. The chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and by His stripes we are healed. He was tempted in all points like as we are. He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. He was one of us, very man as well as very God. "It behooved Him to be made like unto His brethren, that He might be a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. For in that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succor them that are tempted." That is the way the holy apostle puts it in the closing verses of the second chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

Walk softly: we are on holy ground.

Ah, yes! When this meditation was first in my mind, the foregoing paragraph was written. And then came weakness and pain and waiting. The bruised reed and smoking flax were in my thought, and the words seemed to hold for me a secret that could be learned in one way only—to follow where our merciful and faithful High Priest hath led the way.

Christ was bruised for our iniquities. It pleased the Lord to bruise Him, so that He might feel for the bruised. The weak, the sorrowful, the sin-burdened, belong to this class. The reed is a fragile plant, easily "shaken with the wind," as St. Matthew puts it. The very weakness of a human soul commends that soul to the mighty Saviour, who came to seek and to save the lost. The sorrows that are beyond the touch of human sympathy He can understand and heal. The burden of sin is lifted by Him who is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him.

He not only did not quench the light of Nature, but He superadded the light of revelation in dealing with the human race—so a notable exegete reminds us. The thought that

comes here is that of the patience and long-suffering of God in His dealings with us. Smoking means dimly burning, smoldering, the flame not quite extinct. The long-suffering of God is salvation. The conscience, enlightened by the Holy Ghost, is supplied with grace as a lamp-wick with oil. It is the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. This Spirit of the Lord, the light that shineth in the darkness as in the blaze of day, is as pervading in the spiritual as is the air we breathe in the natural world. There is mystery here, but also certainty. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." Where there is any measure of spiritual life and receptivity, everything that touches the soul becomes a channel of grace. The holy apostle Paul saw this so clearly, and felt it so deeply, when he indited the closing words of the eighth chapter of his Epistle to the Romans, that we catch the sweetness of his joy and the swell of his triumph as we read: "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." He had already said (Romans v. 3, 4, 5.): "We glory in tribulations also; knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope; and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us."

This secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him. Some have been slow learners; but they have had line upon line, and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little. The golden links of Providential purpose and gracious helpfulness have never been broken. Heavenly aspiration has been kept alive, religious aim has never been wholly abandoned. The tunings for God's touch have never ceased.

Every touch of God tunes the soul for another touch.

"The answer of the tongue, and the preparation of the heart in man, are from the Lord," is an Old Testament affirmation true to its core as it was meant to be taken. Its meaning may be more clearly seen if we read it in connection with what the

Apostle Paul says in the second chapter of his Epistle to the Philippians: "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling; for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure." God works, and we work. All that we need is sincerity that will cause us to keep trying, and that is the one and only condition of God's helping. For all the purposes of our Christian lives we are as strong as God is, however weak and unworthy we may be in ourselves. The bruised reed does not break, the smoking flax is not quenched. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit and a contrite heart. Not the self-righteous, but the self-emptied, are accepted of Him. To will and to do are right in their place. To wait and still to wait, when strength is gone, in patience possessing our souls, pleases God no less.

ON THE WING

From 'Sayings Here and There.'

JACOB'S ladder has its foot where rests the head of any trusting disciple in every clime under every sky: its top is in the light that always shines undimmed.

A creed that says nothing about holiness cannot have in it much concerning the heaven described in the Bible—for which heaven, holiness is the preparation.

A unified Church, an edified individual sainthood, and a glorified humanity—this is the logical order and the sure word of promise.

The New Testament teaching with regard to fraternal reconciliations is very explicit. This teaching applies to organizations as well as to individuals. The mock dignity and the wrath that is kept warm by nursing have no New Testament sanction.

The holy scriptures allow a reasonable regard for the good opinion of our fellow-man as an allowable motive for a human life; but all history, both sacred and profane, demonstrates that in all cases where this motive is dominant the lives are blasted.

Job's well-meaning friends gave him more comfort before they began to talk than they did afterward. When you do not know what to say, be silent.

Any believer who allows himself or herself to be easily diverted from secret prayer will not keep it up long.

The tree that fell in the high wind had been rotting at the heart for years. The end of secret sin is a catastrophe.

Heavenly grace does not insure infallibility of judgment and taste. Your friends have to bear with you; try to bear with them.

The sin that pleases your imagination has already damaged your soul.

A hopeful sign of growth in grace is the abatement of the fault-finding spirit. The man who hears nothing but discords is himself out of tune.

Faith is practical choice. If you stop short of actual choice you may call it desire or aspiration, but it is not faith.

That is a notable climax in the description of a good man where it is said he shall not be afraid of evil tidings. That was an Old Testament believer; have you reached that plane?

Your secret trouble is the pivot on which your life is turning, the crucial test of your innermost quality and tendency.

Weak natures wither under the effects of non-appreciations; strong natures grow stronger.

Many a true disciple who keeps hoping that God will open to him a sphere of service will at last awake to see that he has all the time been doing the very work his Master wanted done, and his heart will be filled with a great surprise and a mighty joy.

Keep impatience from your voice, and you will thereby find a help in keeping it from your spirit as well. The physical and the spiritual react on each other by a law of God.

The love of scholarship for its own sake is little better than the love of money for its own sake. Some of our idolatries have soft names.

Early in the history of the New Testament Church the disciples were warned against "doubtful" disputations. That is the kind against which a warning is always in order. The average disciple ought to be able to discern, and be resolute in avoiding all such.

When the Old Testament philosopher and saint exhorted us to trust God for deliverance in six troubles, with the assurance that in seven no evil shall touch us, he spoke a word in season for many to whom has come the seventh trouble. It always comes before life's battle is ended. But it brings discipline and strength and blessedness to the trusting soul. We may not escape our seventh trouble, but we may be all the better for having had it.

The average young man is more or less conceited. So is the average old man. But conceit is more resented in the young man, and therefore it is well for him to take special care to avoid it. The conceited old man is usually regarded as incurable, and it is thought to be of no use to dig around a dead tree.

The wording of the promise of our Lord is: "Lo, I *am* with you alway." This means that from the moment you look to that Sun of righteousness with the eye of faith, there is no need that you should ever thereafter walk in darkness for one moment.

When you have done your part, the visible results seem to depend largely upon the volition and coöperation of other parties. But you may rest assured that in the spiritual sphere cause and effect are as certain as in the natural. No good work was ever thrown away in this world, which belongs to God.

HENRY LYNDEN FLASH

[1835—]

CLARENCE OUSLEY

WHILE Edmund Clarence Stedman has demonstrated that finance is not altogether incompatible with poetry, still it is no doubt true that he would have been the greater poet if he had been the less banker. On the other hand, perhaps he would have been the greater banker if he had not been a poet. So it is with Henry Lynden Flash, one of the Southern war poets, whose Pegasus was somewhat fettered by the prosy business of merchandising. It is a great pity, from the standpoint of art, that the making of poetry is no sort of an occupation for the man who desires the comforts of life. While we do not live by bread alone, still, bread is the staff of life; and we must live, and only in rare instances can one earn his bread by applying the rule of verse. When Flash said, "The South prefers potatoes to poetry," and turned his attention to business, he declared a fact of universal observation and the experience of many men and women who have the talent to sing, but not the time or opportunity to listen to the muse or vocalize her inspiration. Many clever poets are unknown—or undeveloped and little known—and the world waxes fat without realizing that a little less provender and a little more literature would promote a healthier state of society, spiritual as well as physical.

Let us be thankful, therefore, that this poet was not wholly devoted to the fleshpots. He has given us some poetry that takes high rank by any standard and deserves a prominent place in literary annals. His poems, "Confederate Flag," "Zollicoffer," and "Leonidas Polk," are the children of a warrior poet—full blooded and high-minded—for he was a soldier as well as a singer, and as aide to General Joseph Wheeler in the war between the States, he lived the thrilling experiences of the camp, the march and the charge, and these gave him the color and the action for stirring lines. Like other Southern soldiers of broad patriotism, he became reconciled in due time to the verdict of the court of war, and learned to love anew the flag of our reunited country. His poem upon the occasion of the Confederate Reunion at Los Angeles, California, September 25, 1897, easily ranks with the best class of notable poems that have celebrated the mutual esteem and patriotism of those who wore the

gray and those who wore the blue. This stanza will suffice to show the pathos and simple eloquence of the poem:

"We are gathered here a feeble few
Of those who wore the gray—
The larger and the better part
Have mingled with the clay;
Yet not so lost but now and then,
Through dimming mist, we see
The deadly calm of Stonewall's face,
The lion front of Lee."

The last two lines exhibit the poet's talent for striking metaphor and tense realism:

"The deadly calm of Stonewall's face,
The lion front of Lee."

They recall to my mind a powerful description of the burning of a Christian in the days of religious persecution. I cannot place the author or the incident, but I shall never forget the phrase, "The pale-faced martyr, in his shirt of flame." I can see the pallid, firm-set, heroic countenance, framed in fire, and I can hear the resolute words of the Master, "Not my will, but Thine, be done," smothering the involuntary cries of mortal agony. Flash has much the same power of expression. These two lines of eleven words carve the figures of the two great Confederate generals more enduringly upon the mind of the imaginative reader than a whole volume of descriptive prose.

In another poem, "The Shadow of the Valley," we find illustration of a far different mood. While this poem is lacking in the finished art and delicate phrasing which come by painstaking and tedious effort, still there runs through it all the genuine poetical spirit and the true poetical observation. We find imagery and no small genius for expression. This stanza is very beautiful:

"And no slab of pallid marble
Rears its white and ghastly head,
Telling wanderers in the valley
Of the virtues of the dead;
But a lily is her tombstone,
And a dewdrop, pure and bright,
Is the epitaph an angel wrote,
In the stillness of the night."

There is something here of Poe's touch, with just a suggestion

of his morbid melancholy. In other stanzas the poet employs Poe's artifice of the repeated word or phrase, as in the lines:

"Shadows darken in the valley,
Shadows ominous and still."

One of Flash's earlier poems, which he contributed to a newspaper under the nom de plume of *Lyden Eclair*, is in still another mood, and is perhaps more individualistic and original in conception and treatment than any other of his productions. It is entitled "Love and Wrong," and is worth quoting in full:

"A scoffed-at prayer, the flit of a dress,
The glance of a frenzied eye,
A sullen splash, and the moon shone out,
And the stream went muttering by.

"And never again will I walk by the moon,
Through the oaks and the chestnuts high;
For I fear to see the flit of a dress
And a glance of a frenzied eye.

"And some may laugh and some may weep,
But as for me, I pray;
For I know that a tale of love and wrong
Will be told on the Judgment Day."

One kindly critic calls it "melodramatic and spasmodic," but to my mind it is virile and pungent—if I may be permitted to thus mix metaphorical phrases. The theme is not a pleasing one, but it is common in life, and these three short stanzas tell the story of a crime the more infamous because it is the more frequent, with such vividness and with such rich preachment that it cannot fail to produce a lasting impression upon any mind; and I hold that it is the poet's duty to preach as it is his pleasure to entertain. It is well to be pleased by pleasing, but it is infinitely better to teach a lesson, to rebuke a wrong and to lift the mind to higher and nobler things.

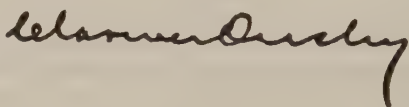
Flash has published two volumes of verse. The first was issued in 1860 and the second in 1906. The second volume contains an introduction by General Joseph Wheeler, who pays high tribute to the poet and testifies both to his literary talent and to his bravery upon the field of battle.

I borrow from Mr. S. A. Link the following brief biographical sketch, published in the *Nashville Banner* of September 26, 1906:

"Henry Lynden Flash was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, July 20, 1835. In 1839 his family moved to New Orleans. In 1849 he went

to the Western Military Institute in Kentucky, and was graduated there in 1852 at the age of seventeen. He first wrote and published verses while at college. When he left college he went to Mobile, Alabama, in a branch of his father's commercial house, and wrote verses off and on all the time. In 1857 he went to Europe and spent a year in Italy. While there he was engaged as a correspondent of the *New Orleans Delta* and the *Montgomery Mail*. Before going to Europe he was for a few months one of the editors of the *Mobile Register*.

"On returning from Italy in 1858 Flash went into a cotton commission house in Mobile, and in 1860 he moved to Galveston, Texas, entering in the wholesale produce business. In the summer of 1860 his volume of poems was published by Rudd and Carleton, New York. It was sold out in two or three months, and another edition was to have been published, but the war prevented. He served during the war as a volunteer, and was aide-de-camp to General W. J. Hardee and General Joseph Wheeler, and during the last year of the war he owned and edited the *Macon Telegraph*. After the war in 1865 he returned to his business in Galveston, but in 1868 left there and went into the same business in New Orleans. In 1870 he was married to Miss Clara Dolson of New Orleans, and lived in that city until 1884, when he moved to Los Angeles, California, his present home."



TOGETHER

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We loved each other long and true,
And at last in April weather,
When the crocus buds were breaking through,
And the dying moon hung faint in the blue,
We put to sea together.

For years we sailed a sunny main
And then came stormy weather;
Our vessel groaned with the tug and strain,
And out in the shrieking wind and rain
We faced the gale together.

At times we caught a glimpse of sky
That promised clearing weather,
And light and swift our boat would fly,
Till the clouds resumed their sable dye
And we sat in the gloom together.

But whether the sky was dark or bright,
Or fair or foul the weather,
Our love was ever the beacon light
That cheered our souls in the darkest night
And held our hearts together.

And now we sail in our battered boat
Unmindful of the weather,
The winds may rave and the clouds may gloat,
But little we care if we sink or float,
So we sink or float together.

WHAT SHE BROUGHT ME

This faded flower that you see
Was given me a year ago,
By one whose little, dainty hand
Is whiter than the snow.

Her eyes are blue as violets,
And she's a blonde, and very fair,
And sunset tints are not bright
As is her golden hair.

And there are roses in her cheeks,
That come and go like living things;
Her voice is softer than the brook's
That flows from hidden springs.

She gave it me with downcast eyes
And rosy flushes of the cheek,
That told of tender thoughts her tongue
Had never learned to speak.

The fitting words had just been said,
 And she was mine as long as life;
 I gently laid the flower aside
 And kissed my blushing wife.

She took it up with earnest look,
 And said, "Oh, prize the flower"—
 And tender tears were in her eyes—
 "It is my only dower."

She brought me Faith, and Hope and Truth,
 She brought me gentle thoughts, and love—
 A soul as pure as those that float
 Around the throne above.

But earthly thing she nothing had,
 Except this faded flower you see;
 And though 'tis worthless in your eyes,
 'Tis very dear to me.

THE OLD STORY

A cry at night—a mother's delight—
 A life has just begun—
 Out of the dark, a vital spark—
And the Earth spins round the Sun.

Halcyon hours—orange flowers—
 Gaily the Seasons run—
 Sunshine—rain—pleasure—pain—
And the Earth spins round the Sun.

Pulseless breast—hands at rest—
 Life's short race is run—
 Under the sod—back to God—
And the Earth spins round the Sun.

BEHIND THE PALL

'Tis wondrous strange—*it* looks as dead,
And yet I feel no fear;
My body lies upon the bed,
And I am standing here
With all my faculties complete—
A perfect man from the crown of my head
To the very soles of my feet.

Dead! dead! what an earthly word!
Ah! now I see it all!
I was wont to laugh at the truths I heard
Of the life behind the pall:
Of the death-in-life and the life-in-death—
And held that the ceasing of the breath
Was the dismal end of all.

But I have fled from what is dead,
And will warm the clay no more,
That lies so senseless on the bed,
Deaf to those who deplore
The absence of the living ray
That saved the body from decay,
And held the worms in awe.

But what will my darling say to this
When she hears I have passed away,
And knows the lips she was wont to kiss
Are pallid curves of clay?
Will she die for the want of the olden bliss
Or live for the heart's decay?

My only wish is to see her now—
Great Heaven! and can it be!
That she lies with her curl-lit brow,
Dreaming a dream of me;
Dreaming a dream of the man that stands
Here by her side to-night;
And kisses the white of her heavenly hands,
And her eyelids veiling light.

Ah! now I know that I will go
Where my true affections are,
And what I love below or above
Will be my guiding star!
And the light that I see cometh to me
Undimmed by the clay which lies
Stiff and stark and growing dark
In the glow of the tropic skies.

Oh! the narrow space I was compassed in,
Chained to a lump of earth,
And darkened by clouds of grief and sin
From the moment of my birth;
But I am free as thought can be,
And am where my wishes are—
And pure and bright with the lucent light
That flows from the Lord afar,
Making me shine with rays divine
Eternity cannot mar.

THE SHADOWS IN THE VALLEY

There's a mossy, shady valley
Where the waters wind and flow,
And the daisies sleep in winter
'Neath a coverlet of snow;
And violets, blue-eyed violets,
Bloom in beauty in the spring,
And the sunbeams kiss the wavelets
Till they seem to laugh and sing.

But in autumn, when the sunlight
Crowns the cedar-covered hill,
Shadows darken in the valley,
Shadows ominous and still;
And the yellow leaves, like banners
Of an Elfin-host that's fled,
Tinged with gold and royal purple,
Flutter sadly overhead.

And those shadows, gloomy shadows,
Like dim phantoms on the ground,
Stretch their dreamy lengths forever
On a daisy-covered mound.
And I loved her, yes, I loved her,
But the angels loved her too,
So she's sleeping in the valley,
'Neath the sky so bright and blue.

And no slab of pallid marble
Rears its white and ghastly head,
Telling wanderers in the valley
Of the virtues of the dead;
But a lily is her tombstone,
And a dew-drop, pure and bright,
Is the epitaph an angel wrote
In the stillness of the night.

And I'm mournful, very mournful,
For my soul doth ever crave
For the fading of the shadows
From that little woodland grave;
For the memory of the loved one
From my soul will never part,
And those shadows in the valley
Dim the sunshine of my heart.

NATURE'S WAY

She moulds with dust thro' tears and strife.
Unheeding blood or pain,
And shapes the myriad forms of life
Death dooms to dust again.

She silent toils thro' ages vast,
Improving as she strives,
And pays for errors in the Past
A thousand million lives.

Yet as the endless chain revolves
 Thro' Eons of distress,
 Each round a human soul evolves
 That makes for righteousness;

And so she works the Father's will,
 By process of her own,
 And moulds the forms with perfect skill
 That kneel before the throne.

'65 AND '78

Commemorative of the generosity of the North to the South during the yellow fever epidemic of 1878.

The cannon's idiotic mouth
 Had ceased its senseless roar;
 Throughout the hamlets of the South
 The sabres clashed no more.

Our heroes who had fought and died
 Slept in their gory graves,
 Nor saw their country crucified
 By cowards and by knaves.

From North, and East, and West they came,
 A hungry, ravenous horde,
 More blasting than the midnight flame,
 More ruthless than the sword.

And orphans' sobs and widows' cries
 Resounded through the land,
 And curses on our enemies
 Were heard on every hand.

Their bayonets held us in the dust—
 Enforced the victor's will;
 In vain their arts—our stubborn hearts
 Remained unconquered still.

The years rolled by—the Pestilence
Came like the curse of Fate,
And deadlier yet than bayonet
And blinder far than hate.

It smote the silver hair of age—
The baby at the breast—
And blasted with unreasoning rage
The bravest and the best.

And clouds of darkness and dismay
Blighted the Summer's bloom—
Shut out the splendor of the day,
And wreathed the South in gloom;

When, from the regions whence there came
The hungry, ravenous horde,
More blasting than the midnight flame,
More ruthless than the sword—

There flowed a stream of gifts untold
Like manna from above:
And words far dearer than the gold—
Of sympathy and love.

And dying men with glad surprise
Flushed red on brow and cheek,
And looked—with fever-smitten eyes—
The thanks they could not speak.

And women raised their wasted arms,
And called on Heaven above
To shield from sin, and ills, and harms
The enemies they love.

And hearts that armies could not win,
Love captured unaware;
His strategy was sympathy,
His weapon was a prayer.

And still from North and East and West
 The bounteous stream was poured,
 As free as Heaven to man forgiven,
 As liberal as the Lord.

And orphans' sobs and widows' cries
 Were heard on every hand,
 And blessings on our enemies
 Resounded through the land.

On every flower-scented gale,
 On every stormy blast,
 The Anthem rose, "God bless our foes—
 They've conquered us at last!"

THE GOSPEL OF BEAUTY

Beauty dwelleth in the humblest thing!
 The flower blooming in some lonely nook
 Will preach a tranquil sermon to the mind;
 And in the babbling of the summer brook,
 When baby-waves grow garrulous as age,
 Are heard dim stories of the long ago,
 When fairies were not dead, and elfin-hosts
 Stole out to dance upon the moonlit snow!

Beauty is everywhere! Those who see it not
 Have clouded eyes, hearts fit for mould—
 The warmth of beauty permeates the earth,
 And only sin is drear, and bleak, and cold;
 Men shut their eyes and cry aloud,
 " 'Tis dark as Erebus; there is no light!"
 And so go groping, mole-like, thro' the earth,
 Shrouded in gloom, where everything is bright.

There are two ministries: The eyes can see
 Things palpable, and not to be denied;
 The spirit-sight streams on through sun-lit space,
 And floweth heavenward in an endless tide!

The one can see the shivering stream of light
 The trembling moonshine on some ruin throws,
 The flush of rose leaves and the heart of buds;
 The other *sees the perfume* of the rose.

The air is populous with beauty!
 'Twixt the trees and clouds, the earth and sky,
 Float souls of colors, shadows of sunbeams,
 Spirits of dew-drops, that can never die—
 Melodies ecstatic, to which the notes
 Of shepherds, heard in fabled Arcady,
 Are grating discords; airs divine,
 Echoing softly through eternity!

Beauty is wisdom purified—
 The sum of life—the total of our breath—
 The satisfier of our spirit yearnings—
 Revealing God without the aid of Death;
 For those who pierce the shadowy mists of earth,
 And forms of beauty in the ether see,
 Have drunk in knowledge of immortal life—
 Beauty in heaven's epitome.

RETROSPECTION

January 1, 1860.

God's hand has planted another year
 In the fruitful soil of Time—
 To the tragic poem of human life
 Is added another rhyme.
 And I sit here in a stranger town,
 Widowed of all the joy
 I used to feel at the glad New Year
 When I was a little boy.

'Twas only a few brief years ago,
 Telling the days that are dead,
 But it seems to me like a century,
 Counting the hopes that have fled.

Since my heart, like the gold of Parvaim,
Was free from all alloy—
Oh! brighter than Heaven seems now, was earth,
When I was a little boy.

I've wandered, restless as the wind,
Through many a foreign land,
And plucked the pleasure buds of earth
From Clyde to Samarcand;
But found no flower pure from blight,
No sweet that did not cloy—
Oh! never a canker cursed a bud
When I was a little boy.

I've found the wisdom that's born of Pain,
The sorrow that comes with years;
And paid the price that Adam paid
For knowledge—and for tears;
But I've lost my faith in Friendship's vow,
And Love's a broken toy;
I used to trust in Mother—and God,
When I was a little boy.

Oh! sadder than death is the bitter change
In the trusting heart of youth—
Better believe in a wholesome lie
Than forever doubt the truth.
What care I now for Arthur's fame,
Or the ten years' siege of Troy?
The heroes are myths that I used to love,
When I was a little boy.

'Tis true that memories are mine
Unutterably bright,
But like the stars, they shine above,
And only prove 'tis night;
And the darkness is quick with tempting fiends
Luring to destroy—
I used to live in the light of God,
When I was a little boy.

It may be true, and I hope it is,
That death will end the pain;
That on the shores of another world
I'll be a child again,
And feel, with fullest Love and Faith,
The olden, golden joy,
That came of my trust in Mother—and God,
When I was a little boy.

LIFE PRISONERS

Life prisoners we, from our earliest breath
Shut out from our great estate—
No way of escape, but the way of Death;
No chance to juggle with Fate.
Two gaolers guard our prison bounds,
Unwearied day and night—
One viewless, goes his ceaseless rounds;
One steadfast, stays in sight.

But beyond our cramping prison-wall
And beyond our gaolers' ken,
There's a home in the heart of the gracious All
For the mourning sons of men;
And the court we pay to the silent twain
Is waste of weary breath—
No words can loosen the gaolers' chain
Save the stern command of Death.

They both from immemorial age
Their silent vigils keep,
Tho' we catch a glimpse of our heritage
Thro' the open door of Sleep;
But captives all from the hour of birth
Are the helpless human race—
Our prison home is the whirling Earth;
Our gaolers, Time and Space.

LITTLE CLARA

She is sweeter than the violets
That blow in hidden places;
And brighter, too, than star or dew,
More graceful than the graces.
I cannot doubt she came to me
To be my special teacher,
And show me truths I failed to learn
From any earthly preacher.

I care no more for musty tomes,
The relics of the ages—
Her wisdom, fresh from God, exceeds
The wisdom of the Sages.
The secret hidden from our eyes
Her finer sense discloses,
Translates the song the sky-lark sings
And reads the heart of roses.

For her the Fairies come and go,
Obedient to her wishes—
And whisper of the hidden haunts
Of birds and beasts and fishes.
She hears the murmur of the Elves
From forest-glades and mountains—
Communes with Dryads in the trees,
And Naiads in the fountains.

ZOLLICOFFER

First in the fight, and first in the arms
Of the white-winged angels of glory;
With the hearts of the South at the feet of God,
And his wounds to tell the story.

For the blood that flowed from his hero heart,
On the spot where he nobly perished,
Was drunk by the earth as a sacrament
In the holy cause he cherished.

In heaven a home with the brave and blessed,
And for his soul's sustaining
The apocalyptic eyes of Christ,
And nothing on earth remaining,

But a handful of dust in the land of his choice
A name in song and story,
And fame to shout with her brazen voice,
"Died on the field of Glory!"

POLK

A flash from the edge of a hostile trench,
A puff of smoke, a roar—
Whose echo shall roll from the Kenesaw hills
To the farthestmost Christian shore,
Proclaims to the world that the warrior priest
Will battle for right no more.

And that for a Cause which is sanctified
By the blood of martyrs unknown—
A Cause for which they gave their lives
And for which he gave his own,
He kneels a meek ambassador
At the foot of the Father's Throne.

And up in the courts of another world
That angels alone have trod,
He lives, away from the din and strife
Of this blood-besprinkled sod—
Crowned with the amaranthine wreath
That is worn by the blest of God.

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG

Four stormy years we saw it gleam,
A people's hope—and then refurled,
Even while its glory was the theme
Of half the world.

A beacon that with streaming ray
Dazzled a struggling Nation's sight—
Seeming a pillar of cloud by day,
Of fire by night.

They jeer who trembled as it hung,
Comet-like blazoning the sky—
And heroes, such as Homer sung,
Followed it to die.

It fell—but stainless as it rose,
Martyred, like Stephen, in the strife—
Passing, like him, girdled with foes,
From Death to Life.

Fame's trophy! Sanctified with tears—
Planted forever at her portal;
Folded, true: What then? Four short years
Made it immortal!

MEMORIES OF THE BLUE AND GRAY

The following poem was read at the celebration of the second anniversary of the Confederate Veterans' Association at Los Angeles, September 25, 1897.

We are gathered here a feeble few
Of those who wore the gray—
The larger and the better part
Have mingled with the clay:
Yet not so lost but now and then
Through dimming mist we see
The deadly calm of Stonewall's face,
The lion-front of Lee.

The men who followed where they led
Are scattered far and wide—
In every valley of the South,
On every mountain side,
The earth is hallowed by the blood
Of those who, in the van,
Gave up their lives for what they deemed
The sacred rights of man.

And you who faced the boys in blue
(When like 'a storm they rose),
And played with Life and laughed at Death
Among such stalwart foes,
Need never cast your eyes to earth
Or bow your heads with shame—
Though Fortune frown, your names are down
Upon the Roll of Fame.

The flag you followed in the fight
Will never float again—
Thank God it sunk to endless rest
Without a blot or stain!
And in its place "Old Glory" 'rose
With all its stars restored;
And smiling Peace, with rapture, raised
A pean to the Lord.

We love both flags—let smiles and tears
Together hold their sway;
One won our hearts in days ago—
One owns our love to-day.
We claim them both with all their wealth
Of honor and of fame—
One lives, triumphant, in the sun;
And one, a hallowed name.

A few short years and “Yank” and “Reb,”
Beneath their native sod,
Will wait until the Judgment Day
The calling voice of God—
The Great Commander’s smile will beam
On that Enrollment Day,
Alike on him who wore the blue
And him who wore the gray.

THE FLAG

Up with the banner of the Free!
Its stars and stripes unfurl,
And let the battle-beauty blaze
Above a startled world.
Amid the flags of other lands,
Triumphant in the sun,
It guards beneath its ample folds
The Freedom it has won.

That flag with constellated stars
Shines ever in the van!
And, like the rainbow in the storm,
Presages peace to man;
For still amid the cannon’s roar
It sanctifies the fight,
And flames along the battle-line
The emblem of the Right.

It seeks no conquests, knows no fear,
Cares not for pomp or state;
As pliant as the atmosphere—
As resolute as Fate.
Where'er it floats, on land or sea,
No stain its honor mars,
And freedom smiles, her fate secure
Beneath its steadfast stars.

THAT'S ALL

Lilies and roses!
Lilies and roses!
Man in his youth—
In the sunlight of truth,
When heaven uncloses—
With his eyes on the skies
Dreamily lies
On his lilies and roses.

Nettles and thorns!
Nettles and thorns!
Man in his manhood
Sorrows and mourns—
Girt with regrets
He rages and scorns—
Tosses and frets
On his nettles and thorns.

In the dark earth at last!
The book of the past
Fate silently closes.
No longer he mourns—
No longer he frets—
Nothing he scorns,
Nothing regrets;
But dreamless reposes
Under nettles and thorns—
Under lilies and roses!

ALCÉE FORTIER

[1856—1914]

R. H. PLAISANCE

ALCÉE FORTIER, author and educator, was born in St. James Parish, Louisiana, June 5, 1856, son of Florent Fortier and Edwige (Aime) Fortier. The Fortier family is an old one and has a distinguished record in the annals of Louisiana. In this country it dates back to 1700, and we find one of Professor Fortier's ancestors among the signers of the petition of the colonists who protested against the transfer of the colony to Spain. The son of this signer, Michael Fortier, was a member of the first City Council of New Orleans, and earlier served in Galvez's army during the latter's campaigns against the British from 1779 to 1781. Professor Fortier's father, Florent Fortier, like a great number of the aristocratic young Louisianians of his time, received his education in France. On his return to America he engaged in sugar-planting, not losing, however, the literary tastes cultivated in Europe, for he was the author of a number of graceful poems in French. Professor Fortier's mother, a niece of Governor Roman, was the daughter of Valcour Aime, one of the richest sugar planters of Louisiana, and noted for his philanthropy, among his many benefactions being the gift to the Marist Fathers of Jefferson College, at Convent, Louisiana. From this too brief outline it may be seen that Professor Fortier is descended from the best blood in Louisiana, a fact which goes far to explain the charm of his old-world courtliness, so pleasingly blended with his Twentieth Century simple and democratic manner.

Professor Fortier, having completed the course in one of the best schools in New Orleans, entered the University of Virginia, but was prevented by serious illness from being graduated at that institution. About this time, his father having lost his immense fortune, he was forced to earn his living, and for some time worked in a banking house, continuing his studies, however, under private instruction. Later he taught French in the Boys' High School of New Orleans and next was a teacher and then principal of the preparatory department of the University of Louisiana. In 1880 he became professor of French in the University of Louisiana, and was reëlected when that institution became the Tulane University of Louisiana. This position he still holds, notwithstanding flattering invitations from universities

at almost every point in the United States. "Professor Fortier's whole career has been characterized by an untiring energy and devotion to the work he has in hand," says one of his confrères. "He has unswervingly labored to encourage and promote the cultivation and study of the French language and literature in his State. His purpose and his achievement have been the improvement of methods and the elevation of the standard in the study of French to that of true scholarship, and we find him active in every enterprise leading to that end. His own scholarship is at the same time broad and thorough, including research in English, Spanish, Italian, German, and the classical languages and literatures." His studies in romance philology have been extensive, and he has practically opened a new field for linguistic study through his researches in the Acadian and other dialects of French in Louisiana. His accurate and successful work along this line has earned him a national reputation, and has made his name well known to every European philologist. The French Government has recognized his labors by decorating him twice, first as "Officier de l'Instruction Publique," and then as "Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur." Professor Fortier has delivered courses of lectures both in French and English before the Tulane University, Southern Art Union, l'Athénée Louisianais, the Mont-eagle Assembly, Harvard University, Yale, Columbia, Johns Hopkins, University of Virginia, and University of Tennessee, and has taught and lectured in summer sessions at the University of Tennessee, University of Wisconsin, University of California, University of Kansas, University of Colorado, and the University of Chicago.

Professor Fortier is a prominent member of l'Athénée Louisianais; the American Dialect Society; the Modern Language Association of America, which he has served as president; American Folk-Lore Society; and honorary president of the Fédération de l'Alliance Française aux Etats-Unis et au Canada. From 1888 to 1896 he was a member of the State Board of Education, and his interest in the public schools has never abated. One of the most commendable facts about Professor Fortier is that notwithstanding the multitudinous calls on his time, he is ready in any town in Louisiana, however small or unimportant, to make an address to the teachers, the pupils, or the patrons of the schools.

Professor Fortier writes both in French and English, probably writing the former with more ease, assuredly with more eloquence, than the latter. The selection herein found shows that his French is warm and sympathetic, and nowhere touched with that rhetorical frigidity that so often tinges the writing of a foreigner in French.

His contributions to literature have been numerous and varied. He is an indefatigable contributor to philological and historical publications. He received the degree of Doctor of Letters from Washington and Lee University and from Laval University at Quebec.



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IBERVILLE

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FROM La Salle's death, in 1687, several years elapsed before another attempt was made to explore and colonize Louisiana, and the only white men to be seen in the vast country watered by the Mississippi were bold adventurers, "*coureurs de bois*," who traded with the Indians and led their wild life, and devoted missionaries, ever ready to endure all hardships in order to convert the Indians to the religion of Christ.

The condition of France, shortly after the failure of La Salle's colony, was not favorable for another colonial expedition. In 1688 James II of England was overthrown, and Louis XIV received him in a regal manner. The French monarch assigned to the dethroned Stuart as his residence St. Germain-en-Laye, the beautiful castle of Francis I, and gave him an army that he might reconquer his kingdom. James

was defeated at the Boyne, and William of Orange, the implacable enemy of Louis, organized a coalition in Europe against France. The great Admiral Tourville was vanquished at La Hogue; but on the Continent Luxembourg and Catinat were victorious, as formerly Condé and Turenne. Louis XIV, although victorious, signed in 1697 the treaty of Ryswick, by which he recognized William III as King of England. He consented to this peace, humiliating to his pride, because he saw that Charles II of Spain was dying and he wished to be prepared to take possession of the immense succession of the last Spanish monarch of the house of Austria.

Colbert and his son Seignelay were both dead, and in 1697, the Minister of Marine was Louis Phélypeaux, Count de Pontchartrain, with whom was associated his son Jérôme, Count de Maurepas, who became Minister of Marine in 1699. In 1694, Henri de Tonty, the faithful companion of La Salle, offered his services to continue the undertaking of the latter in order to forestall the English. The Sieur de Rémonville, in 1697, proposed the formation of a company to colonize Louisiana. Jérôme Pontchartrain (Maurepas), however, says Margry, "thought that land officers could not fulfill properly a mission for which maritime knowledge was necessary." He chose, therefore, in 1698, for the Louisiana expedition, a brilliant marine officer, Pierre Le Moyne d'Iberville, a Canadian by birth, of whom one of the directors of the Hudson Bay Company had said that "he was as military as his sword." Iberville had lately distinguished himself in Hudson Bay, where, with one vessel, he fought against three English ships, sinking one, capturing the second, and putting the third to flight. Jérôme Pontchartrain summoned him to the court at Versailles and intrusted him with the task of rediscovering the Mississippi.

Iberville was the third son of Charles Le Moyne, a native of Dieppe, who had emigrated to Canada at the age of fourteen, and in 1676 had become Sieur de Longueil. His wife was Catherine Primot. Charles Le Moyne's family may be compared with that of the Norman nobleman of the Eleventh Century, Tancred de Hauteville. Each had sons who were intrepid warriors and wise men. Those of the Sieur de Hauteville were not more heroic than the sons of the Sieur de

Longueil. The former founded principalities and kingdoms in Italy and in the Orient, and we see in history and in romance the names of Robert Guiscard and his son Bohemond of Tarentum, of Roger of Sicily, and of Tasso's perfect knight Tancred, who won the love of the fair and heroic Clorinda and then slew her in combat without knowing her. The Canadian brothers, of whom nine were distinguished, were of Norman blood, and, like William who defeated Harold the Saxon and conquered England, they were both warriors and statesmen. Three of them were killed fighting for their King, and two were to be the founders of Louisiana. No names are more important in our history than those of Iberville and Bienville, sons of Charles Le Moyne.

Pontchartrain was desirous that Joutel, who was then living at Rouen, should accompany Iberville on his voyage; but the historian of La Salle's last expedition did not wish to run the risk of another exploration. His "Relation," however, was sent to Iberville by Pontchartrain, and Father Anastase Douay was induced to join the expedition. He had been a companion of La Salle in his journey to the mouth of the Mississippi, and in the ill-fated expedition of 1684. He had been more fortunate than Father Zénobe Membré, who perished at Fort St. Louis of Texas.

Iberville's fleet sailed from Brest on October 24, 1698; it consisted of two small frigates—the *Badine*, commanded by Iberville himself, and the *Marin*, commanded by the Chevalier de Surgères—and two store ships. At Santo Domingo, the Marquis de Châteaumorant, commander of the warship *François*, a nephew of the great Tourville, joined the expedition and accompanied it to its destination. Iberville took as pilot Lawrence de Graaf, a celebrated buccaneer, and on January 25, 1699, anchored before the island of St. Rosa. On the mainland the Spaniards had formed a settlement at Pensacola, and the commander did not allow the French to enter the harbor. They sailed, therefore, to Mobile Bay, and explored an island, on which they found a heap of human bones, which they called Massacre Island. The ships proceeded to the Chandeleur Islands, then a pass was found between Cat Island and Ship Island, and there they cast anchor. On February 13, 1699, Iberville and his brother Bienville went to the

mainland, where, an old man and a squaw having been well treated by the French, the Indians were persuaded to meet them. The savages, who were Biloxis, were delighted with the treatment they received from the white men. "Iberville took to his ship four of these savages, and left his brother on land as a hostage. The same evening eighty Bayagoulas arrived at that coast, going to make war against the Mobilians. All that could be learned from this nation was that they were established on the banks of a large river, which they showed toward the west."

Pénicaut, the carpenter, who has left us an interesting narrative of the events that took place in Louisiana during his stay there, says that, after a fort had been built at Biloxi, several chiefs came to see Iberville and honored him greatly. They presented the calumet for him to smoke, then they rubbed his face with white earth. For three days they danced and sang three times a day. On the third day they planted a post before the fort, and went to get Iberville. One of the Indians took him on his back, while another held up his feet, and they carried him to the post to the sound of their "chichicois." These were gourds filled with pebbles, with which a strange noise was produced. The commander was placed on a deerskin, and a chief put his hands on his shoulders from behind, and rocked him as if he were a baby going to sleep. Then the savages struck the post one after another with a wooden hatchet, relating each time their heroic deeds, and "even more," adds Pénicaut. Presents were given to them, and they were much astonished at the noise made by the firing of the guns.

The first fort built by Iberville was on the northeast side of the bay of Biloxi, a little to the rear of what is now Ocean Springs. The place is less exposed to storms than the land fronting on the sound. Although the French arrived at Biloxi on February thirteenth, they must have been delighted with the appearance of the place. On landing from their boats they stepped on sand as white as silver, over which rolled gently the blue waves of the Gulf; before them were spread as a curtain the tall pine-trees, among which were seen majestic live oaks and splendid magnolias, while birds of all colors chirped and sang incessantly amid the boughs. Not far from the

coast they saw Deer Island, and in their boats they passed between the island and the shore, and on turning the point they reached the beautiful bay of Biloxi. The site chosen by Iberville for his fort was certainly charming, but he made a mistake in trying to establish his colony on a land distant from any large river, and which proved to be sterile.

The Marquis de Châteaumorant took leave of Iberville on February 21, 1699, and on February twenty-seven, the latter set out with two rowboats and birch canoes in search of the large and fatal river, the Palissada of the Spaniards, the Malbanchya of the Indians on the Gulf Coast. Iberville was accompanied by the Sieur de Sauvole, his brother Bienville, Father Anastase Douay, and forty-eight men, with provisions for twenty days. They sailed until March second, and on that day the mouth of the great Mississippi was rediscovered.

On March twenty-third, Iberville set out to return to his ships. The Bayagoulas and the Oumas bade him farewell, and the chief of the latter and one of his principal warriors conducted Iberville to his boat, holding him under the arms, to help him to walk, from fear any accident might happen to him on their land. The chief of the Bayagoulas embarked with him, three volleys of musketry were fired, and the savages answered with cries of joy the "*Vive le Roi!*" of the French.

On March twenty-fourth, Iberville entered the Ascantia, named later Iberville, "a river," says he, "which goes to Biloxi and to the bay where are the ships." He had two bark canoes, four of his men, and a Mongoulacha Indian. The stream was very narrow and obstructed with fallen trees, and in two leagues there were ten portages. On the second day there were fifty portages, and the French reached a beautiful country—level ground, fine trees, and no wild cane. There were many turkeys in the woods, and fish and alligators in the rivulet. The Mongoulacha abandoned Iberville; but the latter, although he had no guide, continued his journey instead of returning to the Mississippi. It was a rather bold undertaking, but not one that could embarrass the brave Canadian sailor. He said he wished to show the savages that he could go wherever he pleased without a guide, and he added, with characteristic energy: "Whatever may happen, I shall always reach the ships, were I to go by land and abandon my canoes and make

others." He finally arrived at two lakes, which he named respectively Maurepas and Pontchartrain. He returned to Ship Island a little before Bienville and Sauvole. On April twelfth he visited a bay, which he named St. Louis; but having found little water there, he resolved to place definitely the principal establishment of the colony at the eastern extremity of the bay of Biloxi. On May first, he completed a fort with four bastions, armed with twelve cannon, and gave the command of it to Sauvole. He appointed his brother Bienville lieutenant (second in command) and Levasseur Rusouelle major, and left at Biloxi seventy men and six sailor boys, and provisions for four months. On May 4, 1699, he sailed for France on board the *Badine*, with the Count de Surgères, who commanded the *Marin*.

Iberville had succeeded in his undertaking: he had rediscovered the Mississippi River, and had sown the seed from which was to grow our Louisiana. He was again to revisit his infant colony, but he died too soon to see it prosper. Had he lived only a few years longer, Bienville would not have had such a hard struggle to keep alive the colony planted on the shore of Biloxi. Iberville's influence at court would have helped Bienville, and the two courageous brothers would have worked with zeal and harmony to build on a solid foundation the settlement established after so many years of hardship.

After Iberville's departure, Sauvole remained in command of the infant colony, and in his "Journal" he gives a clear and concise account of what he did. He begins by saying that he had great difficulty in maintaining discipline among his men, and that he had mass celebrated every day. The chaplain was Father Bordeneau; the former companion of La Salle, Father Anastase Douay, had returned to France with Iberville.

On May 17, 1699, Sauvole received the visit of the chief of the Bayagoulas and three other Indians. He ordered the soldiers to present arms, and he gave presents to the savages. The next morning the latter said their wives were not far distant and would like to see the fort. When the squaws appeared the chief claimed for his wife the same honors as for himself. This gallantry astonished the French commander.

and although he complied with the request, he took care to let his guest know that he and his men feared nobody.

Sauvole sent Bienville on excursions among the Colapissas, the Mobilians, and other neighboring tribes, and also to explore again the Mississippi. Bienville left Biloxi on August 24, 1699, and with five men in two bark canoes went up the great river as far as the Ouachas. On his return journey he met, on September sixteenth, twenty-eight leagues from the mouth of the river, an English frigate, the captain of which said he intended to form a settlement on the coast of the Mississippi. Bienville, according to the "Journal Historique," "assured him that the river which he was seeking was more to the west, and that the river where he was was a dependency of Canada, of which possession had been taken in the name of His Most Christian Majesty." The captain turned back and departed, and the place on the river where this happened is still called the "English Turn."

Sauvole speaks of the intense heat in the summer of 1699, of the numberless alligators and snakes around the fort, and of the barrenness of the land. He adds that, unless a goldmine is discovered, the King will not be compensated for his expenses. As for the natives, they were all very poor. The winter was exceedingly cold, and the colonists suffered considerably. They were delighted at the arrival of Iberville, on December 8, 1699, with supplies and reinforcements. He was accompanied by Boisbriant, who was to be major at Biloxi, two officers, and Saint-Denis and De Malton. Having been told of the expedition of the English corvette met by Bienville in the Mississippi, Iberville determined to ascend that river once more. He ordered a fort to be built, fifty-four miles from the mouth of the river, and he went up the Mississippi as far as the Natchez. He was well pleased with the country of the latter, and laid the plan of a fort to be called Fort Rosalie for the Countess de Pontchartrain. On his journey Iberville had the pleasure to meet Tonty, who had come to offer his services to the French. On his second voyage to Biloxi, Iberville commanded the frigate *Renommée*, and Surgères the frigate *Gironde*. The King had confirmed Iberville's appointment of Sauvole as commander at Biloxi, and of Bienville as lieutenant, second in command.

At this time took place the expedition, in quest of mineral wealth, of the geologist Le Sueur, to the Sioux country, which the carpenter Pénicaut has related in his usual simple and charming manner. A quantity of blue and green earth was brought back by Le Sueur from what was thought to be a copper-mine, and the precious freight was carried to France; "but," says Pénicaut, "we never had any news of it since."

From the Tensas village, where Iberville set out to return to his fort on the Mississippi, Bienville began his journey to the northwest. He went to the country of the Yatassés, of the Ouachitas, and of the Natchitoches, and he heard of no Spanish settlement. He was accompanied by Saint-Denis, who became later thoroughly acquainted with the Spaniards in Mexico.

Iberville left Bienville in command of the fort on the Mississippi, and returned to France on May 28, 1700. Both Sauvole and Bienville had great difficulty in maintaining their settlements, in spite of the occasional help from the mother country. On August 22, 1701, Sauvole, the first governor of Louisiana, died of fever. He was a man of honor, of courage, and of judgment. Bienville succeeded him in the command of the colony. Jean-Baptiste Le Moyne was only twenty-two years of age, but had been for several years a constant companion of his brother Iberville in the latter's glorious expeditions. Bienville already had experience and judgment, and from the death of Sauvole he was for many years the most important personage in the history of French Louisiana.

The founder of Louisiana returned to his colony for the last time on December 18, 1701. He brought the news of the accession of Philip, Duke of Anjou, to the throne of Spain. Charles II, the last Spanish monarch of the house of Austria, died in 1700, and not wishing to see his monarchy dismembered, he named as his heir the second son of the Dauphin. The kingdom that Ferdinand and Isabella had founded, to which Columbus had given a new world, and Cortez and Pizarro the countless treasures of Mexico and Peru, the country in the capital of which Francis I had been a prisoner for a year, where Charles V and Philip II had reigned, had been weakened by the wars of Charles and the intolerance and despotism of Philip, and the third and the fourth Philips had

done nothing to arrest the decay of their monarchy. Louis XIV had married the oldest daughter of Philip IV, and in 1700 he allowed his grandson to accept the Spanish succession. This elevation of a Bourbon to the Spanish throne caused a coalition of nearly all Europe against France and Spain, and the disasters of the war reacted on Louisiana.

On his last voyage Iberville commanded again the *Renommée*, and his brother Sérigny commanded the *Palmier*. The valiant sailor was in bad health, but he displayed his usual energy. He gave orders to Bienville to remove the seat of the colony from Biloxi, and to form an establishment on Mobile River. When Iberville arrived on his third voyage he found only one hundred and fifty persons in the colony. More than sixty men had died at Biloxi, and for three months the garrison had subsisted on a little corn.

On January 6, 1702, Bienville set out with his garrison to found the new settlement. He left twenty soldiers at Biloxi, under the command of Boisbriant, and met on Massacre (called later Dauphine) Island his brothers Sérigny and Chateaugué and Nicolas de La Salle, the new intendant or commissary, who were building a storehouse there. On January 16, 1702, Bienville and Sérigny went up Mobile River, and at a point eighteen leagues from the sea began the construction of a fort and a storehouse. Iberville, who reached the new establishment on March third, was delighted with the country, which he declared to be "perfectly beautiful."

The intendant, Nicolas de La Salle, had been one of Robert Cavalier de La Salle's companions on his journey down the Mississippi in 1682, and he is mentioned by Iberville as being the first man that took his wife and his children to the colony. He arrived with his family on March 19, 1702, at the settlement on Mobile River, which was called Fort Louis de la Mobile. Nicolas de La Salle and the curate de la Vente were to be a little later bitter enemies of Bienville, while Father Gravier and the commissary Diron d'Artaguet, successor to La Salle, were to be his friends and defenders.

Bienville's lot was hard, on account of the feuds in the colony and the difficulty of providing the people under his charge with the means of existence. Iberville saw the necessity of tilling the ground, and asked the French Minister to

send farmers to Louisiana, and not adventurers. He remained but a short time in the colony on his third voyage, and sailed for France on April 27, 1702. He never returned to his settlement, but as long as he lived he attended to the needs of the infant colony, and he succeeded, in spite of the war in Europe, in having supplies sent to Louisiana. He died of yellow fever in 1706, at Havana, where he had gone to obtain reinforcements from the Spaniards for an attack on the Carolinas. Iberville was a worthy successor of La Salle; he was as able and as courageous; but, more fortunate than the great Norman explorer and discoverer, the Canadian sailor succeeded in colonizing the land to which La Salle had given the name of "Louisiane."

LES CRÉOLES DE LA LOUISIANE

Discours prononcé à l'Exposition Pan-Américaine à Buffalo, le 21 août 1901, le "Jour de la Louisiane."

MESDAMES ET MESSIEURS,

Il y a en Louisiane un grand nombre de personnes d'origine française. Ce sont des citoyens américains, tout dévoués aux Etats-Unis, leur pays natal, mais qui n'ont pas oublié le pays et la langue de leurs ancêtres. Ils parlent l'anglais, la langue nationale, mais ils parlent aussi le français, la douce langue de leurs pères, et ils veulent conserver les nobles traditions de ceux-ci. Ils sont fiers de l'histoire de leurs ancêtres, ils aiment la Louisiane, colonisée par les Français, et en ce jour consacré à la Louisiane américaine, les descendants des colons français sont heureux de voir que l'on a gardé le souvenir de leurs pères et qu'on apprécie le rôle qu'ils ont joué dans l'histoire. C'est une délicate attention de la part du distingué et estimé gouverneur de la Louisiane, M. Heard, d'avoir demandé à un Louisianais d'origine française, à un descendant des premiers colons, à un créole enfin, de raconter en français le rôle qu'ont joué dans l'histoire de notre Etat les colons français et leurs descendants. Je remercie sincèrement M. Heard, au nom de mes compatriotes, et je le remercie, en mon nom, du grand honneur qu'il m'a fait en m'invitant à prononcer un discours aujourd'hui à cette admirable Exposition qui attire l'attention,

non seulement de toutes les Amériques, mais de tout le monde civilisé.

L'histoire des colons français et des créoles, leurs descendants, est, en grande partie, l'histoire de la Louisiane, et je ne puis que faire un résumé des glorieux événements qui se sont accomplis depuis deux siècles sur le sol louisianais. Jetons donc un rapide coup d'oeil sur l'histoire de la Louisiane, sous les trois dominations, française, espagnole, et américaine.

Le premier nom que nous remarquons c'est celui de Robert Cavelier de La Salle, l'héroïque explorateur. Parti du Canada, si lointain du beau Golfe du Mexique, il descendit le Mississipi, à travers mille périls, et en avril, 1682, il arriva à l'embouchure du grand fleuve. Il donna le doux nom de Louisiane au pays arrosé par le Mississipi et par ses affluents et en prit possession au nom de Louis XIV. Il érigea sur la côte une colonne portant les armes de France, et aussi une croix. Il plaçait la Louisiane sous la protection de Dieu et sous celle du grand royaume français.

Il ne fut pas donné à La Salle de coloniser le pays qu'il avait découvert. En 1684, il entreprit la colonisation de la Louisiane mais il ne réussit pas. Il prit la baie de Matagorda pour l'embouchure du Mississipi et fonda le fort St. Louis du Texas. En 1687, ayant entrepris de se rendre au Canada à pied pour chercher du secours pour sa colonie, il fut assassiné par quelques-uns de ses hommes, et le fort St. Louis fut détruit. Pendant plusieurs années après la mort de La Salle, la France ne fut pas en état de s'occuper d'une colonie au Nouveau Monde. Elle donna l'hospitalité au roi Jacques II, chassé d'Angleterre, et eut à soutenir une longue guerre qui ne se termina qu'au traité de Ryswick, en 1697. En 1698, un homme se présenta pour continuer l'œuvre de La Salle : cet homme était Pierre Lemoyne d'Iberville, natif de Montréal, un brillant officier de marine qui s'était distingué dans les guerres contre les Anglais. Pontchartrain et son fils Maurepas donnèrent une petite flotte à Iberville, et celui-ci partit de Brest le 24 octobre 1698. Il arriva en février 1699 près de la côte du Golfe du Mexique et atterrit à l'Ile aux Vaisseaux. Le 13 février il jeta les fondements d'une colonie sur la rive gauche de la baie de Biloxi, et c'est là, sur cette côte

admirable mais peu fertile, que fut placé le berceau de notre Louisiane.

Iberville et son frère Bienville allèrent ensuite à la recherche du Mississipi et en découvrirent l'embouchure. Ils remontèrent le fleuve et en explorèrent les bords, et Iberville, en retournant à sa flotte, donna les noms de Pontchartrain et de Maurepas à deux lacs qu'il rencontra et de St. Louis à une baie. Si Iberville eût vécu sa petite colonie eût pu prospérer, mais le père de la Louisiane mourut en 1706, à la Havane,* au moment où il se préparait à faire une expédition contre les Anglais aux Carolines.

Sauvole, un brave officier français, fut le premier gouverneur de la Louisiane. Il mourut en 1701, et eut pour successeur Bienville, frère d'Iberville et Canadien comme celui-ci. Bienville était un homme habile, mais il ne reçut pas assez de secours de la mère patrie, et les colons eux-mêmes s'occupaient plutôt à chercher des mines qu'à cultiver la terre qui eût pu les nourrir. Aussi fallut-il, plusieurs fois, envoyer les hommes parmi les Indiens pour qu'ils ne mourussent pas de faim, et le charpentier Pénicaut a raconté d'une manière charmante une de ces expéditions en 1710. Il dit que lui et ses compagnons enseignèrent aux Indiens à danser le menuet et qu'il eut le plaisir d'enseigner le français à deux gentilles jeunes sauvagesses. Il ajoute que cela le faisait mourir de rire d'entendre ses élèves prononcer le français d'une façon gutturale, tandis que cette langue, dit-il, n'a aucunement ce son. Pénicaut fut donc le premier professeur de français en Louisiane et s'occupait de phonétique physiologique et expérimentale bien avant M. Paul Passy et M. l'Abbé Rougelot.

En 1712 la colonie de la Louisiane fut concédée au banquier Crozat pour quinze ans, mais en 1717 celui-ci la rendit au roi. La Louisiane fut alors concédée à la compagnie de l'Occident ou du Mississipi pour vingt-cinq ans. Tout le monde sait ce qui arriva à la banque de Law, rue Quincampoix. Après un agiotage effréné il y eut une banqueroute complète et un grand bouleversement de toutes les classes de la société. Néanmoins, malgré la faillite de la banque, la compagnie s'occupa activement de la colonie jusqu'en 1732 et fonda en 1718 la ville de la Nouvelle-Orléans. Ce fut Bienville qui choisit le site de cette ville qui devait être la métropole du sud des

Etats-Unis. La Nouvelle-Orléans est admirablement située sur le Mississipi, et non loin de l'embouchure de ce fleuve immense, au lit si profond que les navires les plus grands y naviguent à l'aise. En arrière de la ville se trouve le lac Pontchartrain, et une brise charmante, venant tantôt du fleuve et tantôt du lac, tempère la chaleur d'un climat semi-tropical qui produit dans toutes les saisons des fleurs multicolores, et où s'épanouissent le gigantesque chêne aux rameaux toujours verts, le majestueux magnolia, l'élégant palmier, le gracieux bananier, le figuier touffu, et le doux oranger aux fruits d'or.

Dès la fondation de la Nouvelle-Orléans, les habitants de cette ville s'en montrèrent fiers, et, en 1727, lorsque arrivèrent les bonnes soeurs Ursulines pour établir une école pour les jeunes filles, la soeur Madeleine Hachard dit que les dames qu'elle rencontra comparaient leur ville à Paris, une opinion, ajoute-t-elle, qu'elle ne put partager. Elle dit aussi que les dames étaient habillées avec une magnificence digne de la cour de Versailles. Disons ici que tous les voyageurs font de grands éloges dans leurs récits du charme des créoles louisianaises.

Pendant la domination française, il y eut des guerres continuelles avec les Indiens, les Natchez et les Chicassas, et Bien-ville, qui était encore une fois gouverneur en 1732, n'eut pas de succès dans ses guerres contre les sauvages, et en 1743 demanda à être rappelé. Il eut pour successeur le Marquis de Vaudreuil, le Grand Marquis, comme on l'appelle encore en Louisiane. Vaudreuil se distingua plus tard au Canada, dans la grande guerre où les deux illustres adversaires, Montcalm et Wolfe, trouvèrent la mort à Québec.

La Louisiane n'avait pas rapporté de profits à la France, et le roi Louis XV, monarque égoïste et corrompu, par le traité secret de Fontainebleau, le 3 novembre 1762, fit cadeau à Charles III d'Espagne de la Nouvelle-Orléans et de cette partie de la Louisiane située à l'ouest du Mississipi. Le 10 février 1763 le honteux traité de Paris fut signé, par lequel le roi de France cédait à l'Angleterre la rivière et le port de la Mobile et toutes les possessions sur la rive gauche du Mississipi, excepté la Nouvelle-Orléans et l'île sur laquelle cette ville est située. L'Espagne, de son côté, cédait à l'Angleterre la Floride Occidentale avec le fort de St. Augustin et le port de Pensacole et tout le pays à l'est et au sud-est du Mississipi.

Le traité de Fontainebleau ne fut connu en Louisiane qu'en 1764, et les colons furent au désespoir d'apprendre que leur roi ne voulait pas qu'ils fussent Français. Ils envoyèrent Jean Milhet, le plus riche marchand de la colonie, pour plaider leur cause à Paris, et celui-ci, accompagné de Bienville, alors octogénaire, alla voir Choiseul, le ministre de Louis XV, pour qu'il suppliât le roi de reprendre la Louisiane. La démarche de Milhet fut vaine, et, le 5 mars 1766, le gouverneur espagnol, Don Antonio de Ulloa, arriva à la Nouvelle-Orléans. C'était un savant et un homme de mérite mais qui manqua de tact dans ses rapports avec la Louisiane. Il n'avait mené avec lui que quatre-vingt-dix soldats espagnols et il ne prit pas possession officielle de la colonie au nom de l'Espagne. Il transmettait ses ordres par l'entremise d'Aubry, le commandant ou gouverneur français, et gouvernait d'une manière que le peuple trouvait despotique. Aussi, en octobre 1768, eut lieu un des plus grands événements de notre histoire, un événement dont nous pouvons, à bon droit, être fiers. Un grand nombre d'habitants de la colonie se réunirent à la Nouvelle-Orléans, et une pétition fut envoyée au Conseil Supérieur pour demander l'expulsion du gouverneur espagnol. Lafrénière, un créole louisianais, prononça un discours véhément et patriotique devant le Conseil, et dit : "Sans la liberté il n'y a plus de vertus. Du despotisme naissent la pusillanimité et l'abîme des vices. L'homme n'est reconnu pécher vis-à-vis de Dieu, que parce qu'il conserve le libre arbitre. Le Conseil Supérieur, boulevard de la tranquillité des citoyens vertueux, ne s'est soutenu que par la probité, le désintéressement des magistrats, et la confiance réunie des citoyens en eux." Après avoir entendu les belles paroles de Lafrénière, le Conseil Supérieur décréta l'expulsion d'Ulloa, et le gouverneur espagnol se retira de la colonie.

Par la Révolution de 1768, les Louisianais se libérèrent du joug de l'Espagne et ils pensèrent à établir un gouvernement républicain sur les rives du Mississipi. Ce ne fut qu'un rêve, mais un rêve d'héroïsme dont nous sommes fiers, nous les descendants des hommes de 1768. Huit ans avant 1776, qui marque l'indépendance des colons anglais de l'Amérique, les colons français de la Louisiane, nos héroïques ancêtres, eurent l'idée de l'indépendance. Honneur aux chefs de la Révolu-

tion : Lafrénière, Villeré, Marquis, Caresse, Milhet, Noyan, Doucet, Mazant, Petit et Boisblanc ; honneur aux 560 vaillants hommes qui demandèrent au Conseil Supérieur l'expulsion d'Ulloa, honte à l'Espagne qui permit au général O'Reilly de mettre à mort six des héros louisianais et de condamner six autres à l'exil et à la prison !

La domination espagnole commença en réalité en 1769, lors de l'arrivée d'O'Reilly, et dura jusqu'en 1800. Hâtons-nous de dire qu'à part O'Reilly, tous les gouverneurs espagnols furent éclairés et humains. Presque tous, ainsi que leurs principaux officiers, épousèrent des créoles louisianaises, et l'influence française se fit sentir pendant toute la domination espagnole. D'ailleurs, l'armée avec laquelle le gouverneur Galvez conquiert sur les Anglais Bâton Rouge, Mobile et Pensacole, en 1779, 1780 et 1781, était composée, en grande partie, de créoles d'origine française, dont Galvez loua hautement la bravoure. Nos ancêtres aidèrent donc les Américains dans leur lutte héroïque pour leur indépendance et prirent part à la grande guerre de la Révolution.

La dernière année du XVIII^e siècle, pendant lequel eurent lieu la Révolution américaine et la Révolution française, fut marquée par un grand événement. Bonaparte, le conquérant de l'Italie et de l'Egypte, l'homme du dix-huit Brumaire, le Premier Consul et le futur empereur, écrasa l'armée autrichienne à Marengo, le 14 juin 1800, et prévoyant la paix avec l'Autriche et l'Angleterre, voulut reconstituer l'empire colonial que la France avait perdu sous le misérable roi Louis XV. Par le traité de St. Ildephonse, le 1^{er} octobre 1800, l'Espagne rendait la Louisiane à la France, et Bonaparte donnait la Toscane et le titre de roi d'Etrurie au duc de Parme, gendre de Charles IV.

Le premier consul nomma le général Victor capitaine-général de la Louisiane et Laussat, préfet colonial, et eut de grands projets pour le développement de l'immense territoire qu'il rendait à la France. Victor ne partit pas pour la Louisiane, mais Laussat arriva à la Nouvelle-Orléans le 26 mars 1803. Les créoles louisianais exprimèrent le bonheur qu'ils éprouvaient à redevenir Français, mais rendirent justice à l'administration espagnole. La Louisiane, cependant, ne fut pas longtemps française. Le 30 avril 1803 Bonaparte en fit

la cession aux Etats-Unis. La guerre avec l'Angleterre allait recommencer, et le premier consul voulut donner à son ennemie une rivale digne d'elle. Il céda donc aux Etats-Unis pour une somme infime l'immense province de la Louisiane.

Si nous sommes aujourd'hui citoyens de la grande République du Nouveau Monde nous le devons certainement à la sagesse de Jefferson, de Monroe et de Robert Livingston, mais n'oublions pas ce que Napoléon Bonaparte fit pour nous. Il écrivit lui-même l'article 3 du traité de cession, par lequel il était stipulé que les Louisianais deviendraient, aussitôt que possible, citoyens des Etats-Unis et qu'ils seraient protégés dans la jouissance de leur liberté, de leur religion et de leurs biens. A St. Louis, en 1903, on va célébrer par une Exposition Universelle le centenaire de la cession de la Louisiane, et au centre de l'exposition on érigera la statue de Jefferson. M. Pierre Chouteau, un créole distingué de St. Louis, ville située dans l'ancienne Haute Louisiane, a suggéré de placer la statue de Napoléon à côté de celle de Jefferson. Nous approuvons hautement l'idée de M. Chouteau et nous espérons qu'elle sera mise à exécution.

Le 30 novembre 1803, les commissaires espagnols, Salcêdo et Casa Calvo, présentèrent à Laussat les clefs de la Nouvelle-Orléans et le mirent en possession de la province de la Louisiane. Laussat abolit le cabildo espagnol et établit un gouvernement municipal composé presque entièrement de créoles, et dont le chef fut Etienne de Boré, qui, en 1795, avait repris la culture de la canne à sucre et avait enrichi par cette industrie toute la Basse Louisiane.

Le 20 décembre 1803 eut lieu le transfert de la Louisiane aux commissaires américains. Cet acte important, ainsi que celui du 30 novembre, eut lieu dans notre bâtiment du cabildo à la Nouvelle-Orléans, et dans cet édifice historique nous allons célébrer le centenaire du grand événement qui rendit la Louisiane américaine et, par conséquent, libre. Les créoles ont gardé un grand amour pour la langue et le pays des Français, leurs ancêtres, mais ils sont heureux et fiers d'être Américains. Ils ont prouvé, en 1815, sur le glorieux champ de bataille de Chalmette, qu'ils étaient de loyaux citoyens des Etats-Unis, et ils ont fait preuve d'héroïsme dans la guerre du Mexique, dans la guerre Civile, et dans la guerre de 1898 contre l'Espagne.

Les deux soldats les plus illustres que la Louisiane ait produits ont été deux créoles. Aubert-Dubayet, le héros des grandes guerres de la Révolution américaine et de la Révolution française, et Beauregard, le Vauban louisianais.

Les créoles ont occupé de hautes positions dans le gouvernement de notre état et des Etats-Unis, et ils en ont toujours été dignes. Ils ont toujours eu l'amour de la liberté et de l'indépendance et, comme nous l'avons vu, les premiers martyrs sur ce continent pour la cause de la liberté furent les créoles de 1768. On ne peut douter du courage et du patriotisme de mes compatriotes, mais on a osé les accuser de manquer d'énergie. Qu'on se rappelle quelle était la vie sur une grande plantation avant la guerre Civile. Quels sont ceux qui ont abattu les arbres gigantesques et défriché les terrains fertiles? Qui a mis un frein à la puissance du plus grand des fleuves? Qui a combattu et vaincu les sauvages Indiens? Quels ont été les pionniers de la Louisiane? Les colons français et leurs fils, les créoles. Qui a cultivé la canne à sucre, malgré l'opposition de sa famille et de ses amis? Etienne de Boré, un créole. Qui a été le premier à raffiner le sucre en Louisiane? Valcour Aime, un créole. Ne fallait-il pas avoir de l'énergie pour réussir dans toutes les entreprises avant la guerre et pour se remettre bravement au travail, après que Lee eut rendu à Grant sa vaillante épée à Appomatox? Les créoles ne sont plus riches mais ils ont conservé, j'ose le dire, les manières élégantes et l'esprit chevaleresque de leurs pères. Ils gagnent leur pain à la sueur de leur front et enseignent à leurs nombreux enfants que le travail est honorable et sacré. Quant aux femmes créoles elles sont belles et douces et elles ont le coeur aussi brave que leur âme est pure.

On a prétendu que les créoles n'étaient pas Américains parce qu'ils veulent conserver la langue française au foyer de famille. Cette assertion est absurde. On peut parler le français en Amérique et être excellent citoyen américain. Les Suisses ne sont-ils pas patriotes, dans le pays desquels l'on parle quatre langues différentes? Les hommes du midi de la France, les hommes de Languedoc, n'ont-ils pas toujours été dévoués à leur patrie, ainsi que les Bretons de langue celtique?

Les créoles ont donné à la Louisiane une grande distinction, celle de posséder deux littératures, une en français et une en

anglais, et ils ont contribué avec honneur à toutes deux. Audubon, le célèbre naturaliste et artiste, était un créole, ainsi que Charles Gayarré, l'homme de lettres le plus distingué que la Louisiane ait produit. Parmi nos écrivains d'origine française nous avons eu des poètes, des historiens, des romanciers, de grand mérite, et nous pouvons être fiers d'Etienne Viel, de Dominique et d'Adrien Rouquette, d'Oscar Dugué, de L. Placide Canonge, d'Alexandre Latil, du Dr. Alfred Mercier, du Colonel Alfred Roman, de Mme. de la Houssaye, de John Augustin et de beaucoup d'autres. Je crois pouvoir ajouter que le goût de l'es thétique, le sentiment artistique si développé en Louisiane est dû, en grande partie, à l'influence française, aux traditions françaises conservées par les créoles.

Je suis arrivé à la fin de ce discours, et je n'ai plus qu'un mot à ajouter. Je ne voudrais pas, mesdames et messieurs, que vous crussiez, un instant, que les créoles font bandé à part, en Louisiane, qu'ils forment un parti politique. Ils ne prétendent être que des Louisianais, que des Américains, et tous les Louisianais de race caucasienne sont leurs frères, quelle que soit leur origine.

Voici le gouverneur Heard, le chef de notre état, demandez lui s'il n'a pas pleine confiance en notre dévouement, en notre patriotisme. Nous ne voulons différer des autres Louisianais que par notre amour pour la France et pour la langue française. Nous voulons conserver parmi nous la langue des premiers colons de la Louisiane, et ce sera toujours en français que nous prierons Dieu de protéger nos enfants, notre Etat natal, et notre patrie, les Etats-Unis.

JOHN FOX, JUNIOR

[1863—1919]

JOHN PATTERSON

ON the sixteenth of December, 1863, at Stony Point, Bourbon County, Kentucky, was born the idyllist of 'The Mountain Europa' and novelist of 'The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.'

The author of this sketch of Mr. Fox knew him in his home when they were boys, and knows him now, in the world of his literary success, to have been fortunate both in that home and in his ancestors. The first John Fox, a major in the English Army, after being concerned in a conspiracy to rescue Charles I, fled to Virginia in 1649 and was given a colonial appointment by Governor Berkeley.

The father of John Fox, Junior, was a man of refined taste and old-time culture, a dignified and kindly gentleman schoolmaster. The impression that his mother makes on me at this distant day, when I come to reflect and to remember, is that of a woman of sweetness and wit; and it is a pleasure to recall her with this slight tribute. Mr. Fox's native village is in that bluegrass region of Kentucky which he and its other sons love, and the beauty of its setting cast as true and productive a love of Nature over the boy as environment has ever cast over any author. So, to use his own words in 'Crittenden', "the little touch of magic that makes success seemed not to have been denied him at birth," for heredity, birthplace, and training supplied it.

While in college at the Kentucky University and at Harvard Mr. Fox ranked high as a student, but he was never the typical book-worm and "grind." He was a fine gymnast, and possibly the strongest mental picture which I now have of him in our old Harvard days is that of his swinging and gyrating aloft on a trapeze, or diving through a hole in a canvas, imitating, to my admiring eyes, the pose and the enchanting motion of the circus-ring "acrobatic artist." Why, he could even do the "giant-swing!" What were paltry high marks, honors, and indications of future literary success to this wondrous physical feat! Another factor in my admiration of my friend was the charm of his personality and his winning laugh. No one who has heard John Fox laugh will forget it. He laughed his way into the hearts of his comrades in his youth with as certain a success as, with his forceful and graceful pen, he has written his way into the hearts of his contemporaries in his manhood.

Mr. Fox was guided in his first literary preparation and efforts by the distinguished Kentucky author, Mr. James Lane Allen. He worked especially in English in his college career with a view to making literature his profession, and took honors in English on graduation. So his productions cannot impress us as fortunate literary windfalls, like so many novels of to-day, but as the result of a deliberate preference, training, and purpose.

When he was graduated at Harvard in 1883, Mr. Fox, after some desultory newspaper employment, began to work near Cumberland Gap, on the mining property of his brother, Mr. James Fox, a Kentuckian of culture and reputation. Incidentally, he afterwards did a little teaching, but it was always in the tentative and casual way of a young man who is conscious that his real leaders in life are not to be Heracles and the centaur, but Apollo and the Muses. When Mr. Fox came to live in the Kentucky mountains, and to know the Kentucky mountaineer, on a sudden he was captive to the influence of both, and found the theme for his heart and his pen. He yields himself in his best work to the imaginative appeal of the Cumberlands in their changeful moods—their melancholy in misty autumn, their laziness in sunburned summer, their melodious mirth in early spring. At one time the tender verdure of their woods, at another the gorgeous flame of their fall-stained leaves, at another their snow-covered heads or their tempest-tost locks are all seen and felt in his stories. And moving on the Cumberland slopes are his flesh and blood mountaineer men and women, born to live and love and hate as the sparks fly upward.

The great point in criticism is to know what the author tried to do, and to judge how well he has succeeded in doing it. In so far as Mr. Fox has tried to depict in literature the mountaineers of Kentucky in their homes and dialect, he has succeeded brilliantly, and in a way that will give his stories more than transitory appreciation. When he deals with the people of the Bluegrass it seems to me, though many critics would reverse my opinion, that his *dramatis personæ* and dramatic incidents are somewhat well known types, like those of the ancient Greek drama, and less distinctly individual, though more internally evolved than those of his mountain stories. The rough sketch of the Dillons in 'The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come' is the work of a master, and appeals to me more in its unconscious art than even so carefully finished a character as Crittenden. Mr. Fox possesses in a marked degree the high literary quality, like Meredith or Stevenson, of giving a single significant detail which will light up a character instantaneously.

Mr. Fox's first published work was 'The Mountain Europa,' a

delightful idyll of the Cumberlands, saddened by the tragedy of a remote and simple life. The picturesqueness of the opening incident discovering the mountain Europa, Easter, on her bull as she appears before Clayton on the mountain side, like a fantastic creature from the realm of myth brought down to the borderland of humanity, appeals strongly to the reader and sets his curiosity on edge. The sad story of her love for the city man and her tragic death, the fineness of Clayton's character, the contrast of sweetness and roughness and sadness in the dramatic setting, make this, in some respects, one of the best stories Mr. Fox has ever written.

The 'Cumberland Vendetta' is a story of a mountain feud between the two families of Lewallens and Stetsons. There is strength in this tale from the beginning, and it is stamped on every page. The bitter hatred of the families is artistically brought out in the very anti-theoretical situation of their homes: "So there were times when the one could not turn to the sunrise, nor the other to the sunset, but with a curse in his heart, for his eye must fall on the home of his enemy." As in Stevenson's 'Master of Ballantrae,' so in 'The Cumberland Vendetta' blood almost follows the cutting of the pages, and yet without leaving on the reader the impression of an ordinary "blood and thunder" tale. Its tragic background is relieved by the rude, but intense, love story of Rome Stetson and Martha Lewallen. In this tale the author moves his figures, cast in their alien mould of the Cumberland mountaineer, a little farther toward the footlights of conventionality.

In 'The Kentuckian' Mr. Fox changes completely the setting and characters of his work. He has abandoned the mountains and their crude, primitive, strange type of life for the beauty and chivalry of the Bluegrass region. His field is wider and his characters are more complex. His work is now the work of a novelist, dealing with internals. The mountaineer Boone Stallard moves awkwardly, but with native power and nobility as he measures strength with the eloquent, imperious, gentlemanly Marshall; and Mr. Fox lets them, under the guidance of his impelling hand, work out their own salvation, each in his own generic way.—"The old fight—patrician against plebeian, crude force against culture."

Anne Bruce is a true woman of the fine cultured, romantic, Southern type, and serves as an admirable incentive to the lustration of Randolph Marshall. In 'Crittenden' the pen of Mr. Fox depicts his scenes in concentric circles around the Bluegrass region as a center, reaching out to the horizon of the Spanish War. Clay Crittenden is even a more pronounced type of the chivalrous Bluegrass gentleman than Marshall. He fights, like the true gentleman of all times

and races, the fight of life against the odds of despised love, failure, loss of fortune and his own weaknesses; "And as his father and uncle had fought, so he would try to do, and as they had lived, so he, with God's help, would live henceforth to the end."—"And God was good that Christmas!" The minor characters in 'Crittenden' are drawn with skill. Phyllis is a delightful, fresh, trusting, Southern girl, and Basil is just the kind of manly, unselfish, impulsive boy, rapidly developing in the mould of his ancestors, that we love to think of as not unusual to our State. Judith Page, the heroine, is rather delicately drawn, with much less distinct strokes than Crittenden, and she reminds us a little too typically, perhaps, of Anne Bruce.

In 'The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come' Mr. Fox has created his masterpiece so far. Dear Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, making that simple and pathetic apostrophe to his God, "I hain't nothin' but a boy, but I got to ack like a man now!" All of us have loved him from those words on, as he acted his part in the pages of Mr. Fox's romance, fighting his way to success. In the vivid and harmoniously finished sentences of the author the vital action is foreshadowed in the battle of the elements which gives its lesson of life to the young outcast. He learns his lesson well and weathers his storm till the rainbow shows.

The central figure is that of a little mountain waif ignorant of his parentage, and left alone by the death of the kindly mountaineers who had sheltered him. The boy and his dog Jack start forlornly down the mountain side to escape from a rough and cruel neighbor who intended to have Chad bound to him for seven years by law. Chad finds shelter in the Turner's cabin, far down the mountain slope; and around its friendly log-fire, and in its neighborhood of barnyard, schoolhouse, and river of Kingdom Come, took place those emotional and humorous, but always fascinating, incidents in the life of the Little Shepherd.

The change of setting in the story is the far cry from the mountains to the center of the Bluegrass, and the Little Shepherd gradually changes as externally as his environment; for it is here that, in the course of time, he evolves from Chad, Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, into Chadwick Buford, gentleman. And poor old Jack, the faithful, lovable, pathetic dog, must be left up in the mountains to the care of that ideal Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, whose spirit **never** really left them.

In the background of the rise and height of this romance is the war between the North and the South; and, more than any other romance of this historic epoch, Mr. Fox has interwoven the action of this contest into the development of his story with effective re-

sult. He has brought out the influence of the divided feelings of his State between the great "Lost Cause" of Lee and the great "Won Cause" of Grant, without once violating national sympathy, or appealing to local prejudice. He has displayed the pageant of its thrilling incidents in a dazzling yet lucid way, and always in a manner that lets us see through the flash of bayonet, the glint of sword and the smoke of musket, the colors and bearing of his *dramatis personæ*.

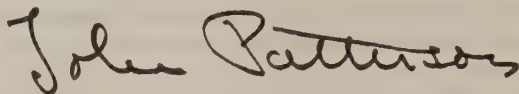
There may be a difference of opinion among critics on the artistic propriety of such complicated diorama for the scenic effect of the main story, but there can be none on the taste and effect of interest with which the author combines its pictures. The minor characters have become much more distinct in this romance than in Mr. Fox's previous writings, notably those of the mountain girl Melissa and the Dillons, who have received just the stroke here and there to make them vivid. Margaret is beautiful, brave and noble, with that touch of coquetry which embellishes the girl of the Southland, and she is the best of Mr. Fox's women of the upper caste.

Mr. Fox's collections of short stories are 'Bluegrass and Rhododendron'; 'Hell for Sartin and Other Stories'; 'Following the Sun Flag'; 'Christmas Eve on Lonesome,' and the story published under a separate cover, 'A Knight of the Cumberland.' 'Hell for Sartin' has been pronounced by many prominent literary men as the best short story ever written by an American. In his short mountain stories Mr. Fox is past-master, and we Arabs of the plain are willing to sit in our tents and listen eagerly to him as long as he cares to tell them. The genealogy and the life of the Kentucky mountaineer is traced through most of Mr. Fox's sketches. As mountains have always given love of liberty, isolation of customs, and necessity for executing the law outside of courts, so the Cumberlands have given their sons this heritage, and, besides, that of extreme hospitality, loyalty, orthodoxy and the spirit of the vendetta surviving in the mountain fastnesses from the codes of Chivalry, the Reformation, and the Clan. The dialect survivals are specially interesting, and the dialect itself of these mountaineers is admirably handled by Mr. Fox.

Mr. Fox was not only a war correspondent in Cuba during our war with Spain, but he also visited, in the interests of *Scribner's Magazine*, the theater of the Russo-Japanese War, and has written his experiences there in 'Following the Sun Flag.'

Mr. Fox's style is fresh, vigorous, and penetrating as the prickles of the shrub he loves to sing, and, when occasion demands, it is graceful and delicate and finely-colored like the rhododendron's blos-

soms. Humor, pathos, fancy and congruity give literary charm to the realistic faithfulness of these stories. Mr. Fox's latest work, 'The Trail of the Lonesome Pine,' is being published at the time of the writing of this sketch, as a serial in *Scribner's Magazine*.



THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEER

From 'Bluegrass and Rhododendron.' All selections are copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons, and are used by permission of the publishers.

ELSEWHERE the Southern mountaineer holds human life as cheap; elsewhere he is ready to let death settle a personal dispute; elsewhere he is more ignorant and has as little regard for law; elsewhere he was divided against himself by the war and was left in subsequent conditions just as lawless; elsewhere he has similar clannishness of feeling, and elsewhere is an occasional feud which is confined to family and close kindred. But nowhere is the feud so common, so old, so persistent, so deadly, as in the Kentucky mountains. Nowhere else is there such organization, such division of enmity to the limit of kinship.

About thirty-five years ago two boys were playing marbles in the road along the Cumberland River, down in the Kentucky mountains. One had a patch on the seat of his trousers. The other boy made fun of it, and the boy with the patch went home and told his father. Thirty years of local war was the result. The factions fought on after they had forgotten why they had fought at all. While organized warfare is now over, an occasional fight yet comes over the patch on those trousers and a man or two is killed. A county as big as Rhode Island is still bitterly divided on the subject. In a race for the Legislature not long ago, the feud was the sole issue. And without knowing it, perhaps, a mountaineer carried that patch like a flag to victory and sat under it at the capital—making laws for the rest of the State.

That is the feud that has stained the highland border of

the State with blood, and abroad has engulfed the reputation of the lowland bluegrass, where there are, of course, no feuds—a fact that sometimes seems to require emphasis, I am sorry to say. Almost every mountain county has, or has had, its feud. On each side is a leader whose authority is rarely questioned. Each leader has his band of retainers. Always he arms them; usually he feeds them; sometimes he houses and clothes them, and sometimes, even, he hires them. In one local war, I remember, four dollars per day were the wages of the fighting man, and the leader on one occasion, while besieging his enemies—in the county court-house—tried to purchase a cannon, and from no other place than the State arsenal, and from no other personage than the governor himself.

It is the feud that most sharply differentiates the Kentucky mountaineer from his fellows, and it is extreme isolation that makes possible in this age such a relic of mediæval barbarism. For the feud means, of course, ignorance, shiftlessness, incredible lawlessness, a frightful estimate of the value of human life; the horrible custom of ambush, a class of cowardly assassins who can be hired to do murder for a gun, a mule, or a gallon of "moonshine."

Now these are the blackest shadows in the only picture of Kentucky mountain life that has reached the light of print through the press. There is another side, and it is only fair to show it.

The feud is an inheritance. There were feuds before the war, even on the edge of the bluegrass; there were fierce family fights in the backwoods before and during the Revolution—when the war between Whig and Tory served as a pretext for satisfying personal animosities already existing, and it is not a wild fancy that the Kentucky mountain feud takes root in Scotland. For, while it is hardly possible that the enmities of the Revolution were transmitted to the Civil War, it is quite sure that whatever race instinct, old-world trait of character, or moral code the backwoodsman may have taken with him into the mountains—it is quite sure that that instinct, that trait of character, that moral code, are living forces in him to-day. The late war was, however, the chief cause of feuds. When it came, the river-bottoms were populated, the clans were formed. There were more slave-holders among them

than among other Southern mountaineers. For that reason the war divided them more evenly against themselves, and set them fighting. When the war stopped elsewhere it simply kept on with them, because they were more isolated, more evenly divided; because they were a fiercer race, and because the issue had become personal. The little that is going on now goes on for the same reason; for while civilization pressed close enough in 1890 and 1891 to put an end to organized fighting, it is a consistent fact that after the failure of Baring Brothers, and the stoppage of the flow of English capital into the mountains, and the check of railroads and civilization, these feuds slowly started up again. When I left home for the Cuban War two companies of State militia were on their way to the mountains to put down a feud. On the day of the Las Guasimas fight these feudsmen fought, and they lost precisely as many men killed as the Rough Riders—eight.

Again: while the feud may involve the sympathies of a county, the number of men actually engaged in it are comparatively few. Moreover, the feud is strictly of themselves, and is based primarily on a privilege that the mountaineer, the world over, has most grudgingly surrendered to the law, the privilege of avenging his private wrongs. The non-partisan and the traveler are never molested. Property of the beaten faction is never touched. The women are safe from harm, and I have never heard of one who was subjected to insult. Attend to your own business, side with neither faction in act or word, and you are much safer among the Kentucky mountaineers when a feud is going on than you are crossing Broadway at Twenty-third Street. As you ride along, a bullet may plough through the road ten yards in front of you. That means for you to halt. A mountaineer will come out of the bushes and ask who you are and where you are going and what your business is. If your answers are satisfactory you go on unmolested. Asking for a place to stay all night, you may be told, "Go to So and So's house; he'll perfect ye;" and he will, too, at the risk of his own life, when you are past the line of suspicion and under his roof.

There are other facts that soften a too harsh judgment of the mountaineer and his feud—harsh as the judgment should be. Personal fealty is the cornerstone of the feud. The

mountaineer admits no higher law; he understands no conscience that will violate that tie. You are my friend or my kinsman; your quarrel is my quarrel; whoever strikes you, strikes me. If you are in trouble I must not testify against you. If you are an officer you must not arrest me, you must send me word to come into court. If I'm innocent, why, maybe I'll come.

Moreover, the worst have the list of rude virtues already mentioned; and, besides, the mountaineer is never a thief nor a robber, and he will lie about one thing and one thing only, and that is land. He has cleared it, built his cabin from the trees, lived on it, and he feels that any means necessary to hold it are justifiable. Lastly, religion is as honestly used to cloak deviltry as it ever was in the Middle Ages.

A feud leader who had about exterminated the opposing faction, and had made a good fortune for a mountaineer while doing it, for he kept his men busy getting out the timber when they weren't fighting, said to me, in all seriousness:

"I have triumphed agin my enemies time and time agin. The Lord's on my side, and I gits a better and better Christian ever' year."

A preacher, riding down a ravine, came upon an old mountaineer hiding in the bushes with his rifle.

"What are you doing, my friend?"

"Ride on, stranger," was the easy answer. "I'm a-waitin' fer Jim Johnson, and with the help of the Lawd I'm goin' to blow his damn head off."

Even the ambush, the hideous feature of the feud, took root in the days of the Revolution, and was borrowed, maybe, from the Indians. Milfort, the Frenchman, who hated the backwoodsman, says Mr. Roosevelt, describes with horror their extreme malevolence and their murderous disposition toward one another. He says that whether a wrong had been done to a man personally, or to his family, he would, if necessary, travel a hundred miles and lurk around the forest indefinitely to get a chance to shoot his enemy.

But the Civil War was the chief cause of bloodshed; for there is evidence, indeed, that though feeling between families was strong, bloodshed was rare and the English sense of fairness prevailed, in certain communities at least. Often you

shall hear an old mountaineer say: "Folks usen to talk about how fer they could kill a *deer*. Now hit's how fer they can kill a *man*. Why, I have knowed the time when a man would hev been druv outen the country fer drawin' a knife or a pistol, an' if a man was ever killed, hit wus kinder accidental by a Barlow. I reckon folks got used to weapons an' killin' an' shootin' from the bresh endurin' the war. But hit's been gettin' wuss ever sence, and now hit's dirk an' Winchester all the time." Even for the ambush there is an explanation.

"Oh, I know all the excuses folks make. Hit's fair for one as 'tis fer t'other. You can't fight a man f'ar and squar who'll shoot you in the back. A pore man can't fight money in the courts. Thar hain't no witnesses in the lorrel but leaves, an' dead men don't hev much to say. I know hit all. Looks like lots o' decent young folks hev got usen to the idee; thar's so much of it goin' on and thar's so much talk about shootin' from the bresh. I do reckon hit's wuss'n stealin' to take a feller critter's life that way."

It is also a fact that most of the men who have been engaged in these fights were born, or were children during the war, and were, in consequence, accustomed to bloodshed and bushwhacking from infancy. Still, even among the fighters there is often a strong prejudice against the ambush, and in most feuds one or the other side discountenances it, and that is the faction usually defeated. I know of one family that was one by one exterminated because they refused to take to the "bresh."

Again, the secret of the feud is isolation. In the mountains the war kept on longer, for personal hatred supplanted its dead issues. Railroads and newspapers have had their influences elsewhere. Elsewhere court circuits include valley people. Civilization has pressed slowly on the Kentucky mountains. The Kentucky mountaineer, until quite lately, has been tried, when brought to trial at all, by the Kentucky mountaineer. And when a man is tried for a crime by a *man* who would commit that crime under the same circumstances, punishment is not apt to follow.

Thus the influence that has helped most to break up the feud is trial in the Bluegrass, for there is no ordeal the mountaineer more hates than trial by a jury of bigoted "furriners."

Who they are—these Southern mountaineers—is a subject of endless conjecture and dispute—a question that perhaps will never be satisfactorily solved. While there are among them the descendants of the old bond servant and redemptioner class, of vicious runaway criminals and the trashiest of the poor whites, the ruling class has undoubtedly come from the old free settlers, English, German, Swiss, French Huguenot, even Scotch and Scotch-Irish. As the Germans and Swiss are easily traced to North Carolina, the Huguenots to South Carolina and parts of Georgia, it is more than probable, from the scant study that has been given the question, that the strongest and largest current of blood in their veins comes from none other than the mighty stream of Scotch-Irish.

Briefly, the theory is this: From 1720 to 1780, the settlers in southwest Virginia, middle North Carolina and western South Carolina were chiefly Scotch and Scotch-Irish. They were active in the measures preceding the outbreak of the Revolution, and they declared independence at Abingdon, Virginia, even before they did at Mecklenburg, North Carolina. In these districts they were the largest elements in the patriot army, and they were greatly impoverished by the war. Being too poor or too conscientious to own slaves, and unable to compete with them as the planter's field hand, blacksmith, carpenter, wheelwright, and man-of-all-work, especially after the invention of the cotton-gin in 1792, they had no employment and were driven to mountain and sand-hill. There are some good reasons for the theory. Among prominent mountain families direct testimony or unquestioned tradition point usually to Scotch-Irish ancestry, sometimes to pure Scotch origin, sometimes to English. Scotch-Irish family names in abundance speak for themselves, as do folk-words and folk-songs and the characteristics, mental, moral, and physical, of the people. Broadly speaking, the Southern mountaineers are characterized as "peaceable, civil, good-natured, kind, clever, naturally witty, with a fair share of common sense, and morals not conscientiously bad, since they do not consider ignorance, idleness, poverty, or the excessive use of tobacco or 'moonshine' as immoral or vicious."

Another student says: "The majority are of good blood, honest, law-abiding blood." Says still another: "They are

ignorant of books, but sharp as a rule." Says another: "They have great reverence for the Bible, and are sturdy, loyal, and tenacious." Moreover, the two objections to this theory that would naturally occur to anyone have easy answers. The mountaineers are not Presbyterians and they are not thrifty. Curiously enough, testimony exists to the effect that certain Methodist or Baptist churches were once Presbyterian; and many preachers of these two denominations had grandfathers who were Presbyterian ministers. The Methodists and Baptists were perhaps more active; they were more popular in the mountains as they were in the backwoods, because they were more democratic and more emotional. The backwoodsman did not like the preacher to be a preacher only. He, too, must work with his hands.

Scotch-Irish thriftiness decayed. The soil was poor; game was abundant, hunting bred idleness. There were no books, no schools, few church privileges, a poorly educated ministry; and the present illiteracy, thriftlessness, and poverty were easy results. Deed-books show that the ancestors of men who now make their mark often wrote a good hand.

Such, briefly, is the Southern mountaineer in general, and the Kentucky mountaineer in particular. Or, rather, such he was until fifteen years ago; and to know him now you must know him as he was then, for the changes that have been wrought in the last decade affect localities only, and the bulk of the mountain-people is, practically, still what it was one hundred years ago. Still, changes have taken place and changes will take place now swiftly, and it rests largely with the outer world what these changes shall be.

The vanguard of civilization—railroads—unless quickly followed by schools and churches, at the ratio of four schools to one church, have a bad effect on the Southern mountaineer. He catches up the vices of the incoming current only too readily. The fine spirit of his hospitality is worn away. He goes to some little "boom" town, is forced to pay the enormous sum of fifty cents for his dinner, and when you go his way again, you pay fifty cents for yours. Carelessly applied charity weakens his pride, makes him dependent. You hear of arrests for petty thefts sometimes, occasionally burglaries are made, and the mountaineer is cowed by the superior numbers or

superior intelligence of the incomer, and he seems to lose his sturdy self-respect.

And yet the result could easily be far different. Not long ago I talked with an intelligent young fellow, a young minister who had taught among them many years, exclusively in the Kentucky mountains, and is now preaching in them. He says they are more tractable, more easily moulded, more easily uplifted than the people of a similar grade of intelligence in cities. He gave an instance to illustrate their general susceptibility in all ways: When he took charge of a certain school, every boy and girl, nearly all of them grown, chewed tobacco. The teacher before him used tobacco and even exchanged it with his pupils. He told them at once they must stop. They left off instantly.

It was a "blab" school, as the mountaineers characterized a school in which the pupils study aloud. He put an end to that one day, and he soon told them they must stop talking to one another. After school they said they didn't think they could ever do that, but they did. In another county, ten years ago, he had ten boys and girls gathered to organize a Sunday-school. None had ever been to Sunday-school and only two knew what a Sunday-school was. He announced that he would organize one at that place a week later. When he reached the spot the following Sunday there were seventy-five young mountaineers there. They had sung themselves quite hoarse waiting for him, and he was an hour early. The Sunday-school was founded, built up and developed into a church.

When the first printing-press was taken to a certain mountain town in 1882, a deputation of citizens met it three miles from town and swore that it should go no farther. An old preacher mounted the wagon and drove it into town. Later the leader of that crowd owned the printing-press and ran it. In this town are two academies for the education of the mountaineer. Young fellows come there from every mountain county and work their way through. They curry horses, carry water, work about the houses—do everything; many of them cook for themselves and live on four dollars a month. They are quick-witted, strong-minded, sturdy, tenacious, and usually very religious.

Indeed, people who have been among the Southern mountaineers testify that as a race they are proud, sensitive, hospitable, kindly, obliging in an unreckoning way that is almost pathetic; honest, loyal, in spite of their common ignorance, poverty, and isolation; that they are naturally capable, eager to learn, easy to uplift. Americans to the core, they make the Southern mountains a storehouse of patriotism; in themselves they are an important offset to the Old World outcasts whom we have welcomed to our shores; and they surely deserve as much consideration from the Nation as the negroes, for whom we have done, and are doing so much, or as the heathen, to whom we give millions.

I confess that I have given prominence to the best features of mountain life and character, for the reason that the worst will easily make their own way. It is only fair to add, however, that nothing that has ever been said of the mountaineer's ignorance, shiftlessness, and awful disregard of human life, especially in the Kentucky mountains, that has not its basis perhaps, in actual fact.

First, last and always, however, it is to be remembered that to begin to understand the Southern mountaineers you must go back to the social conditions and standards of the backwoods before the Revolution, for practically they are the backwoods people and the backwoods conditions of pre-Revolutionary days. Many of their ancestors fought with ours for American independence. They were loyal to the Union for one reason that no historian seems ever to have guessed. For the loyalty of 1861 was, in great part, merely the transmitted loyalty of 1776, imprisoned like a fossil in the hills. Precisely for the same reason, the mountaineer's estimate of the value of human life, of the sanctity of the law, of a duty that overrides either—the duty of one blood kinsman to another—is the estimate of that day and not of this; and it is by the standards of that day and not of this that he is to be judged. To understand the mountaineer, then, you must go back to the Revolution. To do him justice you must give him the awful ordeal of a century of isolation and consequent ignorance in which to deteriorate. Do that and your wonder, perhaps, that he is so bad becomes a wonder that he is not worse. To my mind, there is but one strain of American

blood that could have stood that ordeal quite so well, and that comes from the sturdy Scotch-Irish who are slowly wrestling from Puritan and Cavalier an equal share of the glory that belongs to the three for the part played on the world's stage by this land in the heroic rôle of Liberty.

TWO RUNAWAYS FROM LONESOME

From 'The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.' Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons.
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THE days of that April had been days of mist and rain. Sometimes, for hours, there would come a miracle of blue sky, white cloud, and yellow light; but always between dark and dark the rain would fall and the mist creep up the mountains and stream from the tops—only to roll together from either range, drip back into the valley, and lift, straightway, as mist again. So that all the while Nature was trying to give lustier life to every living thing in the lowland Bluegrass, all the while a gaunt skeleton was stalking down the Cumberland—tapping with fleshless knuckles, now at some unlovely cottage of faded white and green, and now at a log cabin, stark and gray. Passing the mouth of Lonesome, he flashed his scythe into its unlifting shadows and went stalking on. High up, at the source of the dismal little stream, the point of the shining blade darted thrice into the open door of a cabin set deep into a shaggy flank of Black Mountain, and three spirits within were quickly loosed from aching flesh for the long flight into the unknown.

It was the spirit of the plague that passed, taking with it the breath of the unlucky and the unfit: and in the hut on Lonesome three were dead—a gaunt mountaineer, a gaunt daughter, and a gaunt son. Later the mother, too, "jes' kind o' got tired," as little Chad said, and soon to her worn hands and feet came the well-earned rest. Nobody was left then but Chad and Jack, and Jack was a dog with a belly to feed and went for less than nothing with everybody but his little master and the chance mountaineer who had sheep to guard. So, for the fourth time Chad, with Jack at his heels, trudged up to the point of a wooded spur above the cabin, where, at

the foot of a giant poplar and under a wilderness of shaking June leaves, were three piles of rough boards, loosely covering three hillocks of rain-beaten earth; and, near them, an open grave. There was no service sung or spoken over the dead, for the circuit-rider was then months away; so, unnoticed, Chad stood behind the big poplar, watching the neighbors gently let down into the shallow trench a home-made coffin, rudely hollowed from the half of a bee-gum log, and, unnoticed, slipped away at the first muffled stroke of the dirt, doubling his fists into his eyes and tumbling against the gnarled bodies of laurel and rhododendron until, out in a clear sunny place, he dropped on a thick, velvet mat of moss and sobbed himself to sleep. When he awoke Jack was licking his face, and he sat up dazed and yawning. The sun was dropping fast, the ravines were filling with blue shadows, luminous and misty, and far drowsy tinkling from the valley told him that cows were starting homeward. From habit, he sprang quickly to his feet, but, sharply conscious on a sudden, dropped slowly back to the moss again, while Jack, who had started down the spur, circled back to see what the matter was, and stood with uplifted foot, much puzzled.

There had been a consultation about Chad early that morning among the neighbors, and old Nathan Cherry, who lived over on Stone Creek, in the next cove but one, said that he would take charge of the boy. Nathan did not wait for the burial, but went back home for his wagon, leaving word that Chad was to stay all night with a neighbor and meet him at the death-stricken cabin an hour by sun. The old man meant to have Chad bound to him for seven years by law—the boy had been told that—and Nathan hated dogs as much as Chad hated Nathan. So the lad did not lie long. He did not mean to be bound out nor to have Jack mistreated, and he rose quickly and Jack sprang before him down the rocky path and toward the hut that had been a home to both. Under the poplar, Jack sniffed curiously at the new-made grave, and Chad called him away so sharply that Jack's tail dropped and he crept toward his master as though to ask pardon for a fault of which he was not conscious. For one moment Chad stood looking. Again the stroke of the falling earth smote his ears and his eyes filled; a curious pain caught him by the

throat and he passed on, whistling—down into the shadows below to the open door of the cabin.

It was deathly still. The homespun bedclothes and the hand-made quilts of brilliant colors had been thrown into a heap on one of the two beds of hickory withes; the kitchen utensils—a crane and a few pots and pans—had been piled on the hearth, along with strings of herbs and beans and red pepper-pods—all ready for old Nathan when he should come over for them next morning, with his wagon. Not a living thing was to be heard or seen that suggested human life, and Chad sat down in the deepening loneliness, watching the shadows rise up the green walls that bound him in, and wondering what he should do, and where he should go, if he was not to go to old Nathan; while Jack, who seemed to know that some crisis was come, settled on his haunches a little way off, to wait, with perfect faith and patience, for the boy to make up his mind.

It was the first time, perhaps, that Chad had ever thought very seriously about himself, or wondered who he was, or whence he had come. Digging back into his memory as far as he could, it seemed to him that what had just happened now had happened to him once before, and that he had simply wandered away. He could not recollect where he had started from first, but he could recall many of the places where he had lived, and why he had left them—usually because somebody, like old Nathan, had wanted to have him bound out, or had misused Jack, or would not let the two stray off into the woods together when there was nothing else to be done. He had stayed longest where he was now, because the old man and his son and his girl had all taken a great fancy to Jack, and had let the two guard cattle in the mountains and drive sheep and, if they stayed out in the woods over night, struck neither a stroke of hand nor tongue. The old mother had been his mother, and once more Chad leaned his head against the worn lintel and wept silently. So far, nobody had seemed to care particularly who he was or was not—nor had Chad. Most people were very kind to him, looking upon him as one of the wandering waifs that one finds throughout the Cumberland, upon whom the good folks of the mountain do not visit the father's sin. He knew what he was thought to be, and it

mattered so little, since it made no discrimination against him, that he had accepted it without question. It did not matter now, except as it bore on the question as to where he should start his feet. It was a long time for him to have stayed in one place, and the roving memories stirred within him now took root, doubtless, in the restless spirit that had led his unknown ancestor into those mountain wilds after the Revolution.

All this while he had been sitting on the low threshold, with his elbows in the hollows of his thighs and his left hand across his mouth. Once more, he meant to be bound to no man's service, and at the final thought of losing Jack the liberty-loving little tramp spat over his hand with sharp decision and rose.

Just above him and across the buck antlers over the door lay a long flint-lock rifle; a bullet-pouch, a powder-horn, and a small raccoon-skin haversack hung from one of the prongs: and on them the boy's eyes rested longingly. Old Nathan, he knew, claimed that the dead man had owed him money; and he further knew that old Nathan meant to take all he could lay his hands on in payment; but he climbed resolutely upon a chair and took the things down, arguing the question meanwhile:

"Uncle Jim said once he aimed to give this rifle gun to me. Mebbe he was foolin', but I don't believe he owed ole Nathan so much, an' anyways," he muttered grimly, "I reckon Uncle Jim 'ud kind o' like fer me to git the better of that ole devil—jes' a *leetle*, anyways."

The rifle, he knew, was always loaded; there was not much powder in the horn and there were not more than a dozen bullets in the pouch, but they would last him until he could get far away. No more would he take, however, than what he thought he could get along with—one blanket from the bed and, from the fireplace, a little bacon and a pone of corn-bread.

"An' I *know* Aunt Jane wouldn't 'a' keered about these leetle fixin's, fer I have to have 'em, an' I know I've earned 'em anyways."

Then he closed the door softly on the spirits of the dead within, and caught the short deer-skin latch-string to the

wooden pin outside. With his Barlow knife he swiftly stripped a bark string from a pawpaw bush near by, folded and tied his blanket, and was swinging the little pack to his shoulder, when the tinkle of a cow-bell came through the bushes, close at hand. Old Nance, lean and pied, was coming home; he had forgotten her, it was getting late, and he was anxious to leave for fear some neighbor might come; but there was no one to milk, and when she drew near with a low moo he saw that her udders were full and dripping. It would hurt her to go unmilked, so Chad put aside his things and took up a cedar piggin from a shelf outside the cabin and did the task thoroughly—putting the strippings in a cup and, so strong was the habit in him, hurrying with both to the rude spring-house and setting them in cool running water. A moment more and he had his pack and his rifle on one shoulder and was climbing the fence at the wood-pile. There he stopped once more with a sudden thought, and wrenching loose a short axe from the face of a hickory log, staggered under the weight of his weapons up the mountain. The sun was not yet an hour high and, on the spur, he leaned his rifle against the big poplar and set to work with his axe on a sapling close by—talking frankly now to the God who made him.

"I reckon You know it, but I'm a-goin' to run away now. I hain't got no daddy an' no mammy, an' I hain't niver had none as I knows—but Aunt Jane hyeh—she's been jes' like a mother to me an' I'm a-doin' fer her jes' whut I wish You'd have somebody do fer my mother, ef You know whar she's a-layin'."

Eight round sticks he cut swiftly—four long and four short—with these he built a low pen, as is the custom of the mountaineers, close about the fresh mound, and, borrowing a board or two from each of the other mounds, covered the grave from the rain. Then he sunk the axe into the trunk of the great poplar as high up as he could reach—so that it could easily be seen—and, brushing the sweat from his face, he knelt down:

"God!" he said, simply, "I hain't nothin' but a boy, but I got to ack like a man now. I'm a-goin' now. I don't believe you keer much and seems like I bring ever'body bad luck: an' I'm a-goin' to live up hyeh on the mountain jus' as long

as I can. I don't want you to think I'm a-complainin'—fer I ain't. Only hit does seem sort o' curious that You'd let me be down hyeh—with me a-keerin' fer nobody now, an' nobody a-keerin' fer me. But Thy ways is inscrutable—least-wise, that's whut the circuit-rider says—an' I ain't got a word more to say—Amen."

Chad rose then and Jack, who had sat perfectly still, with his head cocked to one side and his ears straight forward in wonder over this strange proceeding, sprang into the air when Chad picked up his gun, and with a joyful bark circled a clump of bushes and sped back, leaping as high as the little fellow's head and trying to lick his face—for Jack was a rover too.

The sun was low when the two waifs turned their backs upon it, and the blue shadows in valley and ravine were darkening fast. Down the spur they went swiftly—across the river and up the slope of Pine Mountain. As they climbed, Chad heard the last faint sound of a cow-bell far below him and he stopped short, with a lump in his throat that hurt. Soon darkness fell, and on the very top the boy made a fire with his flint and steel, cooked a little bacon, warmed his corn-pone, munched them and, wrapping his blanket around him and letting Jack curl into the hollow of his legs and stomach, turned his face to the kindly stars and went to sleep.

ON TRIAL FOR HIS LIFE

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By degrees the whole story was told Chad that night. Now and then the Turners would ask him about his stay in the Bluegrass, but the boy would answer as briefly as possible and come back to Jack. Before going to bed, Chad said he would bring Jack into the house.

"Somebody might pizen him," he explained, and when he came back, he startled the circle about the fire:

"Whar's Whizzer?" he asked, sharply. "Who's seen Whizzer?"

Then it developed that no one had seen the Dillon dog

since the day before the sheep was found dead near a ravine at the foot of the mountain in a back pasture. Late that afternoon Melissa had found Whizzer in that very pasture when she was driving old Betsy, the brindle, home at milking-time. Since then no one of the Turners had seen the Dillon dog. That, however, did not prove that Whizzer was not at home. And yet—

"I'd like to know whar Whizzer is now!" said Chad, and after, at old Joel's command, he had tied Jack to a bedpost—an outrage that puzzled the dog sorely—the boy threshed his bed for an hour—trying to think out a defence for Jack and wondering if Whizzer might not have been concerned in the death of the sheep.

It is hardly possible that what happened next day could happen anywhere except among simple people of the hills. Briefly, the old Squire and the circuit-rider had brought old Joel to the point of saying, the night before, that he would give Jack up to be killed if he could be proven guilty. But the old hunter cried with an oath:

"You've got to prove him guilty." And thereupon the Squire said he would give Jack every chance that he would give a man—*he would try him*; each side could bring in witnesses; old Joel could have a lawyer if he wished, and Jack's case would go before a jury. If pronounced innocent, Jack should go free: if guilty—then the dog should be handed over to the sheriff, to be shot at sundown. Joel agreed.

It was a strange procession that left the gate of the Turner cabin that morn'g. Old Joel led the way, mounted, with "ole Sal," his rifle, across his saddle-bow. Behind him came Mother Turner and Melissa on foot and Chad with his rifle over his left shoulder, and leading Jack by a string with his right hand. Behind them slouched Tall Tom with his rifle and Dolph and Rube, each with a huge old-fashioned horse-pistol swinging from his right hip. Last strode the school-master. The cabin was left deserted—the hospitable door held closed by a deer-skin latch caught to a wooden pin outside.

It was strange humiliation to Jack thus to be led along the highway, like a criminal going to the gallows. There was no power on earth that could have moved him from Chad's

side, other than the boy's own command—but old Joel had sworn that he would keep the dog tied, and the old hunter always kept his word. He had sworn, too, that Jack should have a fair trial. Therefore, the guns—and the schoolmaster walked with his hands behind him and his eyes on the ground: he feared trouble.

Half a mile up the river and to one side of the road, a space of some thirty feet square had been cut into a patch of rhododendron and filled with blue benches of slabs, in front of which was a rough platform on which sat a home-made, cane-bottomed chair. Except for the opening from the road, the space was walled with a circle of living green through which the sun dappled the benches with quivering disks of yellow light—and, high above, great poplars and oaks arched their mighty heads. It was an open-air "meeting-house" where the circuit-rider preached during his summer circuit, and there the trial was to take place.

Already a crowd was idling, whittling, gossiping in the road, when the Turner cavalcade came in sight—and for ten miles up and down the river people were coming in for the trial.

"Mornin', gentlemen," said old Joel, gravely. "Mornin'," answered several, among whom was the Squire, who eyed Joel's gun and the guns coming up the road.

"Squirrel-huntin'?" he asked; and, as the old hunter did not answer, he added sharply:

"Air you afeerd, Joel Turner, that you ain't a-goin' to git justice from *me*?"

"I don't keer whar it comes from," said Joel, grimly—"but I'm a-goin' to *have* it."

It was plain that the old man not only was making no plea for sympathy, but was alienating the little he had: and what he had was very little—for who but a lover of dogs can give full sympathy to his kind? And then, Jack was believed to be guilty. It was curious to see how each Dillon shrank unconsciously as the Turners gathered—all but Jerry, one of the giant twins. He always stood his ground—fearing not man, nor dog—nor devil.

Ten minutes later the Squire took his seat on the platform, while the circuit-rider squatted down beside him. The

crowd, men and women and children, took the rough benches. To one side sat and stood the Dillons, old Tad, little Tad, Daws, Nance, and the others of the tribe. Straight in front of the Squire gathered the Turners about Melissa and Chad and Jack as a centre—with Jack squatted on his haunches foremost of all, facing the Squire with grave dignity and looking at none else save, occasionally, the old hunter or his little master.

To the right stood the sheriff with his rifle, and on the outskirts hung the school-master. Quickly the old Squire chose a jury—giving old Joel the opportunity to object as he called each man's name. Old Joel objected to none, for every man called he knew was more friendly to him than to the Dillons: and old Tad Dillon raised no word of protest, for he knew his case was clear. Then began the trial, and any soul that was there would have shuddered could he have known how that trial was to divide neighbor against neighbor, and mean death and bloodshed for half a century after the trial itself was long forgotten.

The first witness, old Tad—long, lean, stooping, crafty—had seen the sheep rushing wildly up the hillside “’bout crack o’ day,” he said, and had sent Daws up to see what the matter was. Daws had shouted back:

“That damned Turner dog has killed one o’ our sheep. Thar he comes now. Kill him!” And old Tad had rushed indoors for his rifle and had taken a shot at Jack as he leaped into the road and loped for home. Just then a stern, thick little voice rose from behind Jack:

“Hit was a God’s blessin’ fer you that you didn’t hit him.”

The Squire glared down at the boy and old Joel said, kindly:

“Hush, Chad.”

Old Dillon had then gone down to the Turners and asked them to kill the dog, but old Joel refused.

“Whar was Whizzer?” Chad asked sharply.

“You can’t ax that question,” said the Squire; “Hit’s er-irrelevant.”

Daws came next. When he reached the fence upon the hillside he could see the sheep lying still on the ground. As he

was climbing over the Turner dog jumped the fence, and Daws saw blood on his muzzle.

"How close was you to him?" asked the Squire.

"'Bout twenty feet," said Daws.

"Hump!" said old Joel.

"Whar was Whizzer?" Again the old Squire glared down at Chad.

"Don't you ax that question again, boy. Didn't I tell you hit was irrevelant?"

"What's irrelevant?" the boy asked, bluntly.

The Squire hesitated. "Why—why, hit ain't got nothin' to do with the case."

"Hit ain't?" shouted Chad.

"Joel," said the Squire, testily, "ef you don't keep that boy still I'll fine him for contempt o' court."

Joel laughed, but he put his heavy hand on the boy's shoulder. Little Tad Dillon and Nance and the Dillon mother had all seen Jack running down the road. There was no doubt but that it was the Turner dog. And with this clear case against poor Jack the Dillons rested. And what else could the Turners do but establish Jack's character and put in a plea of mercy—a useless plea, old Joel knew—for a first offence? Jack was the best dog old Joel had ever known, and the old man told wonderful tales of the dog's intelligence and kindness and how one night Jack had guarded a stray lamb that had broken its leg—until daybreak—and he had been led to the dog and the sheep by Jack's barking for help. The Turner boys confirmed this story, though it was received with incredulity.

How could a dog that would guard one lone, helpless lamb all night long take the life of another?

There was no witness that had aught but kind words to say of the dog or aught but wonder that he should have done this thing—even back to the cattle-dealer who had given him to Chad. For at that time the dealer said—so testified Chad, no objection being raised to hearsay evidence—that Jack was the best dog he ever knew. That was all the Turners or anybody could do or say, and the old Squire was about to turn the case over to the jury when Chad rose:

"Squire," he said, and his voice trembled, "Jack's my dog.

I lived with him night an' day for 'bout three years, an' I want to ax some questions."

He turned to Daws:

"I want to ax you ef thar was any blood around that sheep."

"Thar was a great big pool o' blood," said Daws, indignantly. Chad looked at the Squire.

"Well, a sheep-killin' dog don't leave no great big pool o' blood, Squire, with the *fust* one he kills! *He sucks it!*" Several men nodded their heads.

"Squire! The fust time I come over these mountains, the fust people I seed was these Dillons—an' Whizzer. They sicked Whizzer on Jack hyeh and Jack whopped him. Then Tad thar jumped me and I whopped him." (The Turner boys were nodding confirmation.) "Sence that time they've hated Jack an' they've hated me and they hate the Turners partly fer takin' keer o' me. Now you said somethin' I axed just now was irrevelant, but I tell you, Squire, I know a sheep-killin' dawg, and jes' as I know Jack *ain't*, I know the Dillons' dawg naturally *is*, and I tell you, if the Dillons' dawg killed that sheep and they could put it on Jack—they'd do it. They'd do it—Squire, an' I tell you, you—ortern't—to let—that sheriff—thar—shoot my dog—until the Dillons answer what I axed—" the boy's passionate cry rang against the green walls and out the opening and across the river—

"*Whar's Whizzer?*"

The boy startled the crowd and the old Squire himself, who turned quickly to the Dillons.

"Well, whar is Whizzer?"

Nobody answered.

"He ain't been seen, Squire, sence the evenin' afore the night o' the killin'!" Chad's statement seemed to be true. Not a voice contradicted.

"An' I want to know if Daws seed signs o' killin' on Jack's head when he jumped the fence, why them same signs didn't show when he got home."

Poor Chad! Here old Tad Dillon raised his hand. "Ax the Turners, Squire," he said, as the school-master on the outskirts shrank, as though he meant to leave the crowd; the old man's quick eye caught the movement and he added:

"Ax the school-teacher!"

Every eye turned with the Squire's to the master, whose face was strangely serious straightaway.

"Did you see any signs on the dawg when he got home?" The gaunt man hesitated, with one swift glance at the boy, who almost paled in answer.

"Why," said the schoolmaster, and again he hesitated; but old Joel, in a voice that was without hope, encouraged him:

"Go on!"

"What wus they?"

"Jack had blood on his muzzle, and a little strand o' wool behind one ear."

There was no hope against that testimony. Melissa broke away from her mother and ran out to the road weeping. Chad dropped with a sob to his bench and put his arm around the dog: then he rose up and walked out the opening while Jack leaped against his leash to follow. The schoolmaster put out his hand to stop him, but the boy struck it aside, and without looking up went on: he could not stay to see Jack condemned. He knew what the verdict would be, and in twenty minutes the jury gave it, without leaving their seats.

"Guilty!"

The sheriff came forward. He knew Jack and Jack knew him, and wagged his tail and whimpered up at him when he took the leash.

"Well, by —, this is a job I don't like, an' I'm damned ef I'm agoin' to shoot this dawg afore he knows what I'm shootin' him fer. I'm goin' to show him that sheep fust. Whar's that sheep, Daws?"

Daws led the way down the road, over the fence, across the meadow, and up the hillside where lay the slain sheep. Chad and Melissa saw them coming—the whole crowd—before they themselves were seen. For a minute the boy watched them. They were going to kill Jack where the Dillons said he had killed the sheep, and the boy jumped to his feet and ran up the hill a little way and disappeared in the bushes, that he might not hear Jack's death-shot, while Melissa sat where she was, watching the crowd come on. Daws

was at the foot of the hill, and she saw him make a gesture toward her, and then the Sheriff came on with Jack—over the fence, past her, the Sheriff saying, kindly, "Howdy, Melissa. I shorely am sorry to have to kill Jack," and on to the dead sheep, which lay fifty yards beyond. If the Sheriff expected Jack to drop head and tail and look mean he was greatly mistaken. Jack neither hung back nor sniffed at the carcass. Instead he put one forefoot on it and with the other bent in the air, looked without shame into the Sheriff's eyes—as much as to say:

"Yes, this is a wicked and shameful thing, but what have I got to do with it? Why are you bringing *me* here?"

The Sheriff came back greatly puzzled and shaking his head. Passing Melissa, he stopped to let the unhappy little girl give Jack a last pat, and it was there that Jack suddenly caught scent of Chad's tracks. With one mighty bound the dog snatched the rawhide string from the careless Sheriff's hand, and in a moment, with his nose to the ground, was speeding up toward the woods. With a startled yell and a frightful oath the Sheriff threw his rifle to his shoulder, but the little girl sprang up and caught the barrel with both hands, shaking it fiercely up and down and hieing Jack on with shriek after shriek. A minute later Jack had disappeared in the bushes, and Melissa was running like the wind down the hill toward home, while the whole crowd in the meadow was rushing up toward the Sheriff, led by the Dillons, who were yelling and swearing like madmen. Above them, the crestfallen Sheriff waited. The Dillons crowded angrily about him, gesticulating and threatening, while he told his story. But nothing could be done—nothing. They did not know that Chad was up in the woods or they would have gone in search of him—knowing that when they found him they would find Jack; but to look for Jack now would be like searching for a needle in a haystack. There was nothing to do, then, but to wait for Jack to come home, which he would surely do—to get to Chad—and it was while old Joel was promising that the dog should be surrendered to the Sheriff that little Tad Dillon gave an excited shriek.

"Look up thar!"

And up there at the edge of the wood was Chad standing

and, at his feet, Jack sitting on his haunches, with his tongue out and looking as though nothing had happened or could ever happen to Chad or to him.

"Come up hyeh," shouted Chad.

"You come down hyeh," shouted the Sheriff, angrily. So Chad came down, with Jack trotting after him. Chad had cut off the rawhide string, but the Sheriff caught Jack by the nape of the neck.

"You won't git away from me agin, I reckon."

"Well, I reckon you ain't goin' to shoot him," said Chad. "Leggo that dawg."

"Don't be a fool, Jim," said old Joel. "The dawg ain't goin' to leave the boy." The Sheriff let go.

"Come on up hyeh," said Chad. "I got something to show ye."

The boy turned with such certainty that without a word Squire, Sheriff, Turners, Dillons and spectators followed. As they approached a deep ravine the boy pointed to the ground where were evidences of some fierce struggle—the dirt thrown up, and several small stones scattered about with faded stains of blood on them.

"Wait hyeh!" said the boy, and he slid down the ravine and appeared again dragging something after him. Tall Tom ran down to help him and the two threw before the astonished crowd the body of a black and white dog.

"Now I reckon you know whar Whizzer is," panted Chad vindictively to the Dillons.

"Well, what of it?" snapped Daws.

"Oh, nothin'," said the boy with fine sarcasm. "Only *Whizzer* killed that sheep and Jack killed Whizzer." From every Dillon throat came a scornful grunt.

"Oh, I reckon so," said Chad, easily. "Look thar!" He lifted the dead dog's head and pointed at the strands of wool between his teeth. He turned it over, showing the deadly grip in the throat and close to the jaws, that had choked the life from Whizzer—Jack's own grip.

"Ef you will jus' rickollect, Jack had that same grip the time afore—when I pulled him off o' Whizzer."

"By —, that's so," said Tall Tom, and Dolph and Rube echoed him amid a dozen voices, for not only old Joel,

but many of his neighbors knew Jack's method of fighting, which had made him a victor up and down the length of Kingdom Come.

There was little doubt that the boy was right—that Jack had come on Whizzer killing the sheep and had caught him at the edge of the ravine, where the two had fought, rolling down and settling the old feud between them in the darkness at the bottom. And up there on the hillside, the jury that pronounced Jack guilty pronounced him innocent; and, as the Turners started joyfully down the hill, the sun that was to have sunk on Jack stiff in death sank on Jack frisking before them—home.

And yet another wonder was in store for Chad. A strange horse with a strange saddle was hitched to the Turner fence: beside it was an old mare with a boy's saddle, and as Chad came through the gate, a familiar voice called him cheerily by name. On the porch sat Major Buford.

ALICE FRENCH

| 1850— |

CLIO HARPER

ALICE FRENCH was born in Andover, Massachusetts, March 19, 1850. Her parents were George Henry French and Frances Wood Morton. Her mother was the daughter of Governor Marcus Morton, a staunch old Democrat who was elected Governor of Massachusetts by a majority of one vote after several years of fruitless candidacy. On her father's side Miss French is descended from the Puritans, her earliest ancestor in this country being Lieutenant William French, first captain of the town of Billerica, who came over in 1630 and became deputy to the Colonial Council or Legislature, a deacon, and a famous Indian fighter. A letter from him to a friend in England is still preserved in the Historical Society's archives. One of his sons married a Mr. Danforth's daughter and from this union descended George Henry French. On her father's side she is a Puritan, on her mother's side a Pilgrim through George Morton, and the Winslows, Mayhews, Tillinghasts, and many others.

In early childhood she removed West with her parents, on account of her father's health, and the family settled in Iowa. Her father was a successful manufacturer, a man of great culture, keen appreciation of literature and art, and great personal charm. He died in 1888, and his wife in 1900. Probably no woman in their home city of Davenport was ever more deeply and lastingly mourned. "She was a wise and beautiful woman," said one who knew her, "and who shall measure the influence of her sympathy and her noble sanity?" Six of her children lived to become men and women. Of Robert, the youngest, who died in 1897 after a life of only twenty-six years, during which he had displayed most remarkable and brilliant promise, his sister made a loving portrait in Johnny-Ivan, the hero of 'The Man of the Hour.' Two of the other brothers are associated in the manufacturing business of their father at Davenport, Iowa, and elsewhere, and the third is in California. They are men of national as well as state influence, and it may readily be seen how their sister became so well acquainted with the world of business. She is financially interested in the manufacturing concerns of the family, and through her family connections in the East she has made acquaintances and intimate friendships with many of

the men who are shaping the industrial world anew. At the same time she has known workingmen, and some of the friends she values most are the sons of toil. These intimate friendships have served her as a valuable literary asset, upon which she has drawn extensively in her writings.

Miss French was educated in the East and has lived much of her life there. She has been abroad only a few times, and then not for long, and she frankly admits that she would not stay away longer than six months from "her children," meaning her nephews and nieces, to whom she is devotedly attached. Twenty years ago she and a friend, Mrs. J. A. Crawford, the widowed daughter of the builder of the Iron Mountain Railroad, became interested in the possibilities of Clover Bend, Lawrence County, Arkansas, as a summer home. Here, on an elevation commanding the Black River, and about three hundred yards from its banks, she and Mrs. Crawford built an old-fashioned Southern mansion, which was destroyed by fire about 1900. Then she built a more modern home, where she spends several months each year. She is much attached to this Southern home, and from its environment secured much of the local color for her stories, especially her early work. Her home, "Thanford," is a delightfully quiet and attractive retreat, set in the midst of a three-acre lawn, where the author spends a part of her life in perfect repose. Her affection for this section of country has influenced her whole life. Her plantation and its surroundings, and some of the quaint characters of the vicinity, have been portrayed frequently in the writings, notably in 'Whitsun Harp, Regulator,' 'Expiation,' 'Ma' Bowlin,' 'Otto the Knight,' and 'The Mortgage on Jeffy.'

Miss French began writing as a whim, while still attending school. Being too modest to disclose her identity, she sought a euphonious and deceptive pseudonym, that might be regarded either as masculine or feminine, and is one of the few writers who has made her nom-de-plume better known than her own name. She saw the name Thanet on a freight car, and Octave was the name of her room-mate at school. At the beginning of her career she did not write stories, but as a close student of German philosophy and history, wrote politico-economical articles and philosophical essays that were warmly commended by the *New York Nation*, "this brilliant young Frenchman," as she was termed by that review, being encouraged to proceed with *his* original treatment. While at school at Andover, Massachusetts, she wrote her first stories; but her first serious work was two articles for the *Atlantic Monthly* on the Indian question, suggested by the late Senator Dawes, whose family were her intimate friends. Since then she has scarcely laid down her pen for twenty years and has never had a manuscript rejected. She is inspired by po-

litical, social and economic topics rather than romance, although she has a keen sense of humor, a deep sentiment and a vivid imagination. Having an independent fortune, she can choose her own subjects, but her loyalty to her coworkers in literature will not permit her to offer her work in money competition with theirs. She devotes a large part of her earnings to charity, and she has done much good and accomplished many reforms at Davenport.

In the campaign of 1896 she went into the field, *incognito*, and lived among the working people to study and catch their spirit and to absorb their sentiments so that she might write sympathetically from their viewpoint. Over an Irish name she produced a series of fifteen or twenty articles which were widely copied and had a powerful influence upon the class to whom she appealed.

Her first story to attract attention was a Southern narrative, "The Bishop's Vagabond," the scene of which was laid at Aiken, South Carolina. This was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1880. Two years later she had enough stories accepted to fill a book, which was published in 1882 by Houghton and Mifflin, and a year or two later the same house published 'Otto the Knight' and other stories. The first book bore the rather baffling title of 'Knitters in the Sun.' Miss French wanted to explain the title in a preface; she wanted to say it bore reference to the persistent optimism of her countrymen. She was dissuaded from this, however, and a quotation from Shakespeare, which hardly throws any light upon the subject, was used instead.

In 1890 'Expiation' (*Scribner's*), an Arkansas novelette, appeared. "Montaigne," the plantation named in the story, is really Clover Bend. Colonel Rutherford, the old rustic aristocrat and gallant gentleman, is a compound of many memories, as are the other characters. 'Stories of a Western Town,' those "delicate masterpieces of realism," as a great critic has termed them, was published in 1893. They have been translated into French, German and Russian. The first story in the book, "The Besetment of Kurt Lieders," which deals with the persistent attempts of a German artist to commit suicide, is a wonderful study of the artistic temperament. "The Face of Failure," a Frenchman once said, might have been written by De Maupassant, "and he would have felt proud of it." It is the story of an unsuccessful dreamer, who in his bitterest moment is saved by a woman's sympathy, which later (we may infer) grows into love. The general verdict of the Westerners is that these stories are "so true that they hurt."

'A Heart of Toil' (*Scribner's*, 1898), deals with laboring men and manifests the wide and deep vision, the sanity and sympathy which this author has preëminently shown in the treatment of mod-

ern industrial problems. 'The Missionary Sheriff' and 'A Captured Dream' (*Harper's*) both have mid-Western themes. The latter is a story republished, a story of love; not the love of beautiful youth but of the later years, a love that has conquered poverty and struggle and grief. It is most simply and touchingly told in pure English, a characteristic of all of Miss French's work.

'A Book of True Lovers' was published in the nineties by Way and Williams of Chicago, and later, in 1898, purchased by Doubleday and McClure of New York. As the title implies, it is a record of true lovers. One of the tales, "Why Abbyssinia Surrendered," is one of the grimmest revelations ever penned of the dismal monotony and bareness of a woman's life on the farm. It is ghastly not so much in what it tells as what it hints. A critic speaking of it said that an author "less sure of touch might have hesitated to throw in the broad farce of the scene in the church and the congregation sticking to the freshly varnished pews; yet so admirably is it handled that it is like a high light on the shadows of the poor woman's struggle, and seems absolutely necessary to the story."

'The Slave to Duty' (Stone and Company), was published later. 'An Adventure in Photography' the same year as 'A Heart of Toil.' One very notable story in it, probably below the author's standard, is, "On the Blank Side of the Wall," a story which has comforted many a saddened and uncertain heart. It has in it that note of the occult which appears in a few other stories, and is in striking contrast to the general sunny, open-air atmosphere of Octave Thanet's work. Other short stories of this volume are, "If It Could Be," the queer tale of a man who forms a warm friendship with the ghost of the man whom he has killed; "The Rented House," that singular precursor of the many dual-personality stories by other writers, few of which probably surpass it in uncanny and morbid power; "The Apparition," a Harvard story of a live ghost, and "Not Honorably Discharged."

Between 'A Slave to Duty' and the long novel, which is generally regarded as the author's strongest and best work, there elapsed seven years. In 1905 appeared 'The Man of the Hour,' and in 1907 'The Lion's Share,' both published by The Bobbs-Merrill Company. E. H. Harriman by many has been thought to be the model of Keatcham, the railway king in the latter book, although Miss French says she "never thought of such a thing." Miss French has written only the two long stories, and she considers 'The Man of the Hour' her masterpiece. It is particularly strong in its handling of the labor problem. 'The Lion's Share,' a San Francisco story, is shorter, and written only to entertain, and reveal some of the modern prac-

tices of high finance. Miss French believes that the short story is the great story, and says that the trouble with the great American novel is that no one will know it or have time to read it when it arrives—it will be too long. Her work is sought eagerly by the magazine publishers, and she has orders enough to keep her busy for several years.

Admirers of Miss French's general work are most struck by her sureness of touch. She knows the human heart; she views it without sentiment, but not without sympathy. She has a wide vision and that sexless quality of comprehension which distinguishes the real artist from the merely gifted woman writer. "As much as any living writer," declares one critic, "she sees things as they are." "To show an evil," says Miss French, "is the first half of curing it. And only the first half of the work belongs to an author; the remainder is the reformer's and the statesman's and the preacher's job, which we have no right to take."

Oliver Harper.

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THE GOLDEN AGE

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THE Fairport mothers sometimes looked at Johnny-Ivan with a pity which (had he perceived it) would have bewildered him.

"Poor little lonesome chap!" said they. Really, however, Johnny-Ivan was not lonesome—not even before Peggy came; of course, after she came he was as contented as a child could be. Besides his own resources, which were considerable, owing to an imagination of power and the healthy energy of his years which finds joy in any exercise, there were four people whom he loved.

Paramount was his mother. He worshipped his mother. As a rule, children have no acute perception of human beauty; but Johnny-Ivan loved the sight of his mother as he loved the sunset or the flowers or the waving grass. Dimly he realized that her charming figure in its invariable white of a morning, summer or winter, and its flashing jewels and rich, soft, shimmering stuffs of an evening, was something of a quality more delicate and precious than belonged to the other ladies who came to the house. Merely to be in her presence was a deep and exquisite content. He would nestle against her soft skirts by the hour, like a happy little dog, while she read or wrote or embroidered or played on the grand piano in the hall. He would patter by her side on her long walks until his tiny legs wobbled under him and his face was pale with fatigue, and with caressing Russian diminutives, she would turn remorsefully to clasp him in her arms and make him sit down to rest.

"Oh, I'm all right," Johnny-Ivan would swagger; "I could run if I wanted to."

He invested her with every attribute of splendor or loveliness. Once he broke out: "Mamma, I wisht you was a queen!" His mother laughed, but very tenderly. "In Russia I was a princess once," she said. Johnny caught his breath: "Oh, let's go back and you be a princess again."

"No, dear. It is wrong that there should be princesses,

or queens or any such people. They only oppress the poor. They have no right to have their beautiful palaces and live in luxury while the poor people toil for them, who haven't even black bread enough to eat."

Johnny-Ivan's sigh was weighted with disappointment. "I 'pose not," he acquiesced sorrowfully. But he offered his own compromise in his evening's petitions. Every evening he said his prayers, taught him by the cook, who was of the Roman Catholic faith, amended by Hilma, a staunch Lutheran, and audited, as it were, by his father, who went regularly to the Episcopal church of a Sunday, carrying Johnny. Josiah Winslow had not gone to church before his marriage, and his later church-going was a most unexpected result of matrimony, since Mrs. Winslow never attended any church whatever. She smoked her cigarettes peacefully at home and read Russian pamphlets. Nevertheless, he did go, and his little son stayed to Sunday school, and said his prayers at night at his mother's knee, while she listened, thinking her own thoughts.

That night he added a private postscript to his customary punctilious intercessions for "papa and mamma and Peggy and Auntie Winter and all my dear friends and relations and Michael and Lena and Hilma and Nora Halloran and Teresa and the woman who comes to wash (I forgot her name) and Tim and Jerry and all papa's men at the works and the President of the United States and Father O'Brien and all those in authority." He made a slight pause, then said reverently: "And please God, don't let there be any princes or kings or princesses to oriss the poor; but if they've got to be some, please let mamma be one of them."

All times near his mother were lovely, so lovely that did he hear his nurse call: "Your mamma, sie want you, Yonny-Ivan!" he would even leave off helping Michael curry the horses, without a pang, and race to the tortures of Hilma's Swedish movement cure; yet these were truly formidable, because Hilma always washed up, with a torturing assault on the nose; she also used a strong lather of suds which no tightest shutting of a boy's eyes could oppose.

"Well, den, you don' git so dirty, I don' must wash you mit soap!" was her stern retort if the sufferer whimpered. It

shows, therefore, the strength of his mother's attraction that Johnny-Ivan should dare all the terrors of the toilet to reach her side.

THE STRIKE AT THE FOUNDRY

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THE car landed them on the corner opposite Weathers' shops. It was an unsavory neighborhood, filled with mean shops and lean rookeries, grimy with soft coal, and fluttering the ragged laundry of the occupants over the rickety platforms and staircases which made fire-traps in the rear. The signs of the shops were in strange languages and grotesque lettering, and the polyglot din rolled out of any shop-door. The uneven pavement was diversified by a few raw piles of brick, which showed, by their presence, an intention of the corporation to repair, but, by their battered condition, and the veil of mud and litter over them, the remoteness of their coming and the uncertainty of their final end.

Over everything lay the shadow of the great, dingy bulk of factories. The foundry chimney rose out of the pile, volleying black smoke, such as a raw fireman always spouts from his furnace. City clouds hung low over the stained thoroughfare, roaring, now, with a crowd of boys and disheveled women. The women were bareheaded in the sharp air; bare-armed, occasionally, as they rushed out from their household toil; all feminine softness, as well as feminine vanity, ground off them in the fierce attrition of the daily conflict for life. The boys were mostly half-grown lads who had learned English and deviltry at the public schools; but the women shrieked out their fury in their native tongue; wherefore an undistinguishable Babel swelled above the roofs, pierced continually by one English word, "Scab! scab!"

"They're at it," said Billy, shrugging his shoulders; "they've mashed the stockade."

Johnny had seen more than one such scene of mob passions breaking their leash; he looked for the center of the storm, and discovered it; one man with glaring eyes and white face, fleeing before a crowd down the middle of the street,

darting under the horses' feet and worming himself between the wagons. His hat was gone, his clothes were torn, there was blood on his face, but he ran with the swiftness of fear.

"Here!" yelled Johnny; "here, we'll protect you!" all the while he was forging his way through the crowd, Billy at his elbow.

The fugitive turned. His eyes, staring like bits of glass, went to Johnny's. Whether he had heard or not, he suddenly swerved in his course, dove like a rabbit under a wagon, and made straight for the two friends. But the pursuers were hot on his heels, and the leader, a lad of eighteen who worked at Weathers', in Johnny's own shop, sent out a shout, "The bricks! Give him it with the bricks!" Instantly a dozen hands were at the convenient pile, and a shower hurtled over the wagons. More than one of the missiles went astray, but one hit the mark. The fugitive toppled over at Johnny's feet.

A horse was plunging, a woman screaming, and Billy Bates's robust tones penetrated the confusion, calling a halt to the fusilade. Johnny was on his knees beside the fallen man. He lifted the head, which sagged on his arm. A tiny thread of blood trickled down the matted hair from one temple. The hair was red and stiff, and on the features was fixed a ghastly caricature of that twitching, eager smile Johnny had seen before.

Billy threw a glance behind him, and turned a grim and white face to the nearest of the crowd. "Keep back!" said he. "He's dead; you've killed him, all right!" Then as he, too, knelt beside the limp figure, he uttered an exclamation: "Hell! if it ain't Bloker."

Johnny, with pale lips that stiffened, was fumbling about the man's ragged shirt.

"Only one shirt," muttered Billy; "ain't he dressed poor for this weather. Oh, damn them!"

"Haven't you got any whiskey?" said Johnny, in an even little voice. "Don't you worry, Bloker! You're all right. We won't let them touch you."

"They're skipping fast enough," muttered Billy, "leaving us to be pinched. Don't rub him, Ivan; all the whiskey in the world won't help him. Look at his eyes!"

Johnny shifted the head to an easier position. He did not

speech. Billy looked helplessly about him; half the crowd had vanished, but the shops and windows were full of them, gesticulating and chattering, and a black-haired, white-toothed fruit-vender was volubly and politely conveying two policemen to the scene.

"Three lives," said Johnny in the same small, dry voice, "three lives—thrown away because I made a fine speech! It's a good deal for a man who tries to be decent to carry on his conscience all the rest of his life."

* * * * *

Tyler swung through a side door almost opposite the group with his accustomed jovial swagger. His toilet had been made for the occasion, which he anticipated would be one for display rather than for action. Therefore, he had a red silk handkerchief peeping out of his coat pocket, a new tweed suit and tan-colored shoes to be seen across the shop. Instantly he took in the trio in the big doorway. He knew Rivers, whom he respected as a good fighter, and whose gruffness put him rather at his ease, being quite comprehensible to him; he knew Hopkins, of whose quality he was yet in doubt; and he knew the Chicago man. Their presence was an unexpected tidbit for his vanity. He felt sure of at least three-fourths of the busy hammers dropping at his whistle. He hoped for more. All the men leaving mightn't remain out; indeed, he had passed the tip that there would not be a long strike, and if the non-union men would but walk out they could go back in a few days, should the strike not succeed as he felt it must. He calculated that Hopkins, who had never had serious trouble with his men, and who had rush orders of great magnitude, would be frightened by the stampede. He counted on the obscure yet enormous force of contagion and the mightier force of clan prejudice. On the whole, he was fairly sure of his stroke. His confidence curled on his mouth as he turned—and saw the young superintendent from the Edgewater.

The latter looked at him with grave, almost solemn eyes. Nothing passed between the two but the single glance. Then Tyler lifted his whistle to his mouth and blew a blast that cut, knife-like, through the vast buzz of toil. As if in answer to a magician's call, every arm fell. The very belts above slackened their mighty revolutions. The noise of the machinery dulled.

One would say that the heart of the great engine had been struck and was staggering slowly into dumbness. Like statues the men stood, holding their breath, their eyes glued on Tyler. Before Tyler could send a second blast the new superintendent (to whom Rivers had nodded, after a swift colloquy with Hopkins), strode in front of him and laid a hand of iron on his arm.

"Didn't you see that sign?" he demanded, but in the gentlest of voices. "'No admittance.'" We mean it. You've no business here. Kindly go away."

"If I say no?"

"I'll fling you out."

Tyler looked at his antagonist, and the pith went out of his courage. He knew himself to be the weaker man, and he had no mind to be discomfited before his following. He shrugged his shoulders. "We'll all go," he gibed. "Come on, boys."

"The molders have refused to go. Don't be fooled, boys!" shouted a voice from the doorway. Tyler marched out, his shoulders back, and chest expanded. About half the men followed him. The moment Tyler's back was over the sill the door swung, and the Edgewater young man, whose movements were of exceeding swiftness, turned the key and slipped it into his pocket. This stratagem obliged the striking employees to file down the aisles and pass out the large doors under the very eyes of their employers. A clerk in his shirt-sleeves, with hair parted symmetrically in the middle and cut regularly around his girlish face, was taking down on his pad the names, which a perspiring young man in a flannel shirt, with an unintentional smudge on his nose, was repeating to him in a low voice. This proceeding had a dampening effect on the finish of the drama, since a number of the malcontents flagged, a few even slipped back to their benches; only about a third of the men held steady. These walked doggedly past Hopkins, staring straight ahead. But one halted, and turned his face, where toil and years had whitened the bristle of a stubby beard, and the tears rose to his tired blue eyes.

"That man broke his leg and was laid up for three months, and the company paid his doctor's bills and full wages," the clerk recited. "Look at him now!"

"I'm sorry to see you quitting, Dennis," said Hopkins.

The man drew his hand across his eyes.

"Thirty years," he muttered; "I never quit before, never. You mind that. But I belong to the union, and the word's gone out."

"Oh, damn your union!" snapped the Chicago man; "much your union would do for you if you were in trouble."

"The union's all right," called a cheerful voice; "the thing to do is to get the union to send all you boys back in a hurry." The young superintendent had crossed the room and was standing behind the elders. The words drew from the Chicago man a freezing look, but Rivers clapped him on the back.

"Right, sonny; you've sized up the situation," his deep bass grumbled.

The young man sent back a bright smile and a "Thank you, sir," as he took his own way outside. He could hear Hopkins thanking the machinists and the others who had remained, in the language of a man who had not forgotten that once he had worked with his own hands. The young fellow linked his arm in that of one of the strikers, a man he knew, who had recently been in trouble.

"I was sorry to hear about it, Ellison," he said. "I knew what a good wife she was and what a good woman." The man's chin quivered.

"That's right," he muttered. "Say, I ain't thanked you for the flowers. Say, they give me the day off, and jest the same in the envelope, Wednesday."

"Too bad you had to go out," the young man continued; "get the boys out of this ridiculous notion as soon as you can."

"I didn't know but you'd be mad, me going out—"

"When a man belongs to the union, he has to obey orders; but you can do your best to get them back—" He stopped, perceiving Tyler in front of him, a man on either side.

"You—damn—renegade!" he drawled with a kind of ferocious simper. "I'll be even with you for this deal, Ivan Gleetzin!"

"I'm no renegade, and you know it," William Hopkins, in the doorway, heard the voice with its neat, clipped Eastern modulations strike every word clearly, although its pitch was

not raised—"and don't call me Ivan; my name is John Winslow."

None of the men quite took in the significance of the speech except Rivers and Hopkins. Rivers wagged his great head without a sound, but Hopkins strode up to Johnny, extending his hand.

"Glad to see you back, Johnny," said he heartily; "will you come round this evening and dine with Mrs. Winslow and us—or ain't you quite ready for that?"

"Not yet," said Johnny; "but thank you. Thank you, awfully."

APPEAL FOR RESTORATION

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MR. LOSSING, will you please save me my Kurt from killing himself?"

"What do you mean?" Lossing's voice had not thawed.

"It is for you that he will kill himself, Mr. Lossing. This is the third time he has done it. It is because he is so lonesome now, your father is died and he thinks that you forget, and he has worked so hard for you, but he thinks that you forget. He was never tell me till yesterday; and then—it was—because I would not let him hang himself—"

"Hang himself?" stammered Lossing, "you don't mean—"

"Yes, he was hang himself, but I cut him, no I broke him down," said Thekla, accurate in all the disorder of her spirits; and forthwith, with many tremors, but clearly, she told the story of Kurt's despair. She told, as Lieders never would have known how to tell, even had his pride let him, all the man's devotion for the business, all his personal attachment to the firm; she told of his gloom after the elder Lossing died, "for he was think there was no one in this town such good man and so smart like your fader, Mr. Lossing, no; and he would set all the evening and try to draw and make the lines all wrong, and then he would drow the papers in the fire and go and walk outside and he say 'I can't do nothing righd no more

now the old man's died; they don't have no use for me at the shop, pretty quick!' and that make him feel awful bad!" She told of his homesick wanderings about the shops by night; "but he was better as a watchman, he wouldn't hurt it for the world! He telled me how you was hide his dinner pail onct for a joke, and put in a piece of your pie, and how you climbed on the roof with the hose when it was afire. And he telled me if he shall die I shall tell you that he ain't got no hard feelings, but you didn't know how that mantel had ought to be, so he done it righd the other way, but he hadn't no righd to talk to you like he done, nohow, and you was all righd to send him away, but you might a shaked hands, and none of the boys never said nothing nor none of them never come to see him, 'cept Carl Olsen, and that make him feel awful bad, too! And when he feels so bad he don't no more want to live, so I make him promise if I git him back he never try to kill himself again. O, Mr. Lossing, please don't let my man die!"

Bewildered and more touched than he cared to feel, himself, Lossing still made a feeble stand for discipline. "I don't see how Lieders can expect me to take him back again," he began.

"He ain't expecting you, Mr. Lossing, it's me!"

"But didn't Lieders tell you I told him I never would take him back?"

"No, sir, no, Mr. Lossing, it was not that, it was you said it would be a cold day that you would take him back; and it was git so cold yesterday, so I think, 'Now it would be a cold day to-morrow, and Mr. Lossing he can take Kurt back.' And it is the most coldest day this year."

Lossing burst into a laugh; perhaps he was glad to have the Western sense of humor come to the rescue of his compassion. Well, it was a cold day for you to come all this way for nothing," said he. "You go home and tell Lieders to report to-morrow."

Kurt's manner of receiving the news was characteristic. He snorted in disgust: "Well, I did think he had more sand than to give in to a woman!" But after he heard the whole story he chuckled: "Yes, it was that way he said, and he must do like he said; but that was a funny way you done, Thekla.

Say, mamma, yesterday, was you look out for the cat or to find how cold it been?"

"Never you mind, papa," said Thekla. "you remember what you promised if I git you back?"

Lieder's eyes grew dull; he flung his arms out, with a long sigh. "No, I don't forget, I will keep my promise, but—it is like the handcuffs, Thekla, it is like the handcuffs!" In a second, however, he added in a changed tone. "But thou are a kind jailer mamma, more like a comrade. And no, it was not fair to thee—I know that now, Thekla."

THE WAY OF AN ELECTION

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HARRY shook his head. His heart sank within him like a water-logged boat. He had come to be convinced, to hear logic, facts, what he himself called, "the horse sense of the situation." What he heard was a hash of exaggeration and falsehood, gilded platitudes, hysterical wrenchings at the emotions, and frantic appeals to the wolfish prejudices of class against class. But how magnificently the orator acted his sorry part! Convincing himself with his own molten passion! Swaying himself and his audience in the same breath!

"I call upon you to rebuke these Shylocks who eat the poor as it were bread!" he shouted; "I might—so powerfully have my feelings been stirred by our friend's simple, pathetic story of his wrongs—I might ask you to tear their luxurious roofs from the heads of these blood-sucking plutocrats; but I believe in the ballot. Crush them, but crush them beneath the avalanche of the American freeman which comes down upon the tyrants and their tools as white, as noiseless, and as irresistible as the storm king of the Alpine hills!"

While the room was ringing Harry arose. And honest Dick choked and clinched his fists in his nervousness. No one could help contrasting the two men. Leroy's tall shoulders stooped a little. His figure showed muscular strength and the ease of it; but it had no touch of Darcy's simple grace. His hands were large and hard with handling hot iron. They

looked strong, not shapely. He did not seem "magnetic." He had a patient, kindly, firm face, kindling now into earnestness.

"I only want to say one word, boys; I'm not going to make a speech. Mr. Darcy has been talking to you of 'the money power.'—what is the money power?" (A voice, "The banks.") "The banks have to get their money somewhere: who gives it to them?" (A voice, "The rich men.") "The rich men and the poor men, too. I have been around to every bank in town, inquiring into these things, for I like to be sure I am right before I go ahead. (Applause—mainly from Dick Williams.) Boys, the bulk of the savings bank deposits and some of the other deposits come from poor people and people of small means. I tell you the money power is just the people—the rich and the poor together. And I tell you what's more, that the banks are not oppressing the people; they lend money from \$10 up; I have borrowed it; I know plenty of men have borrowed it at eight, and seven, and six per cent a year. McCann's story made my blood boil; but what's the money power got to do with that—what does Darcy want to bust the banks wide open for on account of that? He never borrowed the money of a bank; he borrowed it of a little, dirty, private usurer. I ain't no avalanche business myself, but I will go over to that robber to-morrow with Mac and his receipts, and I'll get the money that he ought to have back for him! (Great laughter and applause, led vigorously by Dick Williams.) So don't vote for his party, for it wouldn't punish him a little bit, since he isn't a banker; he is old Jack Fanning, who is—" An immense uproar took the words off his tongue. Fists and open hands were waving in the air; and half a dozen fiery patriots were demanding, "Did he lend you the money? Did he? Did he?" of the bewildered McCann.

"Yes, he did, gentlemen," faltered McCann; "but I didn't know he belonged to us."

"Very likely not," said Leroy, coolly: "and you don't know a good many other things any better. Before you boys decide to turn the country upside down you better find out whether you ain't jumping on the wrong people just as you were this time."

THE CAPTURED DREAM

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SOMERS rode slowly over the low Iowa hills, fitting an air in his mind to Andrew Lang's dainty verses. Presently, being quite alone on the country road, he began to sing:

"Who wins his love shall lose her;
Who loses her shall gain;
For still the spirit woos her,
A soul without a stain;
And mem'ry still pursues her,
With longings not in vain.

"He loses her who gains her,
Who watches day by day
The dust of time that stains her,
The griefs that leave her gray,
The flesh that yet enchains her,
Whose grace hath passed away.

"Oh, happier he who gains not
The love some seem to gain;
The joy that custom stains not
Shall still with him remain,
The loveliness that wanes not,
The love that ne'er can wane.

"In dreams she grows not older,
The land of dreams among,
Though all the world wax colder,
Though all the songs be sung;
In dreams doth he behold her,
Still fair and kind and young."

The gentle strain of melancholy and baffled desire faded into silence, but the young man's thoughts pursued it. A memory of his own that sometimes stung him, sometimes plaintively caressed him, stirred in his heart; "I am afraid you hit it, Andy," he muttered, "and I should have found it only a dream had I won."

At thirty Somers fancied himself mighty cynical. He consorted with daring critics, and believed the worst both of art and of letters. He was making campaign cartoons for a daily journal instead of painting the pictures of the future; the panic of '93 had stripped him of his little fortune, and his sweetheart had refused to marry him. Therefore he said incessantly, in the language of Job, "I do well to be angry." The rubber tires revolved more slowly as his eye turned from the wayside to the smiling hills. The corn ears were sheathed in silvery yellow, but the afternoon sun jewelled the green pastures, fresh as in May (for a rain had fallen in the morning), and maples, oaks and elms blended exquisite gradations of color and shade here and there among the open fields. Long rows of poplars recalled France to Somers, and he sighed. "These houses are all comfortable and all ugly," thought the artist. "I never saw anything less picturesque. The life hasn't even the dismal interest of poverty and revolt, for they are all beastly prosperous; and one of the farmers has offered me a hundred dollars and my expenses to come here and make a pastel of his wife. And I have taken the offer, because I want to pay my board bill and buy a second bicycle. The chances are he is after something like a colored photograph, something slick and smooth, and every hair painted—oh, Lord! But I have the money and I won't sign the cursed thing! What does he want it for, though? I wonder, did he ever know love's young dream? Dream? It's all a dream—a mirage of the senses or the fancy. Confound it! Why need I be harking back to it? I must be near his house. House near the corner, they said, where the roads cross—maybe this is it. Ugh! how it jumps at the eyes!"

The house before him was yellow, with pea-green blinds; the great barns were Indian red; and a white fence glittered in front of an old-fashioned garden a-riot with scarlet salvias and crimson coxcomb. Two men were talking, hidden to the waist by a thicket of marigolds, out of which the sun struck orange spangles. One of the men smote the palm of his left hand with his right fist as he talked—not vehemently, but with a dogged air. His checked shirt and brown overalls were as coarse and soiled as the other man's, yet even a stranger could perceive that he was the master. There was a composure

about the rugged gray face, a look of control and care, that belongs to the ruler, whether of large affairs or small.

He made an end of the talk by turning on his heel, whereupon the other flung an ugly word after the sturdy old back and slunk off. At the gate he was joined by a companion. They passed Somers, who caught a single sentence: "Nit. I told him you wouldn't give no more. He's close as the bark of a tree."

Somers wheeled by, up to the gate and the old man, who was now leaning on the fence. He asked where Mr. Gates lived.

"Here," said the old man, not removing his elbows from the fence bar.

"And may I ask, are you Mr. Gates?" said Somers, bringing his wheel to a halt with one foot on the curb-stone.

"Yes, sir. But if you're the young man was around selling 'Mother, Home and Heaven,' and going to call again to see if we liked it, we don't need it; you needn't git off. My wife can't read, and I'm taking a Chicago paper now, and ain't got any time."

Somers smiled and dismounted. "I'm not selling anything but pictures," said he, "and I believe you want me to make one for you."

"Are you Mr. Somers? F. J. S.?" cried the farmer, his face lightening in a surprising manner. "Well, I'm glad to see you, sir. My wife said you'd come this afternoon, and I wouldn't believe her; I'm always caught when I don't believe my wife. Come right in. Oh, got your tools with you?"

Somers having released his hand from a mighty grasp, was unstrapping a package on the upper side of his saddle.

"I see. Handy little fixing. Ever in Ioway before?"

"Never," said Somers.

"Finest corn state in the Union; and second in production of flax. And lowest in percentage of illiteracy. Hope they treated you well in town."

"Very well indeed, thank you."

"Generally do treat strangers well. We try to, anyhow. What do you think of our city?"

"Very pretty town."

"I'm glad you like it. Say, can't you stay over night here

and let me drive you around a little? We've got some of the prettiest brick pavements in the country, and our system of waterworks can't be beat; and the largest arsenal in the world is on the island—"

"You are awfully good," protested Somers deceitfully; "but I must leave for Chicago to-night; I'm not a free man, you know. The paper—"

"Say! that paper is smart enough. I like it. I took it jest to please my wife, so's to have something to read her in the evenings, and now I'd be lost without it. The man that writes them editorials, I tell you he's sound on the money question; he rakes them well. But I don't know but the best things yet is your pictures. You know that Columbia?"

Somers nodded and put the released portfolio under his arm, awaiting his host's pleasure.

"Well, the minnit I saw that drawing—the first one—I said, 'Mother, if that feller had you to set to him, he wouldn't have made it much more like.' About the same height, too, only fatter; but so like the way she looked when we was courting, it gave me a start. I've been seeking somebody to paint a picter for me of her for a long spell. The minnit I seen that, I says, 'There's my man.' I drawed the money out of bank this morning; it's all ready. Guess you best take your bike along. Come right in and set down, and I'll give you a glass of buttermilk off the ice. We churned to-day. Paper says you wheelmen are great on buttermilk."

He guided Somers into the house, and into a room so dark that he stumbled.

"There's the sofy; set down," said Gates, who seemed full of hospitable cheer. "I'll git a blind open. Girl's gone to the fair and mother's setting out on the back piazza, listening to the noises on the road. She's all ready. Pastel like them pictures on the wall's what I want. My daughter done them." His tone changed on the last sentence, but Somers did not notice it; he was drinking in the details of the room to describe them afterwards to his sympathizing friends in Chicago. He smiled vaguely; he said, "Yes, certainly;" and his host went away, well content.

"What a chamber of horrors," he thought; "and one can see he is proud of it." The carpet was soft to the foot, cov-

ered with a jungle of flowers and green leaves—the pattern of carpet which fashion leaves behind for disappointed salesmen to mark lower and lower, until it shall be pushed into the ranks of shop-worn bargains. The cheap paper on the walls was delicately tinted, but this boon plainly came from the designers, and not the taste of the buyer, since there was a simply terrible chair that swayed by machinery, and had four brilliant hues of plush to vex the eye, besides a paroxysm of embroidery and lace, to which was still attached the red badge of courage of the county fair. More embroidery on the cabinet organ and two tables, and another red ticket peeped coyly from under the ornate frame of a pastel landscape displaying every natural beauty of forest, mountain, sun-lit lake and meadows—at their bluest and greenest. There were three other pictures in the room—two very large colored photographs, one of a lad of twelve, the other of a pretty girl of sixteen, in a white gown, with a roll of parchment in her hand tied with ribbon; and the photograph of a cross of flowers.

The girl's dark, wistful, timid eyes seemed to follow the young artist as he walked about the room. "Poor little girl," he thought, "to have to live here!" Then he heard a dragging footfall and there entered the mistress of the house. She was a tall woman who stooped. Her hair was gray and scanty, and so ill arranged on the top of her head that the mournful tonsure of age showed under the false gray braid. She was thin with the gaunt thinness of years and toil, not the poetic, appealing slenderness of youth. She had attired herself for the picture in a black silken gown, sparkling with jet that tinkled as she moved; the harsh, black, bristling line at the neck defined her withered throat brutally. Yet Somers's sneer was transient. He was struck by two things—the woman was blind; and she had once worn a face like that of the pretty girl—not her face but a face like it. With a sense of pity he recalled Andrew Lang's verses; inaudibly, while she greeted him, he was repeating:

"Who watches day by day
The dust of time that stains her,
The griefs that leave her gray,
The flesh that still enchains her,
Whose grace hath passed away."

Her eyes were closed, but she came straight toward him, holding out her hand. It was her left hand that was extended; her right closed over the top of a cane, and this added to the impression of decrepitude conveyed by her whole presence. She spoke in a gentle, monotonous, pleasant voice. "I guess this is Mr. Somers, the artist. I feel—we feel very glad to have the honor of meeting you, sir."

No one had ever felt honored to meet Somers before. He thought how much refinement and sadness were in a blind woman's face. In his most deferential manner he proffered her a chair. "I presume I am to paint you, madam," he said.

She blushed faintly. "Ain't it ridiculous?" she apologized. "But Mr. Gates will have it. He has been at me to have somebody paint a picture of me ever since I had my photograph taken. It was a big picture, and most folks said it was real good, though not flattering; but he wouldn't hang it. He took it off, and I don't know what he did to it. 'I want a real artist to paint you, mother,' he said. I guess if Kitty had lived she'd have suited him, though she was all for landscape; never did much figures. You noticed her work in this room, ain't you?—on the table and chair and organ—art needlework. Kitty could do anything. She took six prizes at the county fair; two of 'em come in after she was in her last sickness. She was so pleased she had the picture—that's the picture right over the sofy; it's a pastel—and the tidy—I mean the art needlework—put on her bed, and she looked at them the longest while. Her pa would never let the tickets be took off." She reached forth her hand to the chair near her and felt the ticket, striking it absently, her chin quivering a little, while her lips smiled. "Mr. Gates was thinking," she said, "that maybe you'd paint a head of me—pastel like that landscape—that's why he likes pastels so. And he was thinking if—maybe—my eyes was jest like Kitty's when we were married—if you would put in eyes he would be awful much obliged, and be willing to pay extra, if necessary. Would it be hard?"

Somers dissembled a great dismay. "Certainly not," said he, rather dryly; and he was ashamed of himself at the sensitive flutter in the old features.

"Of course, I know," she said, in a different tone than she had used before—"I understand how comical it must seem to

a young man to have to draw an old woman's picture; but it ain't comical to my husband. He wants it very much. He's the kindest man that ever lived, to me, caring for me all the time. He got me that organ—me that can't play a note, and never could—just because I love to hear music; and sometimes, if we have an instrument, the neighbors will come in, especially Hattie Knight, who used to know Kitty, and is a splendid performer; she comes and plays and sings. It is a comfort to me. And though I guess you young folks can't understand it, it will be a comfort to him to have a picture of me. I mistrusted you'd be thinking it comical, and I hurried to come in and speak to you, lest, not meaning anything, you might, just by chance, let fall something that might hurt his feelings—like you thought it queer, or some sech thing. And he thinks so much of you, and having you here, that I couldn't bear there's be any mistake."

"Surely it's the most natural thing in the world he should want a picture of you," interrupted Somers, hastily.

"Yes, it is," she answered, in her mild, even tones, "but it mightn't seem so to young folks. Young folks think they know all there is about loving. And it is very sweet and nice to enjoy things together; and you don't really seem to be in the world at all when you're courting, your feet and your heart feel so light. But they don't know what it is to need each other. It's when folks suffer together that they find out what loving is. I never knew what I felt toward my husband till I lost my first baby; and I'd wake up in the night and there'd be no cradle to rock—and he'd comfort me. Do you see that picture under the photograph of the cross?"

"He's a pretty boy," said Somers.

"Yes, sir. He was drowned in the river. A lot of boys in playing, you know, and one got too far, and Eddy, he swum out to help him. And he clumb up on Eddy, and the man on shore didn't git there in time. He was a real good boy, and liked to play home with me 'most as well as with the boys; and he'd tell me the things he was going to get me. He was the greatest hand to make up stories of what he would do. But only in fun; he never told us a lie in his life—and it come hard sometimes for him to own up, for he was mischievous. Father was proud as he could be of him, though

he wouldn't let on. He was real bright, too; second in his class. I always felt he ought to have been head, but teacher said behavior counted, too, and Eddy was mischievous. That cross was what his schoolmates sent; and teacher she cried when she told me how hard Eddy was trying to remember and win the prize, and please his pa. Father and I went through that together. And we had to change all the things we used to talk of together, because Eddy was always in them; and we had to try not to let each other see how our hearts were breaking, and not shadder Kitty's life by letting her see how we missed him. Only once father broke down; it was when we give Kitty Eddy's colt." She stopped, for she could not go on.

"Don't—don't distress yourself," Somers begged, lamely. His cheeks were hot.

"It don't distress me," she answered, "only jest for a minnit; I'm always thinking of Eddy, and of Kitty, too. Sometimes I think it was harder for father when his girl went than anything else. And then my blindness and my rheumatism come; and it seemed he was trying to make up to me for the daughter and the son I'd lost, and be all to once to me. He has been, too. And do you think that two old people that have grown old together, like that—do you think they ain't drawed closer and kinder and tenderer to each other, like the Lord to His Church? Why, I'm plain and old and blind and crooked—but he don't know it. Now, do you understand?"

"Yes," said Somers, "I understand."

"And you'll please excuse me for speaking so free; it was only so father's feelings shouldn't git hurt by noticing maybe a look like you wanted to laugh."

"God knows I don't want to laugh," Somers burst in. "But I'm glad you spoke. It—it will be a better picture. Now may I ask you something? I want you to let me dress you—I mean, put something about your neck, soft and white; and then I want to make two sketches of you, one as Mr. Gates wishes, the head alone; the other, of you sitting in the rustic chair outside."

"But—" she looked troubled—"it will be so expensive; and I know it will be foolish. If you'd jest the same—"

"But I shouldn't. I want to do it. And it will not cost you anything. A hundred dollars will repay me well enough. I wish—I truly wish I could afford to do it all for nothing."

She gasped. "A hundred dollars! Oh, it ain't right! That was why he wouldn't buy the new buggy. And just for a picture of me." But suddenly she flushed like a girl and smiled.

At this instant the old man, immaculate in his heavy black suit and glossy white shirt, appeared in the doorway, bearing a tray.

"Father," she said, "do you mean to tell me you are going to pay a hundred dollars jest for a picture of me?"

"Well, mother, you know there's no fool like an old fool," he replied jocosely; but when the old wife turned her sightless face toward the old husband's voice, and he looked at her, Somers bowed his head.

He spent the afternoon over his sketches. Riding away in the twilight, he knew that he had done better work than he had ever done in his life, slight as its form might be; nevertheless he was not thinking of his work, he was not thinking of himself at all. He was trying to shape his own vague perception that the show of dainty thinking and the pomp of refinement are in truth amiable and lovely things, yet are they no more than the husks of life; not only under them, but under ungracious and sordid conditions, may be the human semblance of that "beauty most ancient, beauty most new," that the old saint found too late. He felt the elusive presence of something in love higher than his youthful dream; stronger than passion, fairer than delight. To this commonplace man and woman had come the deepest gift of life.

"A dream?" he murmured; "yes, perhaps; but he has captured it," and he sang:

"In dreams she grows not older,
The land of dreams among,
Though all the world wax colder,
Though all the songs be sung;
In dreams shall he behold her,
Still fair, and kind, and young."

FRENCH LITERATURE OF LOUISIANA

ALCÉE FORTIER

THE history of the literature of Louisiana is interesting and unique, as it is written in two languages. We may even note the curious fact of men writing equally well in English and in French and being thoroughly bi-lingual.

Louisiana was settled by the French, and their language has remained the mother tongue of their descendants through the Spanish and American dominations, from the year 1762 to our day. While Louisiana was a part of the Spanish empire, French continued to be the language of the colony, and Spanish was merely the official tongue. The Spaniards in Louisiana have left as traces of their domination a high and chivalric spirit, a few geographical names and a remnant of their laws to be seen in our civil code, but have exerted very little influence on the language of the country.

In 1803, when Louisiana was ceded by France to the United States, French was almost exclusively the language of the inhabitants, and for about forty years after the cession the Louisianians of French descent studied little English, and, in reality, did not absolutely need that language in their daily pursuits. In the Legislature of the State there was a regular interpreter appointed for each house, whose duty it was to translate, if required, the speeches and motions of the members. Of course such a condition of things could not last, for the population coming from the other states outnumbered the descendants of the original settlers, and English became the official language of the State. The laws, however, as well as judicial advertisements in certain parishes, are published to this day in English and in French. There are yet many persons in Southwestern Louisiana who understand very little English, and in every political campaign speeches in French are delivered by the candidates or by their friends.

The Creoles of Louisiana, that is to say the white descendants of the French and Spanish colonists, have always

occupied a high standing in the community, and they are people of energy, in spite of the calumnious assertions to the contrary. They generally speak very good French, and their pronunciation is remarkably free from any provincial accent.

Considering that our Creole authors know that in writing in French they have but little chance of being read outside of their State, their disinterested and patriotic devotion to the language of their ancestors is certainly remarkable and most praiseworthy.

During the French domination, from 1699 to 1762, the colony improved very slowly; and although the inhabitants were generally persons of culture, the population was so small that there could be no literary enthusiasm. During the Spanish domination the most warlike and popular governor was Bernardo de Galvez. It was he who drove the British from Baton Rouge, Mobile, and Pensacola, which they had acquired by the treaty of Paris in 1763, and he gave the Louisianians the glory of aiding the Americans in their heroic war for independence.

The exploits of Galvez inspired Julien Poydras, and he published in 1779 an epic poem in French, "*La Prise du Morne du Bâton Rouge par Monseigneur de Galvez.*" The earliest work in the literature of Louisiana has no great poetic merit, but it is patriotic and is interesting as an historical document.

It is a curious fact that the French literature of Louisiana began during the Spanish domination, and also that the first French newspaper, *Le Moniteur de la Louisiane*, was published at that period in 1794. The second work in our literature, 'Poucha Houma; a Tragedy,' appeared in 1814, when Louisiana had already been a State of the American Union for two years. I shall not speak of it at present, as I wish to divide my subject into several parts: history, literary criticism and biography, the drama, poetry, novels, and miscellaneous works.

I. HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND LITERARY CRITICISM.

As the majority of Louisianians, in the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, spoke only French, a history of Louisiana in that language was very necessary, and Mr. Charles Gayarré evinced his patriotism when he published in 1830

his 'Essai Historique sur la Louisiane.' The narrative is clear and the method is good, and the author acquired a reputation which became still greater when he published in 1846 and 1847 his 'Histoire de la Louisiane' in two volumes. The work comprises only the French domination, but it is of great value, as Mr. Gayarré, who had been Secretary of State of Louisiana, had been able to procure many documents of our colonial period and had given them in full in his history. The author seemed to wish to divest his writings of his own personality, and he adopted the plan which has rendered De Barante's 'Ducs de Bourgogne' so interesting, that of giving the documents of the times and causing the personages to relate, as it were, their own history.

In 1841 Mr. Victor Debouchel published his 'Histoire de la Louisiane, depuis les premières découvertes jusqu'en 1840.' The work is interesting, and the style is clear and concise. The aim of the author was to write a history for schools, but one which might be read with profit even by men of culture.

Mr. Debouchel's history was followed in 1854 by Mr. Henry Rémy's well written 'Histoire de la Louisiane,' published in the *St. Michel*, a weekly paper in the parish of St. James. It is to be regretted that the publication of this history was discontinued when the author had only gone as far as 1731. The wars against the Natchez and the Chickasaws are related with many details and great impartiality, and we see often that justice was not always on the side of the white man.

Mme. Laure Andry imitated Lamé Fleury's simple style and succeeded in producing in 1882 a really charming 'Histoire de la Louisiane pour les enfants.' I have never read a book which pleased me more; it is so unassuming, and at the same time so entertaining.

Bernard de Marigny, whose ancestor had been a companion of Iberville, and who had played himself a part in the history of Louisiana, presented in 1854 to the Legislature of the State his 'Reflexions sur la Politique des Etats-Unis, Statistique de l'Espagne, de l'Ile de Cube, etc.' The author was then seventy years old and struggling with adversity, although he had once possessed an immense fortune, and his father had received with princely hospitality the exiled Louis-

Philippe d'Orléans. Mr. de Marigny was one of the most typical men of the ancient régime, generous, elegant, brave, and witty. His puns were as celebrated as his duels, and his eloquence was natural and pleasing. In his book he gives a rapid review of the annexations to the United States, urging on the latter to take possession of Cuba. He speaks with enthusiasm of the glorious future of the American Union and does not seem to have foreseen the terrible war which was soon to break out between the states.

'Histoire des Comités de Vigilance aux Attakapas' (1861), by Alexandre Barde, is a true story, but has all the interest of a romance. It relates the efforts of some valiant men to free their parishes from the bandits, who, like the *Chauffeurs* in France, were committing the greatest atrocities, and whom the law was powerless to punish. The vigilants were men of courage, wealth, and culture. Mr. Barde describes most accurately the picturesque Teche country, immortalized by the "Evangeline" of Longfellow.

'Esquisses Locales; par un Inconnu' (Cyprien Dufour). This work was published in 1847 and excited the greatest interest. The author presented a series of pictures of the most prominent men of the day and displayed the most consummate tact and skill in his criticisms. 'Esquisses Locales' is a very useful work for the student of the history and literature of Louisiana. He can see in looking over the pages of this little book all manner of men of sixty years ago: lawyers, politicians, journalists, prose writers, and poets.

In the parish of St. James there is at a distance of five miles from the Mississippi River a settlement in the woods. It is called "la Grande Pointe" and is very prosperous. The inhabitants are all descendants of the Acadian exiles and have retained the energy of their fathers. The men are great deer and duck hunters and cultivate the land. The women are very pious and industrious. It is there that old Périque manufactured the famous tobacco which bears his name. 'Le Destin d'un Brin de Mousse' (1877), by Mlle. Désirée Martin, is an autobiography and reveals to us the daily life of the simple and worthy people of "la Grande Pointe."

To complete my bibliography, I take the liberty to mention here my principal works in French: 'Le Château de Cham-

bord' (1886); 'Le Vieux Français et la Littérature du Moyen Age' (1885); 'Les Conquêtes des Normands' (1889); 'Sept Grands Auteurs du XIXe Siècle' (1889); 'Histoire de la Littérature Française (1893); 'Voyage en Europe' (1895); 'Précis de l'Histoire de France' (1899); 'La Politique Française Contemporaine jugée par les Etudiants Américains' (1902), and 'Les Planteurs Sucriers de l'Ancien Régime en Louisiane' (1906).

II. THE DRAMA.

The second work in the literature of Louisiana, as we have said, is 'Poucha Houma; a Tragedy.' It was written by Le Blanc de Villeneuve, an ex-officer in the French army, who says that while he was among the Choctaws, from 1752 to 1758, he heard the story of the father who had sacrificed his life to save that of his son. Many years later Mr. de Villeneuve thought of writing a drama on this episode of Indian life to defend the Indians from the accusation of having been savages without human feeling. The work is a regular classical tragedy of the school of Corneille and Racine, and observes the unities of time, place and action. The style is somewhat too pompous for Indian personages, and the drama is more interesting as a description of the customs of the Indians than as a work of art.

In 1839 A. Lussan published "Les Martyrs de la Louisiane," a drama in five acts, in verse. It is worthy of notice, as the personages are the heroes of the celebrated Revolution of 1768, when the Louisianians, abandoned by Louis XV, expelled the Spanish governor, Ulloa, and thought of establishing a republican form of government in New Orleans. Mr. Lussan's drama belongs to the romantic school; it does not observe the unities of time and place. The verse is good, and the work has patriotic enthusiasm and literary merit. "Sara, la Juive," in five acts and in prose, by the same author, is far inferior to "Les Martyrs de la Louisiane."

On the same subject as the last named work Mr. L. Placide Canonge wrote a drama in four acts in prose which was played with success at the Théâtre d'Orléans in 1850. The year before Mr. Canonge had produced a delightful comedy in one act, "Qui Perd Gagne." He wrote also in 1856 a

drama in five acts in prose, "Le Comte de Carmagnola," which has numerous incidents and is very romantic. It is as thrilling as 'Le Comte de Monte Cristo' and 'Le Bossu.'

Among our Louisiana authors Dr. Alfred Mercier is one of the best known. He was a dramatist, a poet, a novelist, an essayist, a philosopher, and a scientist. His views were always original, and his style, both in prose and in verse, is elegant and correct. He published in Paris, in 1842, "L'Ermite du Niagara," a poetic drama in verse, which the author calls a mystery, and in 1888 "Fortunia," a pathetic story in dramatic form.

"Mila; ou, la Mort de La Salle" (1852), by Charles Oscar Dugué, is a work in three acts and in verse. It is well written and interesting, but the love of La Salle, the stern explorer of Louisiana, for an Indian princess in Texas hardly agrees with the well-known character of the heroic Frenchman. Mr. Dugué published in 1852 another drama in verse, "Le Cygne ou Mingo."

"L'Ecole du Peuple" (1877), by Dr. Charles Deléry, is a comedy in verse and a keen satire on carpet-bag rule in our State.

III. POETRY.

Louisiana, with its romantic history, its stately river, its magnificent forests, its luxuriant vegetation, its numerous bayous overshadowed by secular oak trees, and its picturesque scenery on the coast of the Gulf, seemed to be a fit abode for poets. They were inspired by the climate, by the nature of the country, by patriotism, by the chivalry and bravery of the men, and, above all, by the beauty and grace of the women. Our literature, therefore, is rich in poets, richer perhaps than that of any other state. We have many verses published in Louisiana, and probably more still which their authors have not given to the public.

Often has the father or the mother recited touching lines, which have been treasured by the children of the family as most precious legacies, and which were yet to remain unseen by alien eyes. I am familiar with many Creole poets whose works, though unknown to the great world of literature, would be read with emotion and pleasure, their themes being

the most sacred feelings of humanity. Indeed, the gift of verse seems a not uncommon endowment among a people characterized by so much sensibility and vivacity as our Creoles.

Two of our earliest poets were Tullius St. Ceran and Urbain David. They took for their theme the battle of New Orleans and were patriotic if not very talented. We may mention also among the writers in the first half of the Nineteenth Century Félix de Courmont, Camille Thierry, and Constant Lepouzé. The latter may be considered our most correct and classical poet. He translated beautifully the odes of Horace and his ninth satire, "Le Fâcheux."

'Les Lazaréennes, Fables et Chansons, Poésies Sociales,' by Joseph Dejacque, is the only work of its kind published in Louisiana, where it had little success, although it contains poems of great literary merit. The author seems to have been a Socialist, and attacks family ties and property, repeating with emphasis Proudhon's celebrated words: "La propriété, c'est le vol."

One of the best volumes of poems written by a Louisianian is 'Essais Poétiques' (1847), by Charles Oscar Dugué. The author was less successful with "Homo" in 1872. It is a long and uninteresting didactic poem.

It is with pleasure that I mention again the name of Dr. Alfred Mercier. His "Rose de Smyrne" is a graceful *orientale* and relates the love of Hatilda, the Moslem, for a young and handsome *giaour* and the sad fate of the lovers. 'Erato' is a volume of harmonious poems, and 'Rêditus et Ascalaphos' is a long and beautiful philosophical poem.

Louisiana produced an elegiac poet of great talent. In 1841 Alexandre Latil published his tender and melancholy verses, 'Ephémères, Essais Poétique.' He was an invalid and a prey to an incurable disease, and his poems are a lamentation and a prayer. 'Les Echos' (1849), by Dr. Charles Testut, are generally sad but are always graceful. His subjects are principally meditations or descriptions of touching domestic scenes. His verses to Latil are among his finest. He was a thorough master of versification, and his rhymes are remarkably rich.

In our Creole population many ladies write French ad-

mirably, but few of their works have been published. It is, therefore, with pleasure that we read 'Une Couronne Blanche, Roman Poétique' (1859) by Mme. Emilie Evershed. The plot of the romance is simple and poetic, and we recognize the delicate touch of a woman in the charming pictures presented to us.

We now see the names of two brothers more widely known outside of Louisiana than any other of our poets: Dominique and Adrien Rouquette. To them may truly be applied *poeta nascitur non fit*. From their earliest youth they held in their hands the lute and the lyre, and in old age the language of poetry seemed to be natural to them. Poetry was a passion in the two brothers and both have written many poems. Born in Louisiana, they were educated in France, in old Armorica, the land of druidical legends, where everything recalled poetical souvenirs. On their return to their native State they lived in solitary Bonfouca, in the magnificent pine forests watered by those romantic rivulets, the Tchefuncte, the Bogne-Falaya and Bayou Lacombe. Around them were the remnants of the Choctaws, the faithful allies of the French; and in the wigwams of the Indians the brothers used to sit and smoke the calumet with the chiefs, or to look at the silent squaws skillfully weaving the wicker baskets which they were to sell at the noisy "Marché Français." It is thus that Adrien and Dominique Rouquette learned how to love nature and solitude, and that they were impregnated with the sentiment of poetry. When they write about the prairies, and the forests, and the Indians, their descriptions are most realistic, and it seems to us that we see the graceful Choctaw girl in her canoe or swimming in the limpid waters of the bayous, that we hear the cry of the whip-poor-will, and that we are permeated with the perfume of the mélèze, of the boisfort and of the resinous pine tree.

We may perhaps regret that the Rouquette brothers did not vary their themes a little more, but their poems have *un goût du terroir* which cannot fail to be appreciated.

Dominique Rouquette's first work was 'Les Meschacée-béennes,' published in 1835. He published also in 1857 a large volume, 'Fleurs d'Amérique.'

Adrien Rouquette was a priest; his principal work is 'Les Savanes,' a book of poems on Louisiana subjects. He also

wrote 'L'Antoniade; ou, la solitude avec Dieu,' a long eremitic poem, and 'La Thébaïde en Amérique.' Both works contain beautiful verses but are rather tedious.

Of the Louisiana poets now living the best are Mr. J. Gentil, Mr. George Dessommes, and Mr. Edgar Grima. "Elle," by the first named, is a tender poem dedicated to a daughter lost by the author, and reminds us of some of the most beautiful verses in Hugo's "Contemplations," where the great poet expresses his grief at the death of his daughter. 'Geoffroy le Troubadour,' by Mr. Dessommes, is a charming romance of the times of Chivalry. Mr. Grima's poems are graceful and witty, and "Pour un Nickel" is a masterpiece of gentle humor. Boileau would have called it "*un élégant badinage*."

In concluding this review of our principal poets, I may truly say that a selection of their works would compare favorably with those of many French writers whose reputations are much greater.

IV. THE NOVEL.

We have in Louisiana but few novels written in French, but these are generally interesting. Dr. Charles Testut published in 1873 'Le Vieux Salomon,' which he had written in 1858. It is to be regretted that the author should have introduced in his work a planter worthy to be compared with Mrs. Beecher Stowe's Legree, presenting thus as a type what was really an exception, a planter cruel to his slaves. In 'Les Filles de Monte Cristo' (1876), Dr. Testut wished to continue Dumas's interesting novel, but remains very inferior to his model. Mme. S. de la Houssaye, of the Attakapas country, wrote several novels, of which the best are 'Le Mari de Marguerite' (1883), and 'Pouponne et Balthazar' (1888). The latter gives an admirable picture of the life of the Acadians in Louisiana, describing some of their peculiar customs in a very interesting manner.

Father Adrien Rouquette published in 1879 'La Nouvelle Atala,' an Indian legend. The work is beautifully written, and one can see the great enthusiasm of the author for his subject. As in "L'Antoniade," Father Rouquette speaks of solitary life, and exalts the sacrifice of a young girl who leaves the world to live in a forest. The descriptions of nature

are very poetic, and Chatah-Ima's "Atala" is no unworthy sister of Chateaubriand's.

Dr. Alfred Mercier's first work of fiction, 'Le Fou de Palerme' (1873), is an interesting novelette. 'La Fille du Prêtre' (1877) is a philosophical work. The author attacks the celibacy of priests and pleads his case with boldness and talent. 'L'Habitation St. Ybars' (1881) is a Louisiana story, in which life before the war on a large plantation is very well described. Dr. Mercier, who was a master of the Creole patois, used it freely in his book and kept thus a pleasing local color. 'Lidia' (1888) is an idyl. The plot is very simple; it is the romantic love of two noble and pure hearts. In an age of realism it is good to have before one's eyes persons whose ideal is kindness, beauty, and intelligence. 'Johnelle' (1891) is also a work of high philosophy, in which the author attacks infanticide, this monstrous and yet too frequent crime. 'Henoch Jedesias' (1893) was Dr. Mercier's last novel. It is the story of a miser and relates many thrilling incidents.

'Tante Cydette' (1888), by Mr. George Dessommes, is a novel of New Orleans life, and depicts very accurately the customs of a certain class of our society. The character of the matchmaking aunt is quite lifelike. Mr. Edward Dessommes published in Paris 'Femme et Statue' (1869), an interesting and learned archæological study, and in New Orleans a short story, 'Madeleine et Bertha,' and a novelette, 'Artiste et Virtuose' (1902), which are exceedingly well written and remind us of Maupassant.

'Le Macandal' (1892), by Miss Marie Augustin, is a strong novel based on an episode of the revolution of the negroes at Santo Domingo, and 'Gabriel d'Ennerich' (1886), by the writer, is an historical novelette of Eighteenth Century life in France.

V. MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

The contemporary French literature of Louisiana is contained in great part in the "Comptes Rendus de l'Athénée Louisianais," a society which was founded in 1876 by Dr. Alfred Mercier in order to encourage the study of the French language and literature. The Athénée is the group of the Alliance Française in Louisiana, and has been very successful.

Dr. Alfred Mercier was perpetual secretary of the society until his death in 1894. He was succeeded in that office by Mr. Bussière Rouen, who is a correct and graceful writer. The presidents of the Athénée, from its foundation to the present time, have been Dr. Armand Mercier, General G. T. Beauregard, and Professor Alcée Fortier.

It is impossible to mention all the papers published in the *Comptes Rendus*. Many of them are of real value. The principal essayists, of whom several are also short story writers, are Dr. Alfred Mercier, Dr. Charles Turpin, Dr. O. Huard, Mr. Bussière Rouen, Mr. Gustave Daussin, Mr. Gaston Doussan, Judge Emile Rost, Mr. Charles Bléton, Mr. Gustave V. Soniat, Mr. John L. Peytavin, Dr. G. Dell'Orto, Mr. Edgar Grima, Miss Marie Augustin, Mrs. L. Augustin Fortier, Mrs. Aimée Beugnot, Dr. J. G. Hava, Mr. Edward Dessommes, Mr. U. Marinoni, Mrs. Eulalie Aleix, Miss Ermance Robert, and Judge Joseph Breaux.

The poets are Mr. Onésime Debouchel, Dr. Alfred Mercier, Mr. J. Gentil, Mr. Edgar Grima, Mr. Jules Choppin, Mr. George Dessommes, Mr. Henri A. Bernard, and Mr. Florent Fortier.

The historians are Mr. Charles Gayarré, General G. T. Beauregard, Dr. Gustave Devron; and the dramatists are Mr. Félix Voorhies and Dr. Alfred Mercier.

Many French newspapers were published in Louisiana, but only one daily is now in existence. It is *L'Abeille de la Nouvelle-Orléans*, founded in 1827, and ably edited at present by Mr. Armand Capdevielle, a native Louisianian. *L'Abeille* is very useful in maintaining in Louisiana the French language and traditions. The French consuls in New Orleans have generally coöperated zealously with the Louisianians of French descent in their efforts to preserve in their State the language of their ancestors, and Ambassadors Jules Cambon and J. J. Jusserand visited New Orleans and encouraged the members of the Athénée Louisianais to continue their disinterested and filial labors. We may say, therefore, that the French language will long continue to live in Louisiana.

Outside of the State two native Louisianians have greatly distinguished themselves. They are Albert Delpit, the novelist, and Mr. Henry Vignaud, who has been for many years first

secretary of the American Embassy in Paris. Mr. Vignaud has published scholarly works on Columbus which have been widely noted in Europe and America.

In conclusion I wish to say that the French literature of Louisiana is no unworthy daughter of that of France. It is modest and simple, but above all sincere in its love for Louisiana, the United States, and France.

Alce Fortier

EDWIN WILEY FULLER

[1847—1875]

ROBERT WATSON WINSTON

IN Edwin W. Fuller the State of North Carolina found an interpreter of her domestic virtues, of her simple living, and of her trust in God. Like his native State, he was slow to action and sought not his own, content to do the thing nearest at hand and to leave the rest to an over-ruling Providence. There was little in his local surroundings to stimulate literary pursuits. Louisburg, where he was born in 1847, thirteen years before the Civil War began, and where he saw the old Tar hurrying on its bubbles to the sea, was a small village with good schools for boys and girls, but remote and slow, the most stirring events in its simple annals being court weeks, circus days, and muster days. His home was in the center of the town. The old mansion-house with its stained glass windows, situated in a grove of massive oaks and elms, dispensed a generous hospitality, while to the rear was the latticed summer house, a fairy bower,

“O’er which was spread the jasmine’s leafy net,
To snare the straying winds.”

The father, Jones Fuller, a prosperous merchant and a man of generous impulses, and his sweet-spirited consort, Ann Thomas, presided over this “home of perfect peace; no envious spite or hatred within its sacred walls, but all pure love toward our fellows and gratitude to God.” The bent of the young man’s mind was fixed by the atmosphere of this home. Having received such education as the town academy afforded, he entered the University of North Carolina, where he remained two years and then went to the University of Virginia. When one considers the present literary activity of these institutions he cannot conceive of their meager equipment or of their dead literary calm forty years ago. Rarely did a Virginia or North Carolina book then make its appearance, and the prevailing literary style was windy and verbose. In spite of this sterile atmosphere we find our young poet looking forward to the loud applause of nations as a simple thing of time. To compensate for the lack of systematic training in literary studies the students at Chapel Hill organized clubs, now called fraternities, where literature was discussed. Edwin

Fuller became a member of the Delta Psi Club and if reports can be accredited, his hebdomadal productions of prose and poetry were the admiration of his brethren. His squibs and essays, however, did not impress the students, many of whom had just surrendered at Appomattox, one tithe so much as his own lofty character. He took little interest in college politics or athletic sports, but he loved to wander alone under the Southern sky or in the stillness of the forests.

His physical stature was below the average, but it did not seem so, for his large, lustrous blue eyes, his broad, prominent forehead and his kind, generous nature made an impression of strength and bigness. Like most men of a poetical temperament he had few intimates, though his sunny disposition, his witty and keenly sympathetic nature made him a favorite with his associates. Baxter's 'Saints' Rest' exerted a lasting influence upon his life, "paring off from his conscience the thick rind of carelessness and revealing the sad fact that the purity of life there enjoined and his own course were a vast distance apart." He became a leading spirit for good in his community. At his own expense he built and equipped a country school-house, where for years he taught the Bible to poor children. He lived only until he was twenty-seven, when, like Timrod and Lanier, he passed away of consumption, "having worn the girdle of the world about his loins so loosely that a moment did suffice to break the clasp and lay it down."

Edwin Fuller's letters to his wife are full of poetic imagery and abound in quaint humor, while a certain warmth and richness pulsate in every line. He undertook but one work of prose, 'Sea-Gift,' a novel. For a boy of eighteen years it is quite a remarkable production. It is a love-story filled with the incidents of his college days and with the events of the Civil War. The style of it is sophomoric and the sentences, after the fashion of that day, roll along in sonorous measure, wasting much effort upon "the God of day, and the fleecy racks flushing with his good-night kiss, while a purple bank, with silver fringe lay beneath him, like the pillow of his couch!" Several of his short poems have little merit and should not have found a place in his published works. "Out in the Rain" is a touching outpouring of his heart as within his chamber, all bright and warm, he hears the storm and the dismal wind, with now a fierce wild shriek and now a hollow moan, as if in pain, beating upon the grave of Ethel.

He did not, like Timrod and Father Ryan, strike a martial or heroic note. Those poets came from states that rushed joyously into war; but not so the old North State. The roar of Fort Sumter's guns fell but harshly upon her ears, and our gentle poet and his

kindred were for the Union and the old flag till called upon to fight for their own people or against them. Then they gave freely of blood and treasure. The dying words of Edwin Fuller, a memorial ode for Decoration Day at Wilmington, were

Thou, who in the war-stained years
Saw our heroes' life-blood shed,
Consecrate our flowers and tears—
Incense to our memorial dead!

His name as a poet, however, rests mainly upon one poem, "The Angel in the Cloud," a very long poem, written in blank verse. Poe declared that it was impossible to write a long poem, and Dr. Johnson said of blank verse that it was verse only to the eye, tuneless. This poem is philosophical; it deals with a problem and enforces a doctrine of life. It is divided into two parts. The philosophy of skepticism is clearly stated, the unbeliever is not only allowed to record his fallacies, but he is helped to clothe them with characteristic ingenuity and subtlety. He is answered by the angel: the cloud with a strong argument, in which the difficulties that had puzzled the philosopher are explained and his doubts are resolved into faith.

Man cannot judge the eternal mind by his,
But must accept the mysteries of life,
As purposes divine, with perfect ends,
And in our darkest clouds God's angels stand
To work man's present and eternal good.

The poem opens with a descriptive scene, "Noon in August."

The bees work lazily, as if they long to kick
The yellow burdens from their patient thighs,
And rest beneath the ivy parasols.

His imagery at times is majestic in its beauty. His description of Heaven is highly poetical and imaginative, and his style throughout is chaste and classic. One cannot help feeling that he might have employed the heroic couplet to better advantage than blank verse, as that form of verse is especially adapted to his striking antitheses of thought.

'The Angel in the Cloud' cannot be classed with great poems such as 'Paradise Lost,' but it invites comparison with Young's 'Night Thoughts,' Blair's 'Grave' and Pollock's 'Course of Time.' The poetry that lives in the hearts of the many is simple, sensuous,

passionate; it advances no philosophical problems, but sweetens our feelings towards humanity and lures us on to the golden clime of imagination. This witchery of verse, this irresistibility of style, this ultimate truth to life, which are of the essence of great poetry, can only be produced by men who have native genius, rich and mature experience and consummate mastery of the art of expression. Edwin Fuller had the first but did not live to attain the others.

Robert Wilson Winston,

See also the preface to the third edition of *The Angel in the Cloud*; *The Knoxville Tribune*, April 28, 1876; *The Franklin Courier*, June 9, 1876; *The News and Observer*, Raleigh, July 13, 1887; and *The Biographical History of North Carolina*, Vol. VII.

THE MIND OF MAN

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And such is Man!

The puzzle of the Universe! Within,
 A giant to himself; without, a babe.
 A giant that we cannot but despise,
 A babe we must admire for his power.
 His mind, Promethean spark divine, can pierce
 The shadowy Past, and gaze in rapturous awe
 Upon the birth of worlds, that from the Mind
 Eternal spring to blazing entities,
 And whirl their radiant orbs through cooling space;
 Or place the earth beneath its curious ken,
 And with an "Open Sesame!" descend
 Into its rocky chambers; there unfold
 The stone archives, and read their graven truths—
 Earth's history written by itself therein—
 How age by age, a globe of liquid fire,
 It dimmer grew, and dark and stiff,
 And drying, took a rough, uneven face;
 Above the wave, the mountain's smoking top
 Appeared, beneath it gaped the valley's gorge;
 But smoking still, it stood a gloomy globe,

Naked and without life. And how the trees
And herbs their robes of foliage brought; their form
And life adapted to their heated bed.
And how a stream of animation poured
Upon its face, when ready to sustain;
Great beasts who trod the cindered soil unscathed,
And tramped the fervid plains with unscorched soles.
Great fish whose hardened fins hot water churned
That steamed at every stroke. How periods passed
And fields and forests teemed with gentler life,
The waters wound in rivers to the sea,
Then spread their vap'ry wings and fled to land.
The oceans tossed in bondage patiently;
Volcanic mountains closed their festering mouths,
And earth made ready for her master, Man.

It traces Man, expelled from Paradise,
Along the winding track of centuries.
It marks its slow development, from two
To families, and tribes, and nations vast.
It gazes on the wondrous scenes of war,
And peace, and battle plain, and civic game;
And lives through each, with all of real life,
Except the body's presence there. It turns
From man to beasts and birds, and careless strokes
The lion's mane, the humbird's scarlet throat;
It tracks the mammoth to his jungle home,
Or creeps within infusoria's cell.
It measures earth from pole to pole, or weighs
The bit of brass, that lights the battery spark.
Is Earth too small, it plumes its flight through space;
From world to world, as bird from twig to twig,
It flies, and furls its wing upon their discs
To tell their weight, and giant size, or breathe
Their very air to find its gaseous parts.
Now bathing in pale Saturn's misty rings,
Or chasing all the moons of Jupiter
Behind his darkened cone. The glorious sun,
With dazzling vapor robe, and seas of fire,
Whose cyclones dart the forkèd flames far out,

To lap so hungrily amid the stars,
Is but its playhouse, where it rides the storms,
That sweep vast trenches through the surging fire,
In which the little Earth could roll unseen;
Or bolder still, beyond our system's bounds,
It soars amid the wilderness of worlds;
Finds one condemned to meet a doom of fire,
And makes its very flames inscribe their names,
In dusky lines, upon the spectroscope.
With shuddering thought to see a world consumed,
The fate prepared for ours, it lingers there
Until the lurid conflagration dies.
And then seeks Earth, and leaves the laggard, Light,
To plod its journey vast.

The smallest mote

Of dust that settles on an insect's wing,
It can dissect to atoms ultimate.
With these, too small for sight, may Fancy deal,
And revel in her Liliputian realm.
These atoms forming all, by Boscovitch
Are proved, in everything, to be alike;
And ultimate, since indivisible.
Each in its place maintained by innate force
And relatively far from each, as Earth
From Sun.

Suppose, then, each to be a world,
Peopled with busy life, a human flood,
As earnest in their little plans as we,
As grand in their opinion of themselves!
Oh! what a depth of contrast for the mind!
The finest grain of sand, upon the beach,
Has in its form a million perfect worlds!
Or take the other scale, suppose the Earth,
Our great and glorious Earth, to only form
The millionth atom of some grain of sand,
That shines unnoticed on an ocean's shore,
Whose waves wash o'er our whirling stars and sun
Too insignificant to feel their surge.
Another step on either side, and mind,
In flesh, shrinks from the giant grasp.

Yet noble are its pinions, strong their flight;
Thrice, only, do they droop their baffled strength,
Before the Future, Infinite, Abstract!
The first is locked, the second out of reach,
The third a maze that none can penetrate.
The first, alone to inspiration opes;
The second dashed to earth her boldest wing,
Spinoza's, who essayed the idea of God,
And grappling bravely with the grand concept,
So far above the utmost strength of Man,
Placed God's existence in extent and thought;
And filled all space with God. The Universe,
A bud or bloom of the Eternal Mind,
That opens like a flower into this form,
And may retract Creation in Itself!
Alas! that effort so sublime should end
In mystery and doubt.

A Universe,

How vast so ever, has its bounds somewhere,
But space possesses none, and God in Space,
Would be so far beyond Creation's speck,
He scarce would know it did exist. That part
Of Mind, expressed in matter, would be lost
Amid the Infinite domains of thought.

Yet Man in flesh, the casket of the mind,
Whose wondrous power I've told, is ever chained,
A grovelling worm, to Earth, and never leaves
The sod where he must lie. No time is his
But present; not a mem'ry of the past.
His very food, while in his mouth, alone,
Tastes good. He stands a dummy in the world,
That only acts when acted on. How great
The mystery of union 'tween the two!
A feather touches not the body, but the mind
Perceives it; yet the mind may live through scenes
The body never knew, nor can. Yet not
With vivid life—the sense is lacking there.
The memory of a banquet may be plain,
So that the daintiest dish could be described,

As well as if the eye and tongue were there;
The eye and tongue alone the present know,
And find no good in anything that's past.
All thought is folly, every path is dark;
Truth gleaming fairly in the distant haze,
On near approach becomes the blackest lie.
Man and his soul may go, nor will I fret
To learn their mystic bonds. A worm I am,
And worm I must remain, till Death shall burst
The chrysalis, and free the web-wound wings.
Yet, oh! 'twere grand to spurn the clogging Earth
And cleave the air towards yonder looming cloud;
To stand upon its red-bound crest and dare
The storm-king's widest wrath.

THE BELLS OF HEAVEN

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of the owner.

Along the walls, twelve gates of pearl were seen,
So great their breadth, and high their jewelled arch,
That Earth could almost trundle in untouched,
And in each arch was fixed a giant bell
Of silver, with a golden tongue that hung,
A pendant sun. So wide the silver lips,
That Chimularee plucked up by the roots,
And as a clapper swung within its circ,
Would tinkle, like a pebble, noiselessly
Against the rigid side. And as the saved
Were brought in teeming host, by Angel bands,
Before the gates, the bells began their swing;
And to and fro the ponderous tongue was hurled,
Till through the portals marched the shouting throng,
And then it fell against the bounding side.

And loud and long their booming thunder
Rends the golden air asunder,
While the ransomed, passing under

Fall in praise beneath the bells,
 Whose mighty throbbing welcome tells;
 And the Angels hush their harps in wonder—
 Bells of Heaven, glory booming bells!

Gentler now, the silver's shiver
 Purls the rippling waves that quiver
 Through the ether's tide forever,
 Mellow as they left the bells,
 Whose softening vibrate welcome tells;
 And the quavers play adown the river—
 Bells of Heaven, softly sobbing bells!

Then the dreamy cadence dying,
 Sings as soft as zephyrs sighing;
 Faintest echoes cease replying
 To the murmur of the bells,
 Whose stilling tremor welcome tells,
 Faintly as the snowflakes falling, lying—
 Bells of Heaven, dreamy murmuring bells!

THE WEAVERS

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"And now, to close thy lesson, look through this!"
 He gave to me a strangely fashioned glass,
 Through which, when I had looked to Earth, I saw
 A long black wall, that towered immensely high,
 So none might see beyond. Before its length,
 Mankind were ranged, all weaving busily;
 The young and old, the maiden and the man;
 The infant hands unconscious plied the thread,
 The aged with a feeble, listless move.
 They wove the warp of Life, and drew its thread
 From o'er the wall; none knew how far its end
 Was off, nor when 'twould reach the busy hand,
 Nor did they care, in aught by action shown,
 But bending o'er their work without a glance

Towards the thread, that still so smoothly ran,
They threw the shuttle back and forth again,
Till suddenly the ravelled end appeared,
Fell from the wall, and to the shuttle crept;
And then the weaver laid his work aside,
With folded hands, was wrapped within his warp,
To wait the Master's sentence on his task.
I saw the thread, in passing through their hands,
Received the various colors, from their touch,
And tinged the different patterns that they wove.
And oh! how different in design! Some wove
A spotless fabric, whose pure simple plan
Was always ready for the ending thread;
Come when it would, no part was incomplete;
But what was done, could bear th' Inspector's eye.
And others wove a dark and dingy rag,
That bore no pattern, save its filthiness;
Fit garment for the fool who weaves for flames!
Some wove the great red woof of war,
With clashing swords, and crossing bayonets,
With ghastly bones, and famished widows' homes,
With all the grim machinery of Death,
To gain a paltry crown, or curule chair;
Perchance, before the crown or chair is reached,
The thread gives out, the work is incomplete,
And in the gory cloak his hands have wrought,
With all its stains unwashed, the hero sleeps.
Some shuttles shape the gilded temple, Fame,
And count on thread to weave its topmost dome;
But ere the lowest pinnacle is touched,
The brittle filament is snapped. Some weave
The bema, with its loud applause; and some
The gaudy chaplet of the bacchanal,
And other sweated bays of honest toil.
But all the fabrics bear the yellow stain
Of gold, o'er which the sinner and the saint
Unseemly strive, and he seems happiest
Whose work is yellowest.

Along the wall,
"A fountain filled with blood," plays constantly,

Where man may cleanse the fabric as he weaves;
Yet few avail themselves; the waters flow,
While Man works on, without regard to stains,
Till thread worn thin arouses him to fear,
Or breaks before the damning dyes are cleansed.
And down the line I ran my anxious eyes,
To find a weaver I might recognize,
And saw, at last, a form by mirrors known.
Oh! 'twas a shameful texture that I wove,
So dark its hue, so little saving white,
Such seldom bathing in the fountain stream,
I could not look, but bowed my blushing face,
And like the publican of old, cried out,
"Be merciful to me a sinner!"

"Rise!"

The Angel said, "And worship God alone;
Return to Earth, enjoy an humble faith,
Whose simple trust shall make thee happier
Than all the grandeur of philosophy.
Should doubts arise, remember, God's designs
Above a finite comprehension stand,
And finite doubts, about the Infinite,
Assume absurdity's intensest form.
Man, from the stand-point of the Present, looks,
And disappointed, bitterly complains
Of what would move his deepest gratitude,
Could he the issue of the morrow know.
God sees the future, and in kindness deals
To every man his complement of good.
Remember then the weakness of thy mind,
Nor doubt because thou canst not understand.
To gather scattered jewels thou must kneel;
So on thy knees seek truth, and thou shalt find;
The nearer Earth thy face, the nearer Heaven
The heart. And now farewell!"

OUT IN THE RAIN

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The night is dark and cold, a beating rain
Falls ceaselessly upon the dripping roof;
The dismal wind, with now a fierce, wild shriek,
And now a hollow moan, as if in pain,
Circles the eaves, and bends the tortured trees that wring
Their long, bare hands in the bleak blast.

Within

Our chamber all is bright and warm. The fire
Burns with a ruddy blaze. The shaded lamp
Softens the pictures on the wall, and glows
Upon the flowers in the carpet, till they seem
All fresh and fragrant. Stretched upon the rug,
His collar gleaming in the fire-light, little Pip
Is sleeping on, defiant of the storm without.
The very furniture enjoys the warmth,
And from its sides reflects the cheerful light.
Up in his painted cage, the little bird,
His yellow head beneath his soft, warm wing
Is hiding. Oh! my God, out in the storm
Our little yellow head is beaten by the rain.
So lonely looks that precious little face
Up at the cold, dark coffin's lid above,
In the bleak graveyard's solitude!
Oh! Ethel darling, do you feel afraid?
Or is Christ with you in your little grave?
When last we gazed upon those lovely eyes
They looked so tranquil, in their last repose,
We knew that Christ's own tender hand had sealed
Their lids with His eternal peace.
Oh! darling, are you happy up in heaven?
And do the angels part that golden hair
As tenderly as we? O Saviour dear,
Thou knowest childhood's tenderness. Amid
The care of countless worlds, sometimes descend
From Thine almighty throne of power, and find
That little yellow head, and lay it on Thy breast,

And smooth her brow with Thine own piercèd hand ;
 She'll kiss the wound and try to make it well.
 And tell her how we love her memory here ;
 And let her sometimes see us, that she may
 Remember us. O Jesus, we can trust
 Her to thy care ; and when we lay us down
 To rest, beside that lonely little grave,
 Oh ! let her meet us with her harp.
 God help us both to make that meeting sure !

LINES

Written after having a hemorrhage from the lungs.

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Written a short time before his death and handed to his wife with the request, "Do not open until I am well, or until my death,"

Life bloomed for me as if my path thro' Eden
 Led its flowery way. Success had crowned
 In many ways my efforts. No dark strife
 With adverse Fate its portent shadows cast
 Across the calm blue scope of heaven.

And though

Pride often chafed at plain commercial life,
 It was but transient, for ambitious Hope
 Kept ever in my view Fame's gilded dome,
 Upon whose highest pinnacle I chose my niche
 For vain conceit had whispered in my ear
 That I had Genius to encharm the world,
 And I looked forward to the loud applause
 Of nations as a simple thing of time.
 Of death I thought but as a fright for those
 Who have no destiny but dying. Mine
 Would come in age, but as a pallid seal
 To Honor gained, and Life's long labors done.
 Yet I had felt the breath of Asrael's wing
 When from my youthful head he took my father's hand,
 And from my manhood's arms my only child,
 And down the past a little mound of earth,
 Tombed with the darkest sorrow of our hearts,
 Still stands, though veiling in the folds of time.

Of heaven I thought but as a distant home,
A place of sweetest rest that I would gain,
When weary of the burden of the world.
Thus gay of thought and bright of hope, I moved
Amid the flowers of my way.

At once,
With scarce a rustle in the rose-leaves, came
A shadowy form, and standing silently
Before my pathway, breathed a whispered sigh,
As if it loathed its office to perform;
Then laid Consumption's ghastly banner on my breast,
Its pale folds crossed with fatal red.

The sky
Grew dark, the rose-leaves withered, as the form
Withdrew, still silently; while I, alone
Upon the roadside, kneeled to pray for light.
The stunned surprise of sudden-shattered hopes,
The faith of self-appointed destiny,
Still turned my eyes toward the Temple Fame.
Across its gilded dome a spotless cloud
Had drifted, hiding it from view, but lo!
The cloud, unfolding snowy depths, disclosed
The glories of that "House not made with hands,"
And bending from it, so full of tenderness,
I could discern the loved ones "gone before."
And over all I recognized the Form
Whose brow endured Gabbatha's shameful crown,
Whose woe distilled itself in trickling blood,
By Cedron's murmuring wave.

As tenderly
As ever mother touched her babe, He bore
Within His arms a little angel form,
With golden hair and blue expressive eyes,
One dimpled hand lay on His willing cheek,
While He bent down to meet the sweet caress.
The other, with that well-remembered look
She kissed, and threw the kiss to me.

Then down
I bowed my face, and longed to know mine end.
'Twere very sweet to leave all toil and care

And join the blessèd ones beyond the tide;
 And still 'twere sweet beyond compare to wait
 Till eventide with loved ones here, and share
 Their weal or woe.

Then came a flute-like voice
 That thrilled the solemn air:

"Pursue thy way,
 Yet humbly walk and watch, and if I come
 At midnight, or at noon, be ready."

Thus
 I wish to live, life's aims subserved to God;
 And each continued day and hour regard
 As special gifts to be improved for Him;
 To wear the girdle of the world about my loins
 So loosely that a moment will suffice
 To break the clasp, and lay it down.

FIRST EXPERIENCES AT THE ACADEMY

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I ROSE next morning full of good resolutions; and, to put the first in execution, found father, and asked his pardon. He granted it kindly, and said, with a smile:

"I have determined to remove you to the Academy. You are getting almost too large for Miss Hester to manage. I will continue your tuition pay to her for the remainder of the session, as it is our fault that you leave her. You may remain at home to-day, as it is Friday, but on Monday you must commence with Mr. Morris."

I was perfectly delighted with the transfer, as it would add considerably to my dignity; for I had long looked forward to entering the Academy as an era in life.

As soon as breakfast was over I ran around to Miss Hester's school-house, to make my acknowledgments to her. She was very kind in her manner toward me, and did not seem to bear any ill will for my conduct of the day before. When I mentioned the subject of my removal, as I did not say anything about the continuation of the pay, the old lady seemed to regret very much my leaving, was confident we could get

on pleasantly together, and felt assured that I would behave, for the rest of the term, like a little gentleman. As I was not equally certain on all these points, I told her that father thought it best, and that I must do as he wished. I therefore got up my books, slate, and stationery, and marched out of the little house where I had spent so many happy hours, followed by the envious eyes of all the scholars, who were still to slave it out there. I met Ned on my way home, and we had a short conversation, making arrangements to desk together and vowing eternal fealty and fidelity to each other.

I put my books away as soon as I reached home, and ran over to Dr. Mayland's to see Lulie. Much to my disappointment she had gone to school, so nothing was left for me but to mope out all day in idleness. There is nothing in the world so wearisome as idleness without company. In vain I lounged over town seeking amusement. All my companions were at school, and everybody and everything seemed to have something to do. I strolled down to the wharves to find some relief in sights down there, but all seemed intent on some occupation, and I could find no sympathy for my solitude. The loaded dray rattled a reproof at me as it passed; the smiths tinkering over old boilers hammered work into my ears; the clerk, busy with his marking brush, and the brawny wharf hands, rolling the sticky barrels hither and thither, were living lectures to me. Even the horse, at the unloading vessel, pulled up the weight, and backed again, with a stern disregard of his own pleasure. An old black rosin raft, floating lazily down the tide, was the only thing in sight at all congenial, and that was too far out in the river to be reached.

The idle boy in the country may find pleasure where there are so many objects to amuse; the brook with its fish, the toy mill with its flutter wheel, the barnyard with its calves to be broken to the yoke, the orchard and plum nursery, all help to pass the time; but woe to the idle in the crowded thoroughfare!

Time is the only coachman who drives exactly by his schedule, and with all my impatience Monday did not come till Monday morning. I was too eager not to be equally punctual, and at nine o'clock precisely I entered Mr. Morris's school-room. How different it was from Miss Hester's! Boys

of every size, from the six-foot youth to the little lad of my own height, were ranged, two and two, at their desks about the room. Most of the small ones manifested a strong desire to stamp my appearance indelibly on their memory, by an intense stare. The large ones scarce noticed me; perhaps turning their heads to see who had disturbed the majestic silence of the hall.

Mr. Morris called me to his stand, and, after a few questions, assigned me to a class and a desk. I took my seat, arranged my books, and then, not feeling so much abashed as at Miss Hester's, I looked about me with more confidence and closer scrutiny. 'Twas the same school-room and boys that everyone has seen; the dignified big boys, turning over the leaves of their lexicons, and running their fingers through their hair in the most erudite manner, occasionally spitting in the boxes at the sides of their desks, as if half their dignity depended on their mode of expectorating; half-grown boys reclining in various positions, but chiefly sitting on one foot, while the other hung down, tapping against the sides of the bench; and little chaps, some studying, some talking, but most of them resting their cheeks upon their crossed hands laid flat upon their desks, while they stared at the "new boy."

My experience at Miss Hester's, however, had taught me to accommodate myself to circumstances, so I made myself easy in my new quarters, and at the morning respite went out boldly with the rest, to join in the amusements.

The story of our difficulty at Miss Hester's had reached most of the boys through their younger brothers, who attended her school, and quite a throng gathered around me to question and admire, for the mere fact of my having had a difficulty at all, and having left the school, rendered me at once the hero and martyr of the occasion in their eyes. I related the affair with as much gusto as I could assume, and felt as proud of my insubordination as Cato did of his economy. As I concluded my recital, one of the lexicon dignitaries strode up, and looking over the heads of those around me, remarked carelessly:

"Is that the little devil who turned his teacher out? If he tries his hand here, I'll bet Jep will take the spunk out of him."

I could not comprehend his words, but I felt a terrible idea

of Jep, who was so given to the extraction of spunk, and inwardly resolved that I would carefully avoid all acquaintance with him. I afterwards learned that it was an abbreviation of Mr. Morris's given name, Jephthah. This reassured me, and I debated for some time whether to test Jep's extracting powers, and preserve my reputation among my schoolmates, or assert over myself at least my moral courage, and heed my mother's words of advice in regard to my deportment. At last I resolved on the latter course of conduct, and gave up all thoughts of resisting authority.

At the close of the week Mr. Morris said to the school:

"Remember, boys, next week is composition week, and I do not want a single one to fail to write an essay. You can select your own themes, but you must receive assistance from no one."

I was very much astonished, for the thought of writing an essay or composition had never entered my mind. To express my ideas on paper, and then read them out to the whole school! 'Twas a task in my eyes to appall a statesman. Still, I was not one to give up easily, and, possessing no small share of self-confidence, I determined to do the best I could. For days my brain was racked to find a subject on which I could say anything at all. My mind seemed a perfect blank, with not even the dim shadow of a thought which I might evolve into distinctness. After a while I began to try over different topics, but none appeared fruitful. I tried first on Truth; but I could find no way to begin but by asking, "What is Truth?"—a question I could not answer, so I gave that up. Then I tried "Vacation;" but here my only opening was an abrupt recountal of its scenes and pleasures, and these were too much identified with Lulie to be made public, so I abandoned that. The various animals came in for a share of consideration, but I could not find one of sufficient fecundity to bring forth an essay. The week was almost gone, and still I was themeless; when one day, at the dinner table, father jingled the ice in his glass, and made some remark about the strangeness of the fact that water, a liquid, could so change its nature as to become solid, merely by the absence of heat. Suddenly it popped into my head that I would write about ice. I bounced

up, ran into the library, and after an hour's hard labor, appeared with the following:

ICE.

Ice is frozen water. Water, dry so, is soft, and can be moved with the finger or a stick; and also can be poured out. But when it freezes it gets num and stiff, and can't be sturd, and won't run down. ice is also very good for many things, if it was not for ice we could not have ice cream or soda water, because the cream would melt and be custud; ice is also very smooth and can be skaited on, but boys should not skait where it is thin, for they might break in and be sinful. a boy once skaited on the sabbath and got drownd. To look at ice ought to make us want to study, so we can learn all about it, and about the people who live where it grows thick and can be driven with dogs upon. so I will put up my writing and study some.

Your afexionate scholar,

JOHN SMITH.

P. S.—A eastern king would not believe the traveller when he told him about thick ice.

This postscript I added as a display of my knowledge of history, which I feared would appear pedantic in the body of my composition, but would be striking and casual at its close.

This important production I folded, endorsed with my name, and laid it away till Friday evening. Before handing it in, I read it to father and mother. I construed their smiles into compliments, and carried it to Mr. Morris with no small degree of satisfaction. Addison never felt more sure of praise than I did; and yet the following week 'twas returned to me a perfect Joseph's coat of red ink corrections and erasures. *Vae literatis!*

But compositions were nothing to my next appearance in the school, for we were soon required to declaim. Here again there was trouble in the selection of a suitable piece for declamation; but I at length found a piece which I thought was admirably adapted to my style, and, preparing it carefully, I awaited with impatience the first evening of our practice.

It came at last, and, as I saw the "first" scholars walk up the rostrum with dignity, and, with grace of manner and well modulated voice, declaim beautiful selections, I felt that noth-

ing was easier, and in my self-confidence pitied the poor block-heads, of which there were not a few present, who drawled out their speeches in such an awkward and confused way. I was considerably worried, however, as Mr. Morris came down the roll, to find no less than three of the smaller boys had selected exactly the same piece I had; still, I gathered encouragement from the fact that they all spoke it badly, and that my effort would show to a still better advantage after theirs. I was startled from my complacent comparisons by the loud tones of Mr. Morris, calling out:

"John Smith, you will next declaim!"

It is strange how easily confused and startled we are by the unexpected pronunciation of our names in public; the simple utterance of mine, on this occasion, overturned all my confidence and self-reliance, and I rose from my seat with a hair-rising sensation that took away my last hope of distinction.

I ascended the rostrum with that peculiarly awkward feeling of being in somebody's else's skin, which fitted badly, and was especially tight about the cheeks and eyes. And my hands! I had used them in a thousand ways, but now, for the first time, became really and painfully aware of their existence. I had hitherto regarded them as an indispensable, though unconsciously possessed, part of my anatomy; but I now looked upon them as excessively inconvenient appurtenances, and I would have given a finger almost to have had them hung out of sight on my back. However, there they were and I had to dispose of them. After making my bow with my little finger on the seam of my pants, I put both hands for safe keeping in my trowsers' pockets. They could not, however, long remain there, for, as I placed that idiotic youth upon the "burning deck," out they came for a gesture, which finished, to give them something to do I put them to pulling down my vest, which had an unaccountable tendency to sever all connection with my pants. The flames had now to be shown

. . . " 'round him o'er the dead,"

and my hands nobly left my vest for action. Coming again to me idle, I sent one to my pocket, and the other to my mouth,

where it remained during the greater part of my speech, spoiling out the words as fast as they issued from that orifice.

My embarrassment and confused state of ideas also developed other startling blunders, which cooler moments would have corrected. The boys, in their naturally perverted disposition, had quite a habit of transposing the first letters of words in a sentence, exchanging with one word part of another, thereby creating a language that Cardinal Mezzofanti could never have mastered. With my imitative tendencies, I had no sooner entered into the school than I caught the habit in all its force; and talked in this perverted style so constantly that I was an animated Etruscan hieroglyph to all at home. William, at the table, always waited in stupid astonishment for father's interpretation, when I would loudly call for a "wass of glatter," or a "mum warfin."

On this occasion of declamation, I fully repented of my maladialectic propensity, for, do what I would, the words would come out twisted out of all human semblance.

Mr. Morris, in our private practice, required each one to announce the subject of his speech; so, troubled as I have described by my hands and tongue, I thus declaimed:

BASICIANCO.

The stoy bood on the durning beck,
Whence all but flem had hid,
The lims that flate the wrettle back
Rone shound him do'er the ead.

Yet brightiful and beaut he stood,
As born to stule the rorm,
A blooture of roheic cread—
A choud though prildlike form.

Bang! went Mr. Morris's ruler on his desk as I completed the last verse.

"Bring me the book, sir," he thundered, "that contains all that nonsense."

Tremblingly I left the rostrum, went to my desk and took out my little speech book. Having examined it, and found that Mrs. Hemans's beautiful verses were printed correctly, he turned upon me with his severest tone, and demanded to know

what I meant by such ridiculous gibberish. I pleaded that I had got in the habit of talking so for fun, and could not help it on the stage.

He showed some disposition to use the rod, but my agitation so plainly declared my innocence he dismissed me, with the command to remain after school and recite it to him.

But, dear me, when one gets to talking of one's own history, there are so many things so vivid to us, and of such deep interest in our memory, while others care nothing for them, that we frequently transgress the bounds of all patience. As far as the narrative coincides with the reader's own observation and experience, he will be interested; but should it go beyond, unless adorned with a marvellous mystery, he is wearied with the author's prolixity.

CHARLES GAYARRÉ

[1805—1895]

ALCÉE FORTIER

CHARLES ETIENNE GAYARRÉ was born near New Orleans on January 9, 1805. His paternal great-grandfather had come to New Orleans with Ulloa in 1766, after the cession of Louisiana to Spain. His maternal grandfather was Etienne de Boré, a native of Kaskaskia, who had been a *mousquetaire* of Louis XV, had first manufactured sugar with profit in the colony, and had been the first mayor of New Orleans in 1803. Mr. Gayarré had, therefore, in his veins Spanish and French blood, and possessed many of the characteristics of the people of Spain and of France. He was exceedingly dignified and courteous and possessed a very artistic temperament.

Charles Gayarré was educated at the College of Orleans in New Orleans. In his novel 'Fernando de Lemos' he has given an interesting account of that institution and pleasing and amusing portraits of the professors. At the age of twenty he began to attend to public affairs and wrote a pamphlet in opposition to Edward Livingston, who sought to abolish capital punishment. In 1828 he was admitted to the Philadelphia bar, and in 1829 to the Louisiana bar. In 1830 he was elected representative of the city of New Orleans in the General Assembly, and in 1831 he was appointed Assistant Attorney-general of the State. In 1832 he became presiding judge of the city court, and in 1835 he was elected to the United States Senate. Ill health compelled him to go to Europe and to resign the senatorship before he had taken his seat. He remained in Europe from 1835 to 1843, and on his return home he was elected a second time a member of the Legislature. He was reëlected in 1846, but in the same year he accepted the office of Secretary of State, tendered him by Governor Isaac Johnson. He served for seven years in that position, having been reappointed in 1850 by Governor Joseph Walker. As Secretary of State Mr. Gayarré rendered great services to Louisiana. He made judicious purchases of books for the State Library and collected important documents copied from the historical archives of France and Spain. From 1853 to 1877 Mr. Gayarré continued to take an active part in the politics of the State, and delivered many addresses on public

questions. His whole career as a public man was marked by fearless devotion to duty and honor.

In 1830 Mr. Gayarré published his 'Essai Historique sur la Louisiane,' and in 1846 and 1847 his 'Histoire de la Louisiane' in two volumes.* He rewrote his 'History of Louisiana' and published it in English in four volumes, at different periods, in 1854, 1855, and 1866. The work begins with the romance of the history of Louisiana, in which many legends are related in a florid style suitable to the subject. It is unfortunate that Mr. Gayarré should have included his romance of history in the first part of his history of the French domination, for it has led many of his readers to believe that his work is more a romance than a history. Such is not the case, however. Gayarré's 'History of Louisiana' is a valuable book, based on original documents examined critically. His 'Philip II' (1866) is probably his most original work, if we consider his conception of the subject. The gloomy monarch is presented to us on his deathbed, and then all the events of his life are reviewed.

Mr. Gayarré was not only an historian. He wrote several novellettes and two novels: 'Fernando de Lemos' (1870) and 'Aubert Dubayet' (1882). The author may not properly be called a novelist, because in neither of his books does he give a complete plot or try to delineate character. 'Fernando de Lemos' is romantic and poetic, and 'Aubert Dubayet,' which is more a history than a novel, is written with eloquence. The character of Mirabeau is well portrayed.

Mr. Gayarré published in 1854 a dramatic novel, 'The School for Politics,' in which he makes a sharp and amusing criticism of American politics. Another comedy, 'Dr. Bluff; or, the American Doctor in Russia' (1865), is a witty satire.

It is impossible to mention here all the articles published by Mr. Gayarré in magazines and newspapers. The most valuable is his "Louisiana Sugar Plantation of the Old Régime," in *Harper's Monthly*, March, 1887.

He gives a graphic description of ante-bellum days and of the plantation of his grandfather, Etienne de Boré.

Mr. Gayarré was a man of great delicacy of feeling and never consented to write his memoirs. He told me only three weeks before his death that he did not think it was right to reveal to the world the thoughts and words of men with whom he had been intimately connected, and who spoke and acted in his presence with perfect confidence in his discretion.

Mr. Gayarré was a Creole and spoke and wrote French admirably.

*See "French Literature of Louisiana."

it was not inappropriate after all; for if Titus was the delight of mankind, Davezac was the delight of his juvenile subjects. For some cause or other, which we never knew—whether he abdicated, or was decapitated—certain it is that his reign was not long, and he was succeeded by another native of Santo Domingo, named Rochefort. Many of the French, when driven from that island by the negroes, had fled to the neighboring one of Cuba, from which they had again been expelled when Napoleon invaded Spain. About four hundred of that unfortunate population had at last taken refuge in New Orleans, where they met with much sympathy and the most liberal support. Most of them were energetic and industrious; some were highly educated; and the hospitable inhabitants of the city had not been backward in offering them opportunities to better their fortunes. I am not sure that there was not in the College Board of Regents a majority composed of the exiles of Santo Domingo; which shows the extraordinary facility with which they had affiliated with the natives of Louisiana, and the marked influence which they had acquired in a short time.

It was to that influence, as well as to his own merit, that Rochefort was indebted for his appointment. Besides being the principal—the head of the collegiate establishment—he had charge of the highest Latin class, and was professor of Literature. He was himself no despicable poet, and had made very elegant translations of the best odes of Horace, which he delighted to read to his pupils. Whenever not engaged in teaching, he used to walk rapidly in a long gallery, into which his private apartments opened, sometimes thumping the floor violently with his club-foot, as if with a stick, drinking cup after cup of coffee, and occasionally giving vent to a shrill, short, abrupt whistle. It was probably his way of crowing, when he had found at last some felicitous expression of which he had been long in search. Whether it was due to the profuse quantity of Mocha which he imbibed, or whether he really possessed the divine “*afflatus*,” it seemed to us that he had what we considered ought to be the inspired look of the favorite of Apollo and of the Muses. His brow expanded finely, and he was bald on the top of his head, from which what remained of his hair fell in silky curls down his

neck. There was always a sort of flush over his face, as if produced by some inward excitement, and his eyes were wonderfully lustrous. Beyond the Latin classics, the histories of Rome, Greece and France, he hardly knew anything. The darkness which surrounded the little bright spot where he dwelt was welcome to him; it made more brilliant, by circumscribing it, the only light for which he cared. He was a monomaniac in his aversion to mathematics, and could not bear any allusion to that science. If such a subject was introduced, he became nervous and fretful. It was like presenting water to a mad dog. A wag of our class pretended that he had surprised, one day, our venerated tutor casting up two and two on a sheet of paper, and coming slowly to the conclusion, after repeated efforts, that it made four.

Rochefort occupied for his residence the second story of a very large building, in the lower part of which were some of the classes. In that second story there were several rooms, which he gave to such of his pupils as had preëminently distinguished themselves in those high classes of which he had the special charge. The occupancy of these rooms withdrew their fortunate tenants from subjection to any other authority than that of Rochefort. From that moment they were privileged beings; they acted as they pleased, without control from the ordinary proctors, and were amenable only to him for their acts. He frequently invited them in turn to his table, and as frequently took them to the theater (at their own expense, however), when the drama to be acted was deemed by him of a suitable character. He was a bachelor, and they were his adopted family by reciprocal consent. The other pupils called these envied few the principal's body-guard. In fact, it was an aristocracy which, although established as the reward **of intellect and labor, was unpopular among the pupils and disliked even by the professors and proctors. It was a sort of house of peers, which every outsider seemed to think it his duty to rail against and to pull down, if possible; but it stood firm against all assaults. It was particularly galling to the inferior teachers, to the proctors, and the policemen of the institution, to witness the secret freaks of these magnates without daring to interfere or denounce them. It was always a grand day to us (for why should I not admit that I was one**

of those magnates?) when we were summoned to accompany our chief to the theater of Orleans Street, the only one then existing. The number of the selected was usually limited to six. On such occasions Rochefort put himself at the head of the squad and marched with an air of proud satisfaction through the streets of New Orleans. Conscious of being the observed of all observers, he seemed to say plainly to the idlers who gazed at us: "Look on, my friends, look on; for you see with me *spes patriæ*."* After the theatrical entertainment was over, when on our way back to our classical home, he would ask us our opinion as to the merits of the play and of the actors, and either approve or correct our judgments. It was evidently a source of great annoyance to him, if not of grief, that his brother was one of those comedians. Of course, he never alluded in his criticisms to the manner in which that brother had performed his part on the stage, and we as sedulously avoided to venture on that tacitly forbidden ground—the more so because Rochefort the actor, who was a very respectable individual in his every-day character, was not always equally worthy of praise in those which he professionally assumed.

At our time of life, most of the actors and actresses whose performances we had witnessed, loomed up like wonderful personages whom we could not too much admire; and we used to experience quite a shock when our chief, revising our judgments one after the other, poured his bucket of cold water on our enthusiasm, and, almost to our regret, showed the many imperfections which we had taken for real beauties. We, not unnaturally, concluded that he was a most severe, if not unjust, critic. Every dollar that he could save from the requirement of his personal wants, and from the contributions which he generously granted to the support of his brother's family, he invested in books. He, therefore, had accumulated a large library, to which we, the privileged few, had free access. This liberality was more than once the cause of my being reprimanded and punished. Our chief had issued an ukase that at ten o'clock at night all lights were to be extinguished in our rooms, and that we were to betake ourselves to our beds without unnecessary delay. I must con-

*The hope of the country.

ness that generally I was obstinately bent on sitting up late, notwithstanding the danger of disobedience, and I frequently disregarded the hour of the curfew, particularly when I had picked up in the adjacent library a book which enticed me to rebellion against the prescribed rule. Hence, on more than one occasion, I was startled by the voice of our worthy principal, who had, to my dismay, got out of bed and who shouted to me:

"Fernando, bring to me to-morrow before sunset ten pages of Tacitus translated into the very best French, mind you;" mentioning the chapter and book.

I always suspected, however, that he was very magnanimous to me, and that he voluntarily abstained from noticing many of my midnight transgressions; for sometimes, in the morning, he would say to me with a tone of assumed severity:

"I believe, sir, that you sat up late last night—is it or is it not true?"

I knew how to parry the blow when I thought that I had been transgressing.

"It may be so, sir," I said; "I beg pardon for what I have done. My only excuse is that I had not noticed the flight of time; for I was rather in a vein of inspiration, and indulged in writing some verses."

"Verses! child, verses! what was it about? Show them to me," he would say, with eager curiosity, rubbing his hands, and with an irrepressible chuckle of satisfaction.

"Allow me, sir, if you please, to polish them a little before submitting them to your judgment."

"Very well; that is right; polish, polish away. I give you until to-morrow."

Thus, I more than once found myself set down for a poetical effusion, within twenty-four hours' notice, *nolens volens*. But we of the uppertendom never felt more grand than when old Tyrtæus (we had thus nicknamed him after the club-footed Greek poet who, chanting his hymns at the head of the Spartans, led them to victory,) invited us to dine at his table, with the announcement that, the convivial entertainment being over he would read to us one of his original productions. Good wine and good cheer prepared us for the august ceremony, and when he had done reading, he could

easily discern that we were sincerely and honestly in ecstasies. How could it be otherwise? The stomach is more grateful than the heart, and its gratitude rose up in savory vapors to the brain, which it prepared for approbation of the intellectual dish that made its appearance, after a more substantial one had been duly relished by the flesh. Besides, were we not greatly complimented by being taken as judges? We felt as consequential as an areopagus of Greek critics would have been, had Apollo deigned to descend from high Olympus to submit to the decision of their tribunal. By Jupiter! I cannot but smile even now, on recollecting the scene which we then exhibited. Whosoever you are who may peruse these lines, if you have seen the well-known engraving representing Walter Scott reading one of his poems to an assembly of his literary friends, you have the proper model before you to group us as artistically; and you may be able to draw a picture equally pleasing to you and to ourselves. But, to be strictly truthful in your representation, do not forget to suffuse our cheeks with a glow of intense self-importance. On these occasions old Tyrtæus usually dismissed us with a paternal admonition in the blandest style, saying: "Now, boys, return to your studies with increased emulation; behave well; and above all, cultivate the Muses, if you wish for a repetition of this entertainment."

Poor Rochefort! Years afterwards I visited him on his death-bed, infirmities having compelled him to resign as principal of the college. He had gradually become pinched in his circumstances, and in consequence of it he had been under the dire necessity, from time to time, to sell his books. It was to him like parting with pieces of his own flesh. Still, he had a goodly number of them remaining, and his last looks had the consolation to rest on them. When the visit I speak of was paid to him, senatorial honors had just been conferred on me. He heard of it; and, when I made my appearance, he exclaimed, "*Moriturus te salutat, O pater conscriptus!*"* Let me kiss, child, those capitolian lips before I am wafted across the Styx by old Charon. *Os magna locuturus,*† I predict. Ha, ha! *Macte animo, puer.*‡ You are my work, boy; you are my work—never forget it!"

*He who is soon to die salutes thee, O conscript father!

†A mouth which is destined to speak great things.

‡Strive on with increasing courage, boy!

Alas! old Tyrtæus has long since gone to his last place of rest; and, true to his wishes, I have never forgotten him. Let these lines be the proof of my fond and grateful remembrance.

PROFESSORS AND PUPILS.

We had another remarkable personage among our teachers. It was Teinturier, the professor of mathematics, a bachelor, too, like Rochefort. He was tall and wiry, as thin as a lath, and as sallow as the oldest piece of parchment extant. His small, round, pumpkin-like head was covered with dense crispy hair which began to be silvered with age. His food consisted of only two things—bread and milk—bread well baked—which he broke carefully, systematically and almost mathematically into fragments of equal size, and which he cast into a large bowl of boiling milk. Once in the course of the day, and once in the course of the night, he took a teaspoonful of coffee. Such being his diet, his thinness is not to be wondered at. He never walked, but trotted, with his eyes always closed. God only knows how he found his way; it must have been by instinct. His absence of mind was such that he not unfrequently went north when he should have gone south. More than once the urchins of the city, to every one of whom his eccentric figure was well known, had hailed him with: “Ho! ho! old Teinturier, whither are you trotting?”

“You impudent imps of darkness,” he would reply, “you know very well I am going to the college. I am afraid I am a little too late.”

“How came you then, old crazy owl,” would young America shout with frolicsome boldness, “to turn your back on it, like a naughty boy, playing truant and running away from school?”

Thus addressed, the dreamer, stopping short, uttered all sorts of exclamations of surprise, and looking like a bewildered somnambulist on his waking up in a strange place, would start in the right direction with quickened pace.

Teinturier was passionately fond of horticulture, and had in one of the suburbs of the city a very large garden and orchard famous for their vegetables, their flowers and fruits. Often he was seen working the whole night by moonlight. He allowed himself but very little sleep. This was a syste-

matic rule with him, although Nature would enforce her claims despite his will; so that even when walking, or rather trotting, he was sometimes half asleep; and at dinner table, or in a friend's parlor, or in the professor's chair, it happened that he occasionally departed, without being conscious of it, for the land of dreams. He snapped his fingers at the sun, and maintained that it was an absurd prejudice to be afraid of its heat. Hence, in the hottest months of the year he would strip himself stark naked, and work lustily in his garden in this primitive costume of Adam, thereby demonstrating, as he said, his proposition, that the white man could, in July and August, brave the canicular rays with impunity. In that condition, and when thus occupied, he looked very much like a half-boiled lobster trying to escape from the cook and bury itself in the ground. Besides being an excellent gardener and making handsome profits as such, and besides being a professor of mathematics with a good salary, Teinturier had another string to his bow, which was, to tune pianos, and great was the call on him for that purpose. He was also exceedingly fond of natural history, so much so, that, whenever we were not prepared for our lessons and had been neglectful in our prescribed studies, we used, on his entering the class, to present to him in the most artless manner we could assume, a string of insects about which he would descant most learnedly—we fanning the discourse with our questions, until the hour which was allotted to our class had glided away. There was something ludicrous in the amazement which his face showed on such occasions, when we notified him that the time was out and that we had to attend another class, but recovering himself, he would say good-humoredly:

"Well, well, how time flies! It is really prodigious. Who could have believed it? Still, my young friends, we have not been uselessly employed, have we? Natural history is very curious and attractive. It must, however, be used only as an amusement—an innocent and instructive recreation. There is but one thing worthy of being denominated a science; that is, mathematics. It is the Alpha and Omega of all knowledge—the great I Am—the pervading spirit of the universe. Good-bye, my lads; go again and carefully over the lessons which you were to recite to-day, and we will have a grand time of

it to-morrow. He who may deserve to be put at the head of the class shall have a prize—mind you—a full basket of fruit, and even popish indulgences for some future peccadilloes.” After having thus delivered himself, he smiled benignantly, closed his eyes and trotted away.

There was with the class a favorite joke, in which we sometimes indulged—which was—when he was preparing to depart for the day, to present him with toads, frogs, bugs, butterflies, and all sorts of insects which we had caught. He invariably pinned them to his hat and his sleeves, and went home, moving like a somnambulist, apparently unaware of being followed by a host of little blackguards who made themselves merry at his expense, and whose shouts and jeers testified their glee. We sometimes served another trick on our worthy professor. His chair was like those appropriated to the district judges in New Orleans, and looking somewhat like church pulpits. On his ascending into it he used, before commencing his course of instruction, to rest a while with his elbows on his desk and with his chin in the palm of his hand, whilst gathering his thoughts. On such occasions, particularly during the dog days, we sometimes observed that, absorbed in reflecting on what he had to say, he ended in nodding very suggestively. As soon as such a symptom was discovered, then the class became so silent that a pin might have been heard to fall. All eyes were riveted on the drooping head of the professor; and when it was evident that Morpheus had triumphed over the god of angles and triangles, we noiselessly crept from our seats, closed doors and windows to produce the darkness favorable to slumber, and deserting the room, left the man of equations to his undisturbed repose, which sometimes was of long duration. On his waking, he would mildly remonstrate against our conduct. But on assuring him that we had been guided only by respectful considerations, that we thought he looked fatigued and unwell, and that we had been afraid of his overexerting himself on our behalf, he would seem to be much relieved, and would say with much benignity:

“Well, my children, I thank you heartily. It was very kind on your part to show such regard to me, although it was very wrong on mine to fall asleep; for it was my duty to be

awake, and duty must always be performed. But what were you doing whilst I slept?"

"Oh! we were all on the piazza, knee deep in Euclid, amusing ourselves with algebra and trigonometry, settling equations and solving problems."

"Bless you, boys, you console me for my accidental dereliction of duty. Then no time has been lost, and my conscience is at ease. You will be an honor to the State and to myself."

There was one thing which this man, who had in him so much of the milk of human kindness, utterly abhorred. It was poetry. If, to tease him, we spouted some passage from the French classics, he flew into a fit of indignation:

"What, boys! what! what do I hear? What nonsense is this? In my presence, too! This is positively to be lacking in respect to me. Poetry! pish! pshaw! What is there in that thing called poetry? What does it prove? What is it good for? Does it demonstrate any truth? Did any two persons ever agree as to its merits? What constitutes its essence? What is poetry, and what is not? As well might one attempt to analyze the substance of a shadow. Will poetry build a bridge, or a house, or a fortification, or an engine? Will it steer a ship, or calculate the march of the heavenly bodies? Mathematics, boys, mathematics! It sums up everything. What would the world be without mathematics? The Creator Himself is nothing but the most sublime of all mathematicians. A poet! Fie!" and he would grin like a monkey sick at the stomach and ready to faint. That anyone should have been so foolish as to write a comedy, or tragedy, was a puzzle to him.

"But Mr. Rochefort," we would say to him, "maintains that poetry does more to ennoble mankind than anything else."

"Mr. Rochefort! ha! ha! a mere coiner of rhymes! a manufacturer of jingling sentences. A fine authority, truly! a man who could not go through one of the simplest operations of the multiplication table! and you quote him, and to my face, too! You who, under my tuition, are every day discovering and appropriating some of the celestial beauties and secrets of mathematics! A truce to this nonsense. Allow, my boys, no such follies to divert your attention from serious studies,

or you will give me much pain." Then he would stride away, tossing his head in disgust and emitting between his teeth a sort of sibilant sound, which, beginning like a half-suppressed hiss, ended in a dry, contemptuous, hysterical laugh.

It must be confessed that Rochefort richly repaid the compliment by his aversion to mathematics. It was as intense as Teinturier's hatred of poetry. Sometimes, as one of our best practical jokes, one of us who belonged to Rochefort's privileged class of literary grandees, on seeing him coming, would put himself in his way, and bending over his slate, would seem to be engaged in some absorbing occupation.

"Ah! ah! child," would old Tyrtæus cheerily exclaim as he approached, "you are trying your hand at some stanzas, are you? An ode, perhaps? Is it French, or Latin? Let me see, let me see!" And he would eagerly bend over the slate. Then followed the angry expostulations:

"What, sir! What hieroglyphics are these? Is it so that you waste your precious time?"

"Sir, I am studying my lesson of mathematics. I am solving one of the problems of Euclid."

"Euclid! Euclid! Who is he? Oh!—I see—some of Teinturier's nonsense. Good God! that some of my best pupils should be exposed to be spoiled by that man, their imagination chilled, and their poetic fire extinguished just as it began to expand!"

And thumping his fiercest thump with his club-foot, he would limp away with extraordinary fleetness, as if pursued by the ghosts of Archimedes and Newton. When at a safe distance from the mischievous joker, he would turn round, cast a reproachful glance at the student, and his slate, and then, emitting his shrillest whistle—sharp, angry and menacing—would resume his flight.

Another oddity was our professor of drawing. His name was Selles, and, like Rochefort, he was from the island of Santo Domingo. Selles was a superb gentleman. His body had been cast in a large mould, and was finely proportioned. His countenance was imposing, and his large blue eyes beamed with a majestic expression. From his consciousness of his possessing these advantages, with a sonorous voice, and other physical as well as mental qualifications, the excellence of

which was no doubt greatly exaggerated in his own estimation, he had come to the conclusion that he would have been the most illustrious actor in the world, if his gentle birth had permitted him to go on the stage. As it was, and in his present situation as a teacher, he consoled himself with occasionally assuming tragic attitudes, and declaiming passages from Corneille and Racine, for the profit and delight of his pupils. We took care to encourage him in these exhibitions; for we preferred forming an idle audience to drawing eyes, noses, mouths and ears. Therefore, one of us would sometimes turn round from his desk and humbly beg Selles, as he passed along our benches, muttering his long Alexandrines, to be so kind as to show us how Talma, the great French actor in Paris, spoke a particular passage. He generally consented with alacrity to gratify such a desire, always admonishing us, however, that the interruption to our labors would have to be a short one, and that we must promise him to return to our pencils with renewed gusto. The promise was readily made, of course, and the exhibition began, much to our amusement; but it occasionally ended tragically for one of us, who happened to be so unfortunate as to be tickled into an outright burst of laughter by his contortions.

"Oh! you laugh, little rascal," would the tragedian exclaim, "when you should weep, or be terror-stricken! I will teach you better manners, and better taste." And he would shower cuffs on the luckless sinner, who then shed tears as he ought to have done before, or pretended to do. After this our professor would be unapproachable for several days, permitting not the slightest attempt at conversation with him, and contenting himself with uttering in a low grumbling tone some verses, as he walked royally erect, but with ill-concealed vexation, between the rows of the artists in embryo whom he had in charge, and who looked sadly dejected; for they knew what was coming. On such occasions he would always complain, as he bent over our shoulders, that our drawings were greasy, and he would shout:

"Why do you not wash your hands, little pigs? Mind you, I am going through a regular course of inspection. Show your drawings, all of you."

Obedient to the command we held up our sheets of pa-

per; and as he stepped from one pupil to the other, he would yell out: "Butter, sir, butter! nothing but butter!" and, as he strode along, the words would ring fiercer and fiercer and with more tragic intonations:

"Butter, sir, butter, butter all over! I will report you, little wretches, I will, and you shall have nothing but dry bread at dinner."

It was literally terrific; we actually sobbed, and felt as if the earth were giving away under our feet, whilst the overwhelming denunciations poured thick and fast upon our devoted heads. I doubt whether Talma, Garrick, Booth, Keane, or Macready ever produced such an effect on their audiences.

Another individual, a cousin of Teinturier, who had no other name that we knew of than that of George, was another eccentricity. George was one of our proctors and had charge of the police of one of the classes which occupied rooms in the first story under the apartments of Rochefort, the principal. George was an old man with a Socratic face, and with powdered hair gathered behind into a well-trimmed and neatly tied queue which hung down over his coat. Like Teinturier, he had a passion for horticulture, and possessed a small garden of about forty feet square in the immediate vicinity of the college. There he spent all the time which he could spare. The poor fellow must certainly have felt very happy when retreating from the torments inflicted upon him by the unruly boys whom he had to manage, and whom he did not manage at all, for he was the weakest of mankind. He could not have controlled a class of the most timid girls, much less a quicksilver assemblage of Southern boys. Lambs and kids might have taken the liberty to gambol on the shoulders of old Socrates, as we called him, without his being able to summon sufficient resolution to interrupt their frolics. It was one of the freaks of the class, when the spirit of mischief got into them, to bombard old Socrates with paper bullets, aiming particularly at his queue whilst he was promenading gravely between the rows of desks, and seeing that every pupil was at work. Whenever he was hit, he turned round sharply, and looking at the supposed delinquent, he would say in a deprecating tone:

"You did it, sir. I beg you to put an end to this pleantry."

This charge was always met with an indignant denial by the accused, who affected to feel much aggrieved, even when he was really guilty of the offence. If the assault was continued too long, without being able to discover those who waged against him this unmerciful guerrilla warfare, old Socrates would stop short in his methodical walk, and, casting a sweeping look over the whole class, would say:

"Gentlemen, I give you notice that I am going to halloo—halloo—halloo—if you don't cease these fooleries."

At this very moment, perhaps, a paper bullet would alight on his short, upturned nose or some other tender part of his face, to which attack he replied with a shriek, and with these words, which he shouted with all the strength of his lungs:

"Mr. Rochefort, help! Help, help, Mr. Rochefort," dwelling on each syllable so as to make it a yard long. "Mr. Rochefort, I am in danger of being murdered. Here is a rebellion on foot, you are wanted to quell it."

This appeal to Jove was answered from above with two or three violent thumps of the club-foot and an Olympian whistle, which instantly "reëstablished order in Warsaw," whilst we, the magnates, who dwelt in the upper region, heard Jove mutter contemptuously between his teeth: "Imbecile! imbecile! What an imbecile!"

I do not believe that there ever was so restricted a spot on earth, where so many oddities were assembled, as within the learned precincts of this college. Each would deserve a particular description, without omitting, as too humble, the ubiquitous Bruno, our mulatto steward and common messenger; Vincent, the door-keeper, with his wry neck and doleful countenance, and black Marengo, the unmerciful and murderous cook.

HISTOIRE DE LA LOUISIANE

A L'ÉPOQUE de la mort de M. de la Salle, voici ce que le chevalier de Tonti écrivait sur les ressources de la Louisiane :

“Je ne saurais exprimer, dit-il dans ses mémoires, la beauté de tous les pays dont j'ai fait mention, et si je les avais pratiqués, je marquerais en quoi ils peuvent être utiles. Pour ce qui est du Mississipi, il peut produire tous les ans pour deux mille écus en pelleteries, quantité de plomb, des bois pour les navires. L'on pourrait y établir un commerce de soie, un port pour retirer les navires et faire la course dans le golfe du Mexique. On trouvera des perles, et, quand même le froment ne pourrait venir en bas, le haut de la rivière en fournirait, et l'on pourrait approvisionner les îles de ce qu'elles auraient besoin, comme planches, légumes, grains et boeufs salés.”

Dans les beaux pays préconisés par Tonti, la France devait éprouver plus tard combien il lui serait difficile d'établir et de faire prospérer les colonies. Le premier essai ne fut pas heureux. Car les colons que La Salle avait laissés au fort St. Louis, ne recevant aucuns secours de France et ayant épuisé toutes leurs munitions, ne purent se défendre plus longtemps contre les Indiens, par qui ils furent tous massacrés. En effet, Louis XIV, qui avait eu à combattre l'Europe entière, n'avait pu donner aucune suite à ses projets de colonisation en Amérique. Mais enfin la paix de Ryswick avait donné quelque espoir de repos à la France, que ses victoires avaient épuisée autant que ses défaites, lorsqu'un officier français, nommé Iberville, qui dans plusieurs combats sur terre et sur mer contre les Anglais avait déployé la valeur la plus brillante, offrit au cabinet de Versailles de mettre à exécution les desseins de La Salle. Sa proposition fut acceptée et le Comte de Pontchartrain, ministre de la marine, donna l'ordre que l'on équipât à la Rochelle, pour cette expédition, deux frégates de trente canons et deux autres petits bâtiments. Iberville eut le commandement de l'une des frégates et celui du reste de la flotte fut donné au Comte de Surgères. Ces navires portaient deux cents colons, en comptant les femmes et les enfants. La plupart de ces colons étaient

des Canadiens qui s'étaient enrôlés dans les troupes que l'Amérique avaient fournies à la France pendant la guerre et que l'on avait licenciées, lorsque la paix fut signée.

Cette petite flotte partit le 24 septembre 1698 pour le cap Français, dans l'île de St.-Domingue, où elle arriva après une traversée de soixante et douze jours. Là, elle fut renforcée par un vaisseau de cinquante deux canons, commandé par Château Morant, et se remit en route le 1er de l'an 1699. Le 25 janvier elle jeta l'ancre devant l'île qui porte aujourd'hui le nom de Ste.-Rose, et Iberville envoya une députation à Don André de la Riolle qui venait de s'établir à Pensacola avec trois cents Espagnols, sur l'ancien site qu'occupait la ville des Anchusi, du temps de Soto. Deux bâtiments de guerre s'y trouvaient à l'ancre sous la protection d'une batterie nouvellement construite. Don André reçut la députation avec beaucoup de civilité, mais, comme ses forces navales étaient très inférieures à celles des Français, il ne voulut pas permettre que leur flotte entrât dans le port. En conséquence de ce refus, les Français firent voile vers le sud-ouest et arrivèrent à deux îles appelées aujourd'hui les îles Chandeleur. Là, la flotte jeta l'ancre, et le chenal entre l'île aux Vaisseaux et l'île aux Chats ayant été sondé, les petits bâtiments de l'expédition y passèrent. Alors, le vaisseau de cinquante deux canons retourna à St.-Domingue et les deux frégates restèrent devant les îles Chandeleur. Iberville débarqua avec une partie de son monde à l'île aux Vaisseaux où il construisit des huttes, et envoya quelques soldats examiner le rivage du continent. Ceux-ci furent bien reçus par des Indiens qui leur apprirent qu'ils appartenaient à la nation des Biloxi. Le jour suivant, ils virent d'autres Indiens qui leur dirent qu'ils étaient de la tribu des Bayagoulas, qu'ils habitaient les bords d'un fleuve immense et que, pour le moment, ils faisaient partie d'une expédition destinée à agir contre les Mobiliens avec qui ils étaient en guerre.

Le 27 février, Iberville et son frère Bienville partirent, chacun dans une barque, pour aller chercher le Mississipi. Ils étaient accompagnés du même père Anastase ou Athanase qui avait suivi La Salle lorsqu'il descendit et remonta le fleuve, lorsqu'il fit son voyage de France, et qui était encore son compagnon lorsqu'il fut assassiné. Le troisième jour après

leur départ, ils entrèrent dans une rivière dont l'eau était trouble et le lit extrêmement profond. Ce qui fit présumer au père Anastase, et avec raison, qu'ils étaient sur les domaines du vieux Meschacébé. Après avoir remonté le fleuve pendant huit ou dix jours, ils arrivèrent au village des Bayagoulas qui les reçurent avec bienveillance et leur montrèrent des vêtements qui avaient appartenu aux compagnons de La Salle. Cependant Iberville craignait toujours que le fleuve dans lequel il était ne fût pas le Mississipi et que le père Anastase ne se fût trompé, lorsque ses doutes furent dissipés en voyant un livre de prières sur lequel le nom d'un des compagnons de La Salle était inscrit. On lui remit aussi une lettre du chevalier de Tonti, datée du village des Quinipissas, le 20 d'avril 1685. Dans cette lettre, le chevalier apprenait à La Salle que, suivi de vingt Canadiens et de trente sauvages, il avait descendu le fleuve pour rejoindre son ancien chef, et lui exprimait son chagrin d'avoir été déçu dans son attente. Iberville vit aussi une cotte de mailles qu'il conjectura avoir appartenu à la troupe de Soto, d'après une tradition qui circulait parmi les Indiens.

Après avoir passé le bayou Plaquemines et le bayou Manchac, Iberville arriva à une partie de la rive qui s'avancait en ligne courbe dans le fleuve. An travers de cette jetée naturelle qui avait fait dévier le cours du fleuve, il y avait une issue que les eaux s'étaient frayée, mais qui était cependant encombrée par des arbres. Iberville, l'ayant fait nettoyer, y fit passer ses barges. Cette issue, s'étant agrandie, devint par la suite le lit du fleuve et le morceau de terre qui fut ainsi détaché du reste du sol forma une île que l'on voit encore, et qui est maintenant habitée par une population nombreuse. C'est ce qui fit donner à cette partie des bords du fleuve le nom de *Pointe-coupée*.

Continuant leur voyage, Iberville et Bienville arrivèrent ensuite à une autre courbe considérable au travers de laquelle les Indiens avaient fait une route pour transporter leurs pirogues. Cet isthme n'avait environ qu'un arpent de largeur. Les Français lui donnèrent le nom de *Portage de la Croix*, parcequ'ils y plantèrent une croix en signe de prise de possession. L'on pense que cette partie du fleuve est celle qui est vis-à-vis l'embouchure de la rivière Rouge. Les Indiens Ou-

mas avaient près de là un village considérable où les Français furent reçus avec hospitalité.

Iberville, ne jugeant pas convenable d'aller plus loin pour le moment, redescendit le fleuve en se laissant emporter par le courant jusqu'au bayou Manchac. Là, Iberville et Bienville se séparèrent. Bienville continua de descendre le fleuve jusqu'au golfe. Iberville entra dans le bayou Manchac, et, ayant traversé deux lacs qu'il appella Maurepas et Pontchartrain, il arriva à une baie qu'il nomma St.-Louis. De là, il se rendit à sa flotte où il fut bientôt rejoint par Bienville.

Alors, on tint un grand conseil, dans lequel il fut résolu d'établir le point principal de la colonie à l'extrémité orientale d'une baie qui fut appelée la baie de Biloxi, d'après le nom des Indiens qui demeuraient aux environs. Cette baie est située entre la baie des Pascagoulas et celle de St.-Louis. L'on procéda de suite à la construction d'un fort à quatre bastions qui fut armé de douze pièces d'artillerie. Sauvolle, frère d'Iberville, fut nommé commandant du fort, et Bienville, le plus jeune des trois frères, fut promu au grade de son lieutenant. Les colons s'établirent autour du fort; la bêche creusa la terre et la cognée fit tomber l'arbre antique de la forêt. Dès que les premières maisons furent construites et que la colonie eut pris un air de stabilité, Iberville et le Comte de Surgères partirent pour France avec les deux frégates et laissèrent le reste de la flotte pour le service de la colonie.

Sauvolle, après le départ de son frère, expédia l'une de ses embarcations pour St.-Domingue, avec l'ordre de s'y procurer des provisions. Ensuite il tourna son attention vers les sauvages et chercha à se mettre en relations d'amitié avec eux. Dans l'espoir d'atteindre ce but désiré, il envoya son jeune frère Bienville, avec quelques Canadiens et un chef des Bayagoulas, vers les Colapissas qui demeuraient sur le rivage nord du lac Pontchartrain et qui étaient assez nombreux pour mettre sur pied trois cents guerriers. Lorsque les Colapissas aperçurent Bienville et sa troupe, ils se rangèrent en bataille. Celui-ci s'arrêta, et leur envoya demander ce que signifiaient ces démonstrations d'hostilité. Les Colapissas répondirent que trois jours auparavant, deux hommes blancs, qu'ils supposaient être des Anglais de la Caroline, étaient venus attaquer

leur village à la tête de deux cents Chickassas et avaient emmené en esclavage plusieurs de leurs compatriotes; que c'était à cause de cette circonstance qu'ils s'étaient mis en posture de défense, parce qu'ils avaient pris Bienville et ses compagnons pour des Anglais qui revenaient les attaquer. Le chef des Bayagoulas les détrompa et leur apprit que les étrangers qui venaient ainsi leur rendre visite étaient des Français, et, de plus, ennemis des Anglais. Il leur assura que les Français n'avaient d'autre intention que celle de solliciter leur amitié et de contracter alliance avec eux. Alors, les Colapissas mirent bas les armes et chacun se disputa à qui ferait un accueil plus amical aux Français.

Bienville, après avoir cimenté par des présents son union avec les Colapissas, retourna au fort, où il se reposa quelques jours. Ensuite il remonta la rivière Pascagoulas dont les rives étaient habitées par une branche des Biloxi et par la nation des Moélobies, et poussa son voyage jusque chez les Mobiliens. Toutes ces tribus firent un accueil amical aux Français.

Depuis la navigation de La Salle sur le Mississipi, des chasseurs canadiens ou coureurs de bois étendaient leurs excursions jusqu'au bord de ce fleuve, et des missionnaires auxquels leur zèle pieux ne permettait pas un instant de repos, tant qu'il y avait des hommes qui ignoraient les bienfaits de la religion du vrai Dieu, s'étaient établis parmi les Indiens sur le Ouabache, les Illinois et d'autres rivières qui versent leurs eaux tributaires dans le Mississipi. Il y en avait même plusieurs qui s'étaient fixés sur les bords du grand fleuve. Le 1^{er} juillet, Sauvolle eut le plaisir inattendu de recevoir la visite de deux de ces missionnaires qui résidaient chez les Taensas et les Yazous. Ces hommes saints qui étaient venus depuis peu porter la parole de l'Evangile parmi les Oumas, ayant entendu dire qu'il y avait une colonie française sur le rivage de la mer, s'abandonnèrent au courant du fleuve et arrivèrent au fort de Biloxi, après avoir traversé les lacs. Leurs noms étaient Montigny et Davion. Ce dernier avait son humble cellule sur une éminence située sur la rive orientale du Mississipi, entre les villes actuelles de St.-Francisville et des Natchez. Cette circonstance fit que l'on appela ce monticule la roche à Davion. C'est là que fut construit, depuis, le fort Adams. Ainsi la modeste hutte du solitaire fit place

à la caserne du soldat. Sur cette éminence, le pasteur des tribus indiennes remplissait ses fonctions sacerdotales. Là, il enseignait les dogmes du christianisme aux sauvages, et lorsqu'il avait dérobé une âme à l'idolâtrie, il puisait l'eau régénératrice du baptême dans le vieux Meschacébé, et lavant la tache originelle, il versait sur le front du néophyte, l'innocence et l'immortalité du chrétien. Telle était la vénération que les Indiens avaient pour cet homme saint, que, même après sa mort, ils portaient leurs nouveau-nés sur la colline sacrée pour attirer sur leurs têtes les bénédictions du ciel.

Iberville, en remontant le fleuve, avait remarqué trois issues, l'une sur le côté oriental, et deux autres sur le côté occidental, qui furent appelés le bayou des Chétimachas et le bayou Plaquemines. A son départ, il avait recommandé à Sauvolle de les faire explorer. En conséquence, celui-ci ordonna à Bienville et à des Canadiens de partir pour cette expédition.

A son retour, Bienville rencontra un bâtiment de guerre anglais, de seize canons, commandé par le capitaine Bar, qui lui apprit qu'il avait laissé au bas du fleuve un autre bâtiment de guerre de la même force, et que le but de son voyage était de sonder le lit du Mississipi, afin de s'assurer des facilités et des avantages qu'il y aurait à établir des colonies anglaises sur le bord de ce fleuve. Le capitaine anglais demanda à Bienville si le fleuve dans lequel il se trouvait était celui qu'il cherchait. Celui-ci lui répondit que le Mississipi était beaucoup plus à l'ouest, que l'erreur dans laquelle il était tombé l'avait conduit dans une dépendance des colonies françaises du Canada, et que les Français avaient déjà un fort considérable et plusieurs autres établissements très étendus sur les bords du fleuve dans lequel il naviguait. Le trop crédule Anglais ajouta foi à ce que lui dit Bienville, et rebroussa chemin. L'endroit où Bienville fit cette rencontre était une pointe très avancée qui avait forcé le bâtiment anglais à s'arrêter, parce que le vent avait cessé d'être favorable pour la contourner. Telle fut l'origine du nom de "Détour des Anglais," que porte aujourd'hui cette partie du fleuve, à cause du détour que les Anglais auraient eu à faire pour continuer de le remonter. Bienville réussit ainsi à déjouer les projets du capitaine Bar, qui fut la dupe d'un mensonge heureux.

BASIL LANNEAU GILDERSLEEVE

[1831—1924]

WILLIAM M. THORNTON

BASIL LANNEAU GILDERSLEEVE, born in Charleston, South Carolina, October 23, 1831, was and is a Southerner. His mother, Emma Louisa Lanneau, was all Southern—"a loving woman of quick sensibilities," as he describes her, "who had a heart full of true religion, and a head free from theology, true or false." His father, Reverend Benjamin Gildersleeve, was a Northern man who came South in early life, taught in Georgia, removed to Charleston, where he labored as editor and evangelist, shared the life and beliefs and the toils and the adversities and the hopes of the Southerners, and grew to be one with them in political faith and in social creed. In that charming essay of "Formative Influences," written for the *Forum* (February, 1891), and in "The Creed of the Old South," given to the *Atlantic Monthly* (January, 1892), Dr. Gildersleeve has transmuted for us the memories of his earlier years into literature.

It is easy from these memorials to fill out the picture of the young Southerner's boyhood; the gentle mother in her nursery, teaching him so well that he could read before he was four years of age and signalized the completion of his fifth year by reading the Bible from cover to cover; the father, into whose hands he next came, his teacher and his master and his author, austere Calvinist, doughty Controversialist, finding a certain satisfaction in his boy's literary bent, but "often roused to wrath" by his "performances in construing and doing sums"; the "ungodly great-uncle" who lived on the "Neck," and recited to the truant nephew favorite passages from Shakespeare, immortal but immoral bard, and not to be tolerated in a minister's house; the dour old Scotch custodian of the apprentices' library, who substituted for the prescribed paternal doses of doleful history the stolen sweets of the Waverley novels; all these figures moving amidst a scene of walled-in gardens and shaded streets, trod by the courtly dames and chivalrous gentlemen of the old *régime*, make the setting of the first act in the drama of the life before us.

Under his father's tutelage young Gildersleeve "got through" Cæsar, Sallust, Cicero, Virgil, and Horace, after the loose method

of that earlier day; advanced into Greek far enough to make out the New Testament and to write a prose version of Plato's "Crito" and a verse translation of "Anacreon," and "picked up French after a fashion," all before he was full thirteen years old. It is interesting to look back on the boyhood of this brilliant Hellenist of our own time and his "performances in construing" to see what inborn genius and tireless labor and unquenchable love for letters have built upon this substructure. But even more interesting is it to look below till we discern the foundations of his spiritual life, the living stones from which that life has grown; the stone of Duty, quarried from the "heroic soul" of that stern old Calvinist; the stone of Love, drawn from the breast of his Southern mother; the stone of Loyalty, part of the social order whereon his boyhood rested; and the stone of Beauty, which has created the artist in the grammarian, the man of letters in the pedagogue.

In 1845 the Gildersleeves removed from Charleston to Virginia. For a time Basil was clerk and bookkeeper to his father, who edited, in Richmond, the *Watchman and Observer*. In 1846 he was matriculated in Jefferson College, Pennsylvania; in 1847 he was transferred to Princeton, whence he was graduated in 1849. After serving for one year as classical master in Dr. Maupin's School in Richmond, Virginia, he sailed for Germany in the summer of 1850 and there studied in the Universities of Berlin, Göttingen, and Bonn. In 1853 he received his degree as *Philosophiæ Doctor* from Göttingen and returned to Virginia. "To Germany and the Germans," he writes, "I am indebted for everything professionally in the way of apparatus and method; and for much, very much, in the way of inspiration." In 1903 the same university renewed his diploma as the well-merited honor of a son who

"Artem grammaticam severe atque eleganter excolendo musis famulari et voluit et potuit, studiorum Græcorum et Latinorum trans oceanum auctor et pater floruit floretque, ingenii lepore copia sententiarum, urbano sermone antiquorum in novo mundo exemplarium felix acmulus."

Never was laurel crown more graciously or more worthily placed upon the scholar's head.

Not until 1856, after three years of restless waiting and deferred hopes, was the young Ph.D. admitted to his predestined sphere of work. In the fall of 1856 Gildersleeve entered upon his duties as Professor of Greek in the University of Virginia. His twenty years of service in Virginia, followed by thirty-two in Johns Hopkins, have built for him a world-wide renown. The colleges and universities of his own country have hastened to do him

honor. His is perhaps the unique distinction of receiving from both Oxford and Cambridge in the same year (1905) the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters. The young Charlestonian, who learned his first Latin and Greek from a hard-working Presbyterian parson, and roused even him to wrath by his performances in construing, now adds to American scholarship an unwonted luster and gains the applause of his European *confrères* as a "successful rival of the ancient models in the delicacy of his wit, the affluence of his thought, and the polish of his diction."

This is not the place and the writer is not the man to assess the value of Gildersleeve's work as grammarian and as philologue in the broadest and truest sense of that maligned word. Nor need his labors and successes as a teacher detain us, save as these throw light on the growth of his literary style. No man who reads one of his earlier essays, such as that on "Julian the Apostate," and contrasts it with one of the later, such as the Bryn Mawr address on "The Spiritual Rights of Minute Research," will fail to see that our author has traveled far. Freedom has broken down formality, the ease of mastery has supplanted the artifice of apprenticeship. The style is more pregnant if less fluid. The rays of thought and wit and feeling illumine a narrower circle, but concentrate upon it an intenser light. When we seek the reason of this alteration, we seem to discover it in the limitations of the teacher's work. Other audiences may nod; his must be kept alive and awake. So it is that the statelier paragraph is compressed into the pointed sentence; that the flash of the witticism, the sparkle of the epigram, more often breaks in upon the steady beam of thought; and yet this beam is focused more clearly than ever on its object and floods it with a stronger radiance and a whiter light.

One other change in the literary atmosphere of these two fragmentary writings plainly comes from the same cause. The earlier essays play freely over a wide range of topics, although with rare exceptions they are the fruit of classical studies.

The "Emperor Julian," "Lucian," "Apollonius of Tyana," "Xanthippe and Socrates," the "Limits of Culture," "Classics and Colleges," and even the "Legend of Venus" have this root. Yet, even so, they testify to a breadth of culture and of sympathy which found in the vast humanism of the antique world its natural air and its wholesome food. Presently this wide horizon begins to narrow itself. The circle of vision is contracted. No longer the Greeks and their doings and sayings, but the language of the Greeks, begins to absorb his interest. Most of the later utterances reveal the deep preoccupation of his later thought, with speech as the great

art form of the human spirit. But the grammarian remains the humanist in spite of grammar, and reveals even in the "Problems of Greek Syntax" a "meadow of asphodel" bathed in the purple glow that streams from the Muses' heights.

American letters owe to Gildersleeve, the teacher, yet another service. Strict grammarian as he was, insistent upon accuracy even to the extremity of a Greek accent, merciless to blunderers, pitiless to idlers, relentless toward imbeciles, he yet contrived by the force of his genius, and the brilliancy of his exposition to convey a sense of literary form, a feeling for literary excellence, to the veriest dullard in his class. The writer of this inadequate appreciation sat also under other great teachers; but under none so stimulating, so inspiring. The charm of the Hellenic Spirit, its swift mobility, its magic flexibility, its governed freedom, its unerring rectitude, entered into Gildersleeve's thought and into his work. No man ever followed his lectures who did not learn to love letters more, and to love not with the greed of a glutton, but with discernment and with taste. Thus it is that his work, even as a teacher, has passed beyond the realm of philology into the domain of literature. It has generated in the minds of his pupils and through them in the public mind a stronger force of correct literary opinion, discriminating clearly and boldly between the right and the wrong in letters, between the sound and the unsound. If his work in Johns Hopkins has been to create an American school of accomplished Hellenists, his work in Virginia was perhaps not less useful, since it inspired in even wider circles an undying love for letters and scattered broadcast the seeds of appreciation for literary fragrance and artistic form.

This sense of a wider reach, this conviction of a hidden efficiency must be the consolation of those, who else would see in Gildersleeve one of the most brilliant and creative of American essayists, sacrificed on the altars of pedagogy. From the small bulk of his published writings we might select passages that would rival Lowell in charm, or Holmes in wit, or Emerson in insight. And yet to those who know the man and his work, these apparent graces seem the lesser part. Deep down below the surface we feel the stark sincerity, the reverence for truth transfused from the blood of the old Calvinist into the veins of his son. Penetrating his whole nature and radiating into his work we find the sense of beauty, which found in the immortal creations of the genius of antiquity its proper nutriment, the bread and the wine of its life. Conscience and culture have been the twin lamps by which his feet have been guided and his work has been done. If there be a creed in things intellectual,

which has dominated his career and moulded his teaching, it is this:

"Of all the creations of Man naught is imperishable save high thought, to which art has communicated the indestructible form of beauty."

William M. Thornton

LUCIAN

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OF all the Greek writers of the Empire, Lucian presents the most fascinating problems to the student of history. Not Plutarch, the philosophic washerwoman of Chæronea, not Antoninus, the introspective keeper of a pathological peep-show, gives us half so much to think about, gives us half so many glimpses of that world which lived such a varied life, which moved under the impulse of such a complex of forces. But the very suggestiveness of Lucian, the very multiplicity of the figures of his canvas, increases the difficulty of the study. How far is Lucian's picture of his times a portrait; how far is it a caricature? Were it not easier to find the mirror that will draw into a clear image all the blurs and blotches that we find elsewhere, than to determine how far these sharp lines of his have been distorted by perversity, how much these brilliant colors of his have been heightened by rhetorical art? But we do not set ourselves so hard, we had almost said so impossible, a task. Wider reading, deeper reflection, may hereafter lead us to more definite results; but as those results would, in all likelihood, be the outcome of other men's observations and other men's thoughts, we have preferred a more independent course—have read for ourselves and judged for ourselves. It is true that Barrow and Calamy were better preachers than Sir Roger de Coverley's chaplain; yet it might have been well for Sir Roger to have deviated once in a while from his rule, and to have given the chaplain a chance to air his native crudities; and so it may be well, in this case, to shut up Wieland and Jacob for a while, and trust a far inferior guide.

If people had any gratitude they would not forget their first introduction to a favorite author any more than their first introduction to the future wife or husband. Some insignificant tea-party, some insectiferous picnic, often becomes invested or infested with portentous interest when connected with a love-affair; while, for the most part, men remember their first reading of a pet writer much less vividly than their first assumption of a tail-coat or their first absorption of a sherry-cobbler. But, as Goethe has said somewhere, ingratitude is a common fault in high-strung natures, and in claiming to be an exception to the observation just made, we are confessing the baseness of the slave that pays a debt.

Our first acquaintance with Lucian dates back to an obsolete collection called the '*Collectanea Græca Minora*.' Now, school-books are things to be hated in after years by every well-regulated mind; and every author of a school-book is blessed just in proportion as he is cursed. Nor do we hesitate to say that we still cherish a mortal grudge against the little boy that roasted cockles, in the first fable of the '*Collectanea*'—still detest Palæphatus and his attempts to plane away the salient figures of Greek mythology, and still yawn at Hierocles and the scholastici, him who carried a brick with him as a specimen of his house, and him who lashed himself to the anchor in a storm. But from this sweeping censure we must except the dialogues in the '*Collectanea*,' which first made Lucian known to us, and gave us the first relish for an author so often mentioned and so little read by the great mass of literary people. Of course your true scholar reads Lucian; for, besides the insight which Lucian gives into the strange life of the Second Century, no author is so important as an expositor of the secrets of Hellenic diction. The Syrian barbarian learned his Greek; and as he did not learn it, parrot-like, by rote, but thought and analyzed before he combined, he who has eyes to see can gather many a lesson from the stone-cutter's apprentice. Even his deviations from Attic usage show that if he has erred he has erred on principle, and he never drops the clue of Greek thought. But while Lucian is especially interesting to the Greek scholar, there are but few of his pieces which are interesting only to the Greek scholar, such as the "*Lexiphanes*," the "*Solecist*," and the

"Great Suit of Sigma against Tau." Apart from these, there are not many ancient authors that retain for modern times so much of their essential oil; and Lucian's, we hope, will not be altogether evaporated in our transfusions.

Philostratus, the author of that strange romance, "Apollonius of Tyana," passed Lucian by in his 'Lives of Eminent Professors'; why, we cannot tell; perhaps because he was greater than all their tribe. Slighted by his contemporaries, Lucian was treated still worse by posterity; for the later Christian centuries had no love nor mercy for a man whom they counted to be a contemner of their creed. So Suidas, the old dictionary-maker, calls him a blasphemer and a broken-down lawyer, sneers at the infinite number of his writings, rejoices in the report that he went to the dogs at last by dying of hydrophobia, and winds up his notice with the comforting reflection that this arch-enemy of Christianity will be an heir of everlasting burnings, with Satan to bear him company. In these circumstances of neglect and hatred, our safest guide to the history of Lucian must be Lucian himself; and some of his pieces give us glimpses of his life and his training which are of no little importance for the proper appreciation of his restless and varied activity. Of these pieces, "The Dream" is generally put at the beginning of Lucian's collected works, and has often been published separately as a school-book. It tells us that a family council was held over the lad just as he was emerging from boyhood. His father was poor, a higher education was expensive, and his uncle was ready to take him as an apprentice to the statuary's craft; and though it was not a gentlemanly profession, even in its highest branches, Lucian was not disinclined to the trade, and his imagination was busy with the little figures which he was going to make for his friends. And the boy had a genius for it, they say. Why, he used to make very nice cows and horses and men out of the wax which he scraped off his tablets; and thus the naughty trick for which his teacher had thrashed him appeared at this crisis as the prophecy of future distinction. And although the distinction did not come in the expected direction, still it was not in vain that the boy moulded little figures in wax, for the arts are all interactive, and as Phidias copied his Zeus from Homer, so the later poets copied their

Zeus from Phidias. It is not necessary that the writer be a *virtuoso* in painting or in sculpture; and Goethe is a notable warning against misdirected energies. But who shall say that Goethe's power of representation was not increased and his perception of situation intensified by his assiduous practice in drawing; and who can study Lucian's characters and Lucian's groups without recognizing the trained eye of the connoisseur, if not the skilful hand of the sculptor? But a sculptor Lucian was not to be. His first morning's experience disenchanted him. He broke a marble slab which he was set to chisel, and, as the Greeks would say, his uncle rubbed it into him soundly. That night he cried himself to sleep, and in a vision he saw Sculpture and Scholarship contending for him. Of course Scholarship overcame; and at the close of the piece Lucian congratulates himself on his choice, as he reflects how he left Samosata a poor boy; how he returned with no less reputation, to say the least, than any of the tribe of sculptors.

And thus the little Syrian boy of Samosata, on the far-off Euphrates, began a career as brilliant and as unsatisfactory as any in the annals of those times. His "Dream" was written in the first flush of his return to his native country. When that flush dies away we shall have to listen to another story; and the rhetorician will revile rhetoric as sharply as the sculptor's apprentice denounced sculpture. Meanwhile we will review with him his course of life as a lawyer and as a lecturer in the masterly dialogue entitled "The Double Indictment." Zeus opens this piece, which is one of Lucian's best, with a long complaint about the hard life the Immortals lead; and he, above all, as stage-manager and property-man of the Olympic Theatre. Especially does he grumble at the vast number of suits which have accumulated in heaven's chancery; for, what with raining and hailing, thundering and lightning, watching the martial bustle in Babylon, and dining with the "blameless Ethiopians," he has not time to sleep, or to give himself up to the enjoyment of nectar and ambrosia—much less to hear the thousand-and-one quarrels of men. But Hermes tells him that the plaintiffs are importunate and must be despatched; and Zeus resigns himself to the discharge of his wearisome judicial functions—by proxy. Justice is sent to Athens to decide a number of cases, the last of which on the

docket is that of a certain Syrian, in whom we recognize Lucian himself. The first accuser is Rhetoric. "I picked up this fellow," she says, "a mere lad, a barbarian in language and a barbarian in dress, when he was knocking about Ionia and did not know what to do with himself. I took him and made a man of him. I had other loves enough, rich and handsome and high-born. I left them all and married this poor, young obscurity. I brought him a fine dowry and gave him the freedom of the republic of letters. I went with him wherever he wished to parade his lucky match—to Greece, to Ionia, to Italy, to Gaul. For a long time he was faithful, and never slept a night away from me; but when he got rich and prosperous he took up with one Dialogue, reputed son of Madam Philosophy, and now he stays with him altogether. He has chopped up his fine, flowing sentences into short, comic questions. Instead of thundering applause, he prefers the nods and grins and the "hear, hear" of his auditors; and instead of being touched by my fidelity, he has no eyes for anyone except his old billy-goat of a friend, whom, by the way, he is said to treat very badly. In view of all this, I charge this Syrian husband of mine with desertion and maltreatment; and if he dare answer, let him answer, if he can, not with the art which I taught him, but according to the precepts of his beloved Dialogue."

In his reply Lucian acknowledges all the past kindness of Rhetoric to him, but he denies her fidelity. Instead of adhering to her native simplicity and wearing the graceful, modest garb of the time of Demosthenes, she must needs play the fine lady, dress her hair after the fashion of the *lorettes* of the day, rub paint into her face, blacken her lower eyelids. Lovers began to multiply. The street was full of drunken suitors, and Madam, highly delighted with her popularity, would peep at them from the roof, or slip out to them through the door. However, with a due sense of her early love, he would not put her away openly, and was content to withdraw to the house of a quiet friend of his, one Dialogue. "The fact is," said he, "I am forty years old and more. I am tired of the noise of the real courts and the trouble of cajoling real juries. I am weary of tirades against fictitious tyrants and laudations of supposed heroes, and I want to spend the rest

of my days in cosey chat with friend Dialogue in the groves of Academe or in the walks of the Lyceum."

Acquitted of this charge by an almost unanimous vote, Lucian finds himself confronted with a new and unexpected accuser. That very Dialogue, whom he had praised so highly, turned against him. Dialogue complains that Lucian had dragged him down from the lofty regions of the sky, in which he was wont to disport himself, and had forced him to act a comic part; had changed him from a soaring eagle to a funny dog, and with a peculiar malice had left just enough of the original form to make people stare at the droll hybrid. To this Lucian replies that all these changes have been so many improvements; that he had made Dialogue walk on earth like other reasonable folk, washed his dirty face, taught him to laugh, given him some popularity, suggested common-sense subjects for discussion, and, barbarian as he was, had not robbed him of the robe of Hellenic diction.

THE CREED OF THE OLD SOUTH

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A FEW months ago, as I was leaving Baltimore for a summer sojourn on the coast of Maine, two old soldiers of the war between the States took their seats immediately behind me in the car, and began a lively conversation about the various battles in which they had faced each other more than a quarter of a century ago, when a trip to New England would have been no holiday jaunt for one of their fellow-travelers. The veterans went into the minute detail that always puts me to shame, when I think how poor an account I should give if pressed to describe the military movements that I have happened to witness; and I may as well acknowledge at the outset that I have as little aptitude for the soldier's trade as I have for the romancer's. Single incidents I remember as if they were of yesterday. Single pictures have burned themselves into my brain. But I have no vocation to tell how fields were lost and won; and my experience of military life was too brief and fitful to be of any value to the historian of the war. For

my own life that experience has been of the utmost significance, and despite the heavy price I have had to pay for my outings, despite the daily reminder of five long months of intense suffering, I have no regrets. An able-bodied young man, with a long vacation at his disposal, could not have done otherwise, and the right to teach Southern youth for nine months was earned by sharing the fortunes of their fathers and brothers at the front for three. Self-respect is everything; and it is something to have belonged in deed and in truth to an heroic generation, to have shared in a measure its perils and privations. But that heroic generation is apt to be a bore to a generation whose heroism is of a different type, and I doubt whether the young people in our car took much interest in the very audible conversation of the two veterans. Twenty-five years hence, when the survivors will be curiosities, as were Revolutionary pensioners in my childhood, there may be a renewal of interest. As it is, few of the present generation pore over 'The Battles and Leaders of the Civil War,' and a grizzled old Confederate has been heard to declare that he intended to bequeath his copy of that valuable work to some one outside of the family, so provoked was he at the supineness of his children. And yet, for the truth's sake, all these battles must be fought over and over again, until the account is cleared, and until justice is done to the valor and skill of both sides.

The two old soldiers were talking amicably enough, as all old soldiers do, but they "yarned," as all old soldiers do, and though they talked from Baltimore to Philadelphia, and from Philadelphia to New York, their conversation was lost on me, for my thoughts went back into my own past, and two pictures came up to me from the time of the war.

In the midsummer of 1863 I was serving as a private in the First Virginia Cavalry. Gettysburg was in the past, and there was not much fighting to be done, but the cavalry was not wholly idle. Raids had to be intercepted, and the enemy was not to be allowed to vaunt himself too much; so that I gained some experience of the hardships of that arm of the service, and found out by practical participation what is meant by a cavalry charge. To a looker-on nothing can be finer. To the one who charges, or is supposed to charge—for the horse

seemed to me mainly responsible—the details are somewhat cumbrous. Now in one of these charges some of us captured a number of the opposing force, among them a young lieutenant. Why this particular capture should have impressed me so I cannot tell, but memory is a tricky thing. A large red fox scared up from his lair by the fight at Castleman's Ferry stood for a moment looking at me; and I shall never forget the stare of that red fox. At one of our fights near Kerns-town a spent bullet struck a horse on the side of his nose, which happened to be white, and left a perfect imprint of itself; and the jerk of the horse's head and the outline of the bullet are present to me still. The explosion of a particular caisson, the shriek of a special shell, will ring in one's ears for life. A captured lieutenant was no novelty, and yet this captured lieutenant caught my eye and held it. A handsomer young fellow, a more noble-looking, I never beheld among Federals or Confederates, as he stood there, bare-headed, among his captors, erect and silent. His eyes were full of fire, his lips showed a slight quiver of scorn, and his hair seemed to tighten its curls in defiance. Doubtless I had seen as fine specimens of young manhood before, but if so, I had seen without looking, and this man was evidently what we called a gentleman.

Southern men were proud of being gentlemen, although they have been told in every conceivable tone that it was a foolish pride—foolish in itself, foolish in that it did not have the heraldic backing that was claimed for it; the utmost concession being that a number of "deboshed" younger sons of decayed gentry had been shipped to Virginia in the early settlement of that colony. But the very pride played its part in making us what we were proud of being, and whether descendants of the aforesaid "deboshed," of simple English yeomen, of plain Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, a doughty stock, of Huguenots of various ranks of life, we all held to the same standard, and showed, as was thought, undue exclusiveness on this subject. But this prisoner was the embodiment of the best type of Northern youth, with a spirit as high, as resolute, as could be found in the ranks of Southern gentlemen; and though in theory all enlightened Southerners recognized the high qualities of some of our opponents, this one

noble figure in "flesh and blood" was better calculated to inspire respect for "those people," as we had learned to call our adversaries, than many pages of "gray theory."

A little more than a year afterwards, in Early's Valley campaign—a rude school of warfare—I was serving as a volunteer aide on General Gordon's staff. The day before the disaster of Fisher's Hill I was ordered, together with another staff officer, to accompany the general on a ride to the front. The general had a well-known weakness for inspecting the outposts—a weakness that made a position in his suite somewhat precarious. The officer with whom I was riding had not been with us long, and when he joined the staff had just recovered from wounds and imprisonment. A man of winning appearance, sweet temper, and attractive manners, he soon made friends of the military family, and I never learned to love a man so much in so brief an acquaintance, though hearts knit quickly in the stress of war. He was highly educated, and foreign residence and travel had widened his vision without affecting the simple faith and thorough consecration of the Christian. Here let me say that the bearing of the Confederates is not to be understood without taking into account the deep religious feeling of the army and its great leaders. It is an historical element, like any other, and is not to be passed over in summing up the forces of the conflict. "A soldier without religion," says a Prussian officer, who knew our army as well as the German, "is an instrument without value"; and it is not unlikely that the knowledge of the part that faith played in sustaining the Southern people may have lent emphasis to the expression of his conviction.

We rode together towards the front, and as we rode our talk fell on Goethe and on Faust, and of all passages the soldiers' song came up to my lips—the song of soldiers of fortune, not the chant of men whose business it was to defend their country. Two lines, however, were significant:

"Kühn ist das Mühen,
Herrlich der Lohn."

We reached the front. An occasional "zip" gave warning that the sharpshooters were not asleep, and the quick eye of

the general saw that our line needed rectification and how. Brief orders were given to the officer in command. My comrade was left to aid in carrying them out. The rest of us withdrew. Scarcely had we ridden a hundred yards towards camp when a shout was heard, and, turning round, we saw one of the men running after us. "The captain had been killed." The peace of heaven was on his face, as I gazed on the noble features that afternoon. The bullet had passed through his official papers and found his heart. He had received his discharge, and the glorious reward had been won.

This is the other picture that the talk of the two old soldiers called up—dead Confederate against living Federal; and these two pictures stand out before me again, as I am trying to make others understand and to understand myself what it was to be a Southern man twenty-five years ago; what it was to accept with the whole heart the creed of the Old South. The image of the living Federal bids me refrain from harsh words in the presence of those who were my captors. The dead Confederate bids me uncover the sacred memories that the dust of life's Appian Way hides from the tenderest and truest of those whose business it is to live and work. For my dead comrade of the Valley campaign is one of many; some of them my friends, some of them my pupils as well. The eighteenth of July, 1861, laid low one of my Princeton College room-mates; on the twenty-first, the day of the great battle, the other fell—both bearers of historic names, both upholding the cause of their State with as unclouded a conscience as any saint in the martyrology ever wore; and from that day to the end, great battle and outpost skirmish brought me, week by week, a personal loss in men of the same type.

The surrender of the Spartans on the island of Sphacteria was a surprise to friend and foe alike; and the severe historian of the Peloponnesian War pauses to record the answer of a Spartan to the jeering question of one of the allies of the Athenians—a question which implied that the only brave Spartans were those who had been slain. The answer was tipped with Spartan wit; the only thing Spartan, as some one has said, in the whole un-Spartan affair. "The arrow," said he, "would be of great price if it distinguished the brave men from the cowards." But it did seem to us, in our passionate grief,

that the remorseless bullet, the remorseless shell, had picked out the bravest and the purest. It is an old cry—

“Ja, der Krieg verschlingt die Besten.”

Still, when Schiller says in the poem just quoted,

“Denn Patroklos liegt begraben
Und Thersites kommt zurück,”

his illustration is only half right. The Greek Thersites did not return to claim a pension.

Of course, what was to all true Confederates beyond a question “a holy cause,” “the holiest of causes,” this fight in defense of “the sacred soil” of our native land, was to the other side “a wicked rebellion” and “damnable treason,” and both parties to the quarrel were not sparing of epithets which, at this distance of time, may seem to our children unnecessarily undignified; and no doubt some of these *epitheta ornantia* continue to flourish in remote regions, just as pictorial representations of Yankees and rebels in all their respective fiendishness are still cherished here and there. At the Centennial Exposition of 1876, by way of conciliating the sections, the place of honor in the Art Annex, or by whatever un-English name they called it, was given to Rothermel’s painting of the battle of Gettysburg, in which the face of every dying Union soldier is lighted up with a celestial smile, while guilt and despair are stamped on the wan countenances of the moribund rebels. At least such is my recollection of the painting; and I hope that I may be pardoned for the malicious pleasure I felt when I was informed of the high price that the State of Pennsylvania had paid for that work of art. The dominant feeling was amusement, not indignation. But as I looked at it I recalled another picture of a battle scene, painted by a friend of mine, a French artist, who had watched our life with an artist’s eye. One of the figures in the foreground was a dead Confederate boy, lying in the angle of a worm fence. His uniform was worn and ragged, mud-stained as well as blood-stained; the cap which had fallen from his head was a tatter, and the torn shoes were ready to drop from his stiffening feet; but in a buttonhole of his tunic was stuck the inevitable toothbrush, which continued even to the end of

the war to be the distinguishing mark of gentle nurture—the souvenir that the Confederate so often received from fair sympathizers in border towns. I am not a realist, but I would not exchange that homely toothbrush in the Confederate's buttonhole for the most angelic smile that Rothermel's brush could have conjured up.

Now I make no doubt that most of the readers of *The Atlantic* have got beyond the Rothermel stage, and yet I am not certain that all of them appreciate the entire clearness of conscience with which we of the South went into the war. A new patriotism is one of the results of the great conflict, and the power of local patriotism is no longer felt to the same degree. In one of his recent deliverances Mr. Carnegie, a canny Scot who has constituted himself the representative of American patriotism, not without profit, says, "The citizen of the republic to-day is prouder of being an American than he is of being a native of any state in the country." What it is to be a native of any state in the country, especially an old state with an ancient and honorable history, is something that Mr. Carnegie cannot possibly understand. But the "to-day" is superfluous. The Union was a word of power in 1861 as it is in 1891. Before the secession of Virginia a Virginian Breckinridge asked: "If exiled in a foreign land, would the heart turn back to Virginia, or South Carolina, or New York, or to any one state as the cherished home of its pride? No. We would remember only that we were Americans." Surely this seems quite as patriotic as Mr. Carnegie's utterance; and yet, to the native Virginian just quoted, so much stronger was the State than the central government that, a few weeks after this bold speech he went into the war, and finally perished in the war. "A Union man," says his biographer, "fighting for the rights of his old mother Virginia." And there were many men of his mind, noted generals, valiant soldiers. 'The University Memorial,' which records the names and lives of the alumni of the University of Virginia who fell in the Confederate War, two hundred in number—this volume, full "of memories and of sighs" to every Southern man of my age, lies open before me as I write, and some of the noblest men who figure in its pages were Union men; and the 'Memorial' of the Virginia Military Institute tells the same story with the same

eloquence. The State was imperiled, and parties disappeared; and of the combatants in the field, some of the bravest and the most conspicuous belonged to those whose love of the old Union was warm and strong, to whom the severance of the tie that bound the states together was a personal grief. But even those who prophesied the worst, who predicted a long and bloody struggle and a doubtful result, had no question about the duty of the citizen; shared the common burden and submitted to the individual sacrifice as readily as the veriest fire-eater—nay, as they claimed, more readily. The most intimate friend I ever had, who fell after heroic services, was known by all our circle to be utterly at variance with the prevalent Southern view of the quarrel, and died upholding a right which was not a right to him except so far as the mandate of his State made it a right; and while he would have preferred to see “the old flag” floating over a united people, he restored the new banner to its place time after time when it had been cut down by shot and shell.

Those who were bred in the opposite political faith, who read their right of withdrawal in the Constitution, had less heart-searching to begin with than the Union men of the South; but when the State called there were no parties, and the only trace of the old difference was a certain rivalry which should do the better fighting. This ready response to the call of the State showed very clearly that, despite varying theories of government, the people of the Southern States were practically of one mind as to the seat of the paramount obligation. Adherence to the Union was a matter of sentiment, a matter of interest. The arguments urged on the South against secession were addressed to the memories of the glorious struggle for independence, to the anticipation of the glorious future that awaited the united country, to the difficulties and the burdens of a separate life. Especial stress was laid on the last argument; and the expense of a separate government, of a standing army, was set forth in appalling figures. A Northern student of the war once said to me, “If the Southern people had been of a statistical turn, there would have been no secession, there would have been no war.” But there were men enough of a statistical turn in the South to warn the people against the enormous expense of independence, just

as there are men enough of a statistical turn in Italy to remind the Italians of the enormous cost of national unity. "Counting the cost" is in things temporal the only wise course, as in the building of a tower; but there are times in the life of an individual, of a people, when the things that are eternal force themselves into the calculation, and the abacus is nowhere. "Neither count I my life dear unto myself" is a sentiment that does not enter into the domain of statistics. The great Athenian statesman who saw the necessity of the Peloponnesian War was not above statistics, as he showed when he passed in review the resources of the Athenian Empire, the tribute from the allies, the treasure laid up in the House of the Virgin. But when he addressed the people in justification of the war, he based his argument, not on a calculation of material resources, but on a simple principle of right. Submission to any encroachment, the least as well as the greatest, on the rights of a state means slavery. To us submission meant slavery, as it did to Pericles and the Athenians; as it did to the great historian of Greece, who had learned this lesson from the Peloponnesian War, and who took sides with the Southern States, to the great dismay of his fellow-radicals, who could not see, as George Grote saw, the real point at issue in the controversy. Submission is slavery, and the bitterest taunt in the vocabulary of those who advocated secession was "submissionist." But where does submission begin? Who is to mark the point of encroachment? That is a matter which must be decided by the sovereign; and on the theory that the states are sovereign, each state must be the judge. The extreme Southern States considered their rights menaced by the issue of the Presidential election. Virginia and the Border States were more deliberate; and Virginia's "pausing" was the theme of much mockery in the State and out of it, from friend and from foe alike. Her love of peace, her love of the Union, were set down now to cowardice, now to cunning. The Mother of States and Queller of Tyrants was caricatured as Mrs. Facing-both-ways; and the great commonwealth that even Mr. Lodge's statistics cannot displace from her leadership in the history of the country was charged with trading on her neutrality. Her solemn protest was unheeded. The "serried phalanx of her gallant sons" that should "prevent the passage of the

United States forces" was an expression that amused Northern critics of style as a bit of antiquated Southern rodomontade. But the call for troops showed that the rodomontade meant something. Virginia had made her decision; and if the United States forces did not find a serried phalanx barring their way—a serried phalanx is somewhat out of date—they found something that answered the purpose as well.

The war began, the war went on. Passion was roused to fever heat. Both sides "saw red," that physiological condition which to a Frenchman excuses everything. The proverbial good humor of the American people did not, it is true, desert the country, and the Southern men who were in the field, as they were much happier than those who stayed at home, if I may judge by my own experience, were often merry enough by the camp fire, and exchanged rough jests with the enemy's pickets. But the invaded people were very much in earnest, however lightly some of their adversaries treated the matter, and as the pressure of the war grew tighter the more sombre did life become. A friend of mine, describing the crowd that besieged the Gare de Lyon in Paris, when the circle of fire was drawing round the city, and foreigners were hastening to escape, told me that the press was so great that he could touch in every direction those who had been crushed to death as they stood, and had not had room to fall. Not wholly unlike this was the pressure brought to bear on the Confederacy. It was only necessary to put out your hand and you touched a corpse; and that not an alien corpse, but the corpse of a brother or a friend. Every Southern man becomes grave when he thinks of that terrible stretch of time, partly, it is true, because life was nobler, but chiefly because of the memories of sorrow and suffering. A professional Southern humorist once undertook to write in dialect a 'Comic History of the War,' but his heart failed him, as his public would have failed him, and the serial lived only for a number or two.

The war began, the war went on. War is a rough game. It is an omelet that cannot be made without breaking eggs, not only eggs *in esse*, but also eggs *in posse*. So far as I have read about war, ours was no worse than other wars. While it lasted, the conduct of the combatants on either side was represented in the blackest colors by the other. Even the ordi-

nary and legitimate doing to death was considered criminal if the deed was done by a ruthless rebel or a ruffianly invader. Non-combatants were especially eloquent. In describing the end of a brother who had been killed while trying to get a shot at a Yankee, a Southern girl raved about the "murdered patriot" and the "dastardly wretch" who had anticipated him. But I do not criticise, for I remember an English account of the battle of New Orleans, in which General Pakenham was represented as having been picked off by a "sneaking Yankee rifle." Those who were engaged in the actual conflict took more reasonable views, and the annals of the war are full of stories of battlefield and hospital in which a common humanity asserted itself. But brotherhood there was none. No alienation could have been more complete. Into the fissure made by the disruption poured all the bad blood that had been breeding from Colonial times, from Revolutionary times, from constitutional struggles, from congressional debates, from "bleeding Kansas" and the engine-house at Harper's Ferry; and a great gulf was fixed, as it seemed forever, between North and South. The hostility was a very satisfactory one—for military purposes.

The war began, the war went on—this politicians' conspiracy, this slaveholders' rebellion, as it was variously called by those who sought its source, now in the disappointed ambition of the Southern leaders, now in the desperate determination of a slaveholding oligarchy to perpetuate their power, and to secure forever their proprietorship in their "human chattels." On this theory the mass of the Southern people were but puppets in the hands of political wirepullers, or blind followers of hectoring "patricians." To those who know the Southern people nothing can be more absurd; to those who know their personal independence, to those who know the deep interest which they have always taken in politics, the keen intelligence with which they have always followed the questions of the day. The court-house green was the political university of the Southern masses, and the hustings the professorial chair, from which the great political and economical questions of the day were presented, to say the least, as fully and intelligently as in the newspapers to which so much enlightenment is attributed. There was no such system of rotten boroughs, no

such domination of a landed aristocracy, throughout the South as has been imagined, and venality, which is the disgrace of current politics, was practically unknown. The men who represented the Southern people in Washington came from the people, and not from a ring. Northern writers who have ascribed the firm control in Congress of the National Government which the South held so long to the superior character, ability, and experience of its representatives do not seem to be aware that the choice of such representatives and their prolonged tenure show that in politics, at least, the education of the Southerner had not been neglected. The rank and file then were not swayed simply by blind passion or duped by the representations of political gamesters. Nor did the lump need the leavening of the large percentage of men of the upper classes who served as privates, some of them from the beginning to the end of the war. The rank and file were, to begin with, in full accord with the great principles of the war, and were sustained by the abiding conviction of the justice of the cause. Of course there were in the Southern Army, as in every army, many who went with the multitude in the first enthusiastic rush, or who were brought into the ranks by the needful process of conscription; but it is not a little remarkable that few of the poorest and the most ignorant could be induced to forswear the cause and to purchase release from the sufferings of imprisonment by the simple process of taking the oath. Those who have seen the light of battle on the faces of these humble sons of the South, or witnessed their steadfastness in camp, on the march, in the hospital, have not been ashamed of the brotherhood.

There is such a thing as fighting for a principle, an idea; but principle and idea must be incarnate, and the principle of State Rights was incarnate in the historical life of the Southern people. Of the thirteen original states, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia were openly and officially upon the side of the South. Maryland as a State was bound hand and foot. We counted her as ours, for the Potomac and Chesapeake Bay united as well as divided. Each of these states had a history, had an individuality. Every one was something more than a certain aggregate of square miles wherein dwelt an uncertain number of uncertain inhabitants,

something more than a territory transformed into a state by the magic of political legerdemain; a creature of the central government, and duly loyal to its Creator.

In claiming this individuality, nothing more is claimed for Virginia and for South Carolina than would be conceded to Massachusetts and Connecticut; and we believed then that Massachusetts and Connecticut would not have behaved otherwise than we did, if the parts had been reversed. The brandished sword would have shown what manner of *placida quies* would have ensued, if demands had been made on Massachusetts at all commensurate with the Federal demands on Virginia. These older Southern States were proud of their history, and they showed their pride by girding at their neighbors. South Carolina had her fling at Georgia, her fling at North Carolina; and the wish that the little State had been scuttled at an early day was a plagiarism from classical literature that might have emanated from the South as well as from the North. Virginia assumed a superiority that was resented by her Southern sisters as well as by her Northern partners. The Old North State derided the pretensions of the commonwealths that flanked her on either side, and Georgia was not slow to give South Carolina as good as she sent. All this seemed to be harmless banter, but the rivalry was old enough and strong enough to encourage the hopes of the Union leaders that the Confederacy would split along state lines. The cohesive power of the Revolutionary War was not sufficiently strong to make the states sink their contributions to the common cause in the common glory. Washington was the one national hero, and yet the Washington Light Infantry of Charleston was named, not after the illustrious George, but after his kinsman, William. The story of Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill did not thrill the South Carolinian of an earlier day, and those great achievements were actually criticised. Who were Putnam and Stark that South Carolinians should worship them, when they had a Marion and a Sumter of their own? Vermont went wild, the other day, over Bennington as she did not over the centenary of the surrender at Yorktown. Take away this local patriotism and you take out all the color that is left in American life. That the local patriotism may not only consist with a wider

patriotism, but may serve as a most important element in wider patriotism, is true. Witness the strong local life in the old provinces of France. No student of history, no painter of manners, can neglect it. In 'Gerfaut,' a novel written before the Franco-Prussian War, Charles de Bernard represents an Alsatian shepherd as saying, "I am not French; I am Alsatian"—"*trait de patriotisme de clocher assez commun dans la belle province du Rhin*," adds the author, little dreaming of the national significance of that "patriotisme de clocher." The Breton's love of his home is familiar to everyone who has read his 'Renan,' and Blanche Willis Howard, in 'Guenn,' makes her priest exclaim, "Monsieur, I would fight with France against any other nation, but I would fight with Brittany against France. I love France. I am a Frenchman. But first of all I am a Breton." The Provençal speaks of France as if she were a foreign country, and fights for her as if she were his alone. What is true of France is true in a measure of England. Devonshire men are notoriously Devonshire men first and last. If this is true of what have become integral parts of kingdom or republic by centuries of incorporation, what is to be said of the states that had never renounced their sovereignty, that had only suspended it in part?

The example of state pride set by the older states was not lost on the younger Southern States, and the Alabamian and the Mississippian lived in the same faith as did the stock from which they sprang; and the community of views, of interest, of social order, soon made a larger unit and prepared the way for a true nationality, and with the nationality a great conflict. The heterogeneousness of the elements that made up the Confederacy did not prove the great source of weakness that was expected. The Border States looked on the world with different eyes from the Gulf States. The Virginia farmer and the Creole planter of Louisiana were of different strains; and yet there was a solidarity that has never failed to surprise the few Northerners who penetrated the South for study and pleasure. There was an extraordinary ramification of family and social ties throughout the Southern States, and a few minutes' conversation sufficed to place any member of the social organism from Virginia to Texas. Great schools, like the University of Virginia, within the Southern border did

much to foster the community of feeling, and while there were not a few Southerners at Harvard and Yale, and while Princeton was almost a Southern college, an education in the North did not seem to nationalize the Southerner. On the contrary, as in the universities of the Middle Ages, groups were formed in accordance with nativity; and sectional lines, though effaced at certain points, were strengthened at others. There may have been a certain broadening of view; there was no weakening of the home ties. West Point made fewer converts to this side and to that than did the Northern wives of Southern husbands, the Southern wives of Northern husbands.

All this is doubtless controvertible, and what has been written may serve only to amuse or to disgust those who are better versed in the facts of our history and keener analysts of its laws. All that I vouch for is the feeling; the only point that I have tried to make is the simple fact that, right or wrong, we were fully persuaded in our own minds, and that there was no lurking suspicion of any moral weakness in our cause. Nothing could be holier than the cause, nothing more imperative than the duty of upholding it. There were those in the South who, when they saw the issue of the war, gave up their faith in God, but not their faith in the cause.

It is perfectly possible to be fully persuaded in one's own mind without the passionate desire to make converts that animates the born preacher, and anyone may be excused from preaching when he recognizes the existence of a mental or moral color-blindness with which it is not worth while to argue. There is no umpire to decide which of the disputants is color-blind, and the discussion is apt to degenerate into a wearisome reiteration of points which neither party will concede. Now this matter of allegiance is just such a question. Open the October number of *The Atlantic* and read the sketch of General Thomas, whom many military men on the Southern side consider to have been the ablest of all the Federal generals. He was, as everyone knows, a Virginian, and it seemed to us that his being a Virginian was remembered against him in the Federal councils. "His severance," says the writer in *The Atlantic*, "from family and state was a keen trial, but 'his duty was clear from the beginning.' To his vision there was but one country—the United States of America. He had

few or no friends at the North. Its political policy had not seemed to him to be wise. But he could serve under no flag except that which he had pledged his honor to uphold." Passing over the quiet assumption that the North was the United States of America, which sufficiently characterizes the view of the writer, let us turn to the contrast which would at once have suggested itself even if it had not been brought forward by the eulogist of Thomas. A greater than Thomas decided the question at the same time, and decided it the other way. To Lee's vision there was but one course open to a Virginian, and the pledge that he had given when Virginia was one of the United States of America had ceased to bind him when Virginia withdrew from the compact. His duty was clear from the hour when to remain in the army would have been to draw his sword against a people to whom he was "indissolubly bound."

These contrasted cases are indeed convenient tests for color-blindness. There may "arise a generation in Virginia," or even a generation of Virginians, "who will learn and confess" that "Thomas loved Virginia as well as" the sons "she has preferred to honor, and served her better." But no representative Virginian shares that prophetic vision; the color-blindness, on whichever side it is, has not yielded to treatment during the twenty-five years that have elapsed since the close of the war, and may as well be accepted for an indefinite period. When social relations were resumed between the North and the South—they followed slowly the resumption of business relations—what we should call the color-blindness of the other side often manifested itself in a delicate reticence on the part of our Northern friends; and as the war had by no means constituted their lives as it had constituted ours for four long years, the success in avoiding the disagreeable topic would have been considerable, if it had not been for awkward allusions on the part of the Southerners, who, having been shut out for all that time from the study of literature and art and other elegant and uncompromising subjects, could hardly keep from speaking of this and that incident of the war. Whereupon a discreet, or rather an embarrassed silence, as if a pardoned convict had playfully referred to the arson or

burglary, not to say worse, that had been the cause of his seclusion.

Some fifteen years ago Mr. Lowell was lecturing in Baltimore, and during the month of his stay I learned to know the charm of his manner and the delight of his conversation. If I had been even more prejudiced than I was, I could not have withstood that easy grace, that winning cordiality. Everyone knew where he had stood during the war, and how he had wielded the flail of his "lashing hail" against the South and the Southern cause and "Southern sympathizers." But that warfare was over for him, and out of kindly regard for my feelings he made no allusion to the great quarrel, with two exceptions. Once, just before he left Baltimore, he was talking as no other man could talk about the Yankee dialect, and turning to me he said with a half smile and a deep twinkle in his eye, "I should like to have you read what I have written about the Yankee dialect, but I am afraid you might not like the context." A few days afterwards I received from him the well-known preface to the Second Series of 'The Bigelow Papers,' cut out from the volume. It was a graceful concession to Southern weakness, and after all I may have been mistaken in thinking that I could read the Second Series as literature, just as I should read the Anti-Jacobin or the Twopenny Post Bag. In fact, on looking into the Second Series again, I must confess that I cannot even now discover the same merits that I could not help acknowledging in the First Series, which I read for the first time in 1850, when I was a student in Berlin. By that time I had recovered from my boyish enthusiasm over the Mexican War, and as my party had been successful I could afford to enjoy the wit and humor of the book, from the inimitable Notices of an Independent Press to the last utterance of Birdofredum Sawin; and I have always remembered enough of the contents to make a psychological study of the Second Series a matter of interest, if it were not for other things.

On the second occasion we were passing together under the shadow of the Washington Monument, and the name of Lee came by some chance into the current of talk. Here Mr. Lowell could not refrain from expressing his view of Lee's course in turning against the Government to which he had

sworn allegiance. Doubtless he felt it to be his duty to emphasize his conviction, as to a vital clause of his creed, but it instantly became evident that this was a theme that could not be profitably pursued, and we walked in silence the rest of the way—the author of the line

“Virginia gave us this imperial man,”

and the follower of that other imperial man Virginia gave the world: both honest, each believing the other hopelessly wrong, but absolutely sincere.

Scant allusion has been made in this paper to the subject of slavery, which bulks so large in almost every study of the war. A similar scantiness of allusion to slavery is noticeable in the Memorial volume, to which I have already referred; a volume which was prepared, not to produce an impression on the Northern mind, but to indulge a natural desire to honor the fallen soldiers of the Confederacy; a book written by friends for friends. The rights of the state and the defense of the country are mentioned at every turn; “the peculiar institution” is merely touched on here and there, except in one passage in which a Virginian speaker maintains that as a matter of dollars and cents it would be better for Virginia to give up her slaves than to set up a separate government, with all the cost of a standing army which the conservation of slavery would make necessary. This silence, which might be misunderstood, is plain enough to a Southern man. Slavery was simply a test case, and except as a test case it is too complicated a question to be dealt with at the close of a paper which is already too long. Except as a test case it is impossible to speak of the Southern view of the institution, for we were not all of the same mind.

There were theorists who maintained that a society based on the rock of slavery was the best possible in a world where there must be a lowest order; and the doctrine of the “mud-sill” as propounded by a leading thinker of this school evoked mud volcanoes all over the North. Scriptural arguments in defense of slavery formed a large part of the literature of the subject, and the hands of Southern clergymen were upheld by their conservative brothers beyond the border.

Some who had read the signs of the times otherwise knew

that slavery was doomed by the voice of the world, and that no theory of society could withstand the advance of the new spirit; and if the secrets of all hearts could have been revealed, our enemies would have been astounded to see how many thousands and tens of thousands in the Southern States felt the crushing burden and the awful responsibility of the institution which we were supposed to be defending with the melodramatic fury of pirate kings. We were born to this social order, we had to do our duty in it according to our lights, and this duty was made indefinitely more difficult by the interference of those who, as we thought, could not understand the conditions of the problem, and who did not have to bear the expense of the experiments they proposed.

There were the practical men who saw in the negro slave an efficient laborer in a certain line of work, and there were the practical men who doubted the economic value of our system as compared with that of the free states, and whom the other practical men laughed to scorn.

There was the small and eminently respectable body of benevolent men who promoted the scheme of African colonization, of which great things were expected in my boyhood. The manifest destiny of slavery in America was the regeneration of Africa.

The people at large had no theory, and the practice varied as much in the relation of master and servant as it varied in other family relations. Too much tragedy and too much idyl have been imported into the home life of the Southern people; but this is not the place to reduce poetry to prose.

On one point however, all parties in the South were agreed, and the vast majority of the people of the North—before the war. The Abolitionist proper was considered not so much the friend of the negro as the enemy of society. As the war went on, and the Abolitionist saw the “glory of the Lord” revealed in a way he had never hoped for, he saw at the same time, or rather ought to have seen, that the order he had lived to destroy could not have been a system of hellish wrong and fiendish cruelty; else the prophetic vision of the liberators would have been fulfilled, and the horrors of San Domingo would have polluted this fair land. For the negro race does not deserve undivided praise for its conduct during the war.

Let some small part of the credit be given to the masters, not all to the finer qualities of their "brothers in black." The school in which the training was given is closed, and who wishes to open it? Its methods were old-fashioned and were sadly behind the times, but the old schoolmasters turned out scholars who, in certain branches of moral philosophy, were not inferior to the graduates of the new university.

I have tried in this paper to reproduce the past and its perspective, to show how the men of my time and of my environment looked at the problems that confronted us. It has been a painful and I fear a futile task. So far as I have reproduced the perspective for myself it has been a revival of sorrows such as this generation cannot understand; it has recalled the hours when it gave one a passion for death, a shame of life, to read our bulletins. And how could I hope to reproduce that perspective for others, for men who belong to another generation and another region, when so many men who lived the same life and fought on the same side have themselves lost the point of view not only of the beginning of the war, but also of the end of the war, not only of the inexpressible exaltation, but of the unutterable degradation? They have forgotten what a strange world the survivors of the conflict had to face. If the State had been ours still, the foundations of the earth would not have been out of course; but the State was a military district, and the Confederacy had ceased to exist. The generous policy which would have restored the State and made a new union possible, which would have disentwined much of the passionate clinging to the past, was crossed by the death of the only man who could have carried it through, if even he could have carried it through; and years of trouble had to pass before the current of national life ran freely through the Southern States. It was before this circuit was complete that the principal of one of the chief schools of Virginia set up a tablet to the memory of the "old boys" who had perished in the war—it was a list the length of which few Northern colleges could equal—and I was asked to furnish a motto. Those who know classic literature at all know that for patriotism and friendship mottoes are not far to seek, but during the war I felt as I had never felt before the meaning of many a classic sentence. The motto came

from Ovid, whom many call a frivolous poet; but the frivolous Roman was after all a Roman, and he was young when he wrote the line—too young not to feel the generous swell of true feeling. It was written of the dead Trojans:

"Qui bene pro patria cum patriaque iacent."

The sentiment found an echo at the time, deserved an echo at the time. Now it is a sentiment without an echo, and last year a valued personal friend of mine, in an eloquent oration, a noble tribute to the memory of our great captain, a discourse full of the glory of the past, the wisdom of the present, the hope of the future, rebuked the sentiment as idle in its despair. As well rebuke a cry of anguish, a cry of desolation out of the past. For those whose names are recorded on that tablet the line is but too true. For those of us who survive it has ceased to have the import that it once had, for we have learned to work resolutely for the furtherance of all that is good in the wider life that has been opened to us by the issue of the war, without complaining, without repining. That the cause we fought for and our brothers died for was the cause of civil liberty, and not the cause of human slavery, is a thesis which we feel ourselves bound to maintain whenever our motives are challenged or misunderstood, if only for our children's sake. But even that will not long be necessary, for the vindication of our principles will be made manifest in the working out of the problems with which the republic has to grapple. If, however, the effacement of state lines and the complete centralization of the government shall prove to be the wisdom of the future, the poetry of life will still find its home in the old order, and those who loved their State best will live longest in song and legend—song yet unsung, legend not yet crystallized.

OSCILLATIONS AND NUTATIONS OF
PHILOLOGICAL STUDIES

An address delivered at the Philological Congress, Philadelphia, December 27, 1900.

THE mocking Samosatán, whom I have already cited in this discourse, has left us a famous tractate on the "True Method of Writing History," the greater part of which is taken up with the exemplifications of the different ways in which history is not to be written. Of the constructive side he has little to say, and I am afraid I have followed his example too closely. But I am content to leave to others the pleasing theme of the positive progress of philological science during the last fifty years—despite the vagaries, despite the blunders, despite the oscillations, the nutations and the whirligigs, and to a great extent because of them. That advance has indeed been prodigious, especially in the last quarter of a century; and European scholars, even the most bigoted of them, find that they have to count with a new factor and have to recognize in our philological work a national stamp. As an American I am proud of what we have done; but there is no danger that the purely scientific side of our work will suffer, and if I have recalled perhaps in too audacious fashion some of the abandoned idols, some of the forsaken fads of our science, it is because I wish to emphasize in closing the danger lest we forget that philology is not all a science, that it is an art as well. Shall I make bold to say: The things of science are temporal, the things of art are eternal? Doubtless many of you would reverse that saying, but it is to the conviction that philology is not all science, it is to the quest of art through science that I owe the joy of life in my vocation. A philosopher has been called a *poète manqué*—and perhaps you will say that a philologist of the type that I would set up might in like manner be defined as a *litterateur manqué*. It is better to be a plodding man of science than a mouthing and phrasing rhetorician; and we have every right to show impatience with literary *bric-à-brac* in our calling, and to insist on technical training for the critic of Plato and the eulogist of Demosthenes . . . There are alembicated stylists in vogue who are quite as hateful to those who truly love and truly

know as the most horny-eyed dullard who deals with dead facts. We are all on the side of exact, of exhaustive knowledge. But there is danger for us all in the divorce of our science from the art in which it arose and from which it still has so much to gain. Time was when the scholar, as a rule, paid strict attention to the form as well as to the contents of his message. Now slovenly English, English that is infected with German words and German idioms, is the rule rather than the exception in papers that deal with every aspect of philological study, even the most spiritual; and in order to get back to the realm of clearness and sane expression there are those who cry aloud for the lost Latin of our grandfathers, and the cry is reinforced by those who despair of mastering the tongues of the Parthians, Medes, and Elamites, and all the outlying peoples that publish journals of philology. We cannot afford to neglect the regulative side of grammar and to make the name of philologist a reproach, if not a hissing, in the realm of literature. Something, nay much, is to be said in favor of the sedulous imitation of the authors whom we undertake to teach, and as I have already intimated, the old translators can give us important hints in this regard. Robert Louis Stevenson, as is well known, learned to handle the instrument which he mastered so thoroughly by the close imitation of different models of English composition, and his essay on style shows how he rediscovered the laws of ancient rhetoric. Synthesis leads to analysis as well as analysis to synthesis, perhaps more readily; and from the purely scientific point of view the practice of composition is far from being fruitless, and stylists may be the saviors of grammar as architects have been the saviors of archæology.

PROBLEMS IN GREEK SYNTAX

From *American Journal of Philology*, Vol. XXIII.

It is a droll fate that a man whose ambition for all his early years was to be a poet, or, failing that, to be a man of letters, should have his name, so far as he has a name at all, associated with that branch of linguistic study which is abhorrent to so many finely constituted souls. But when I renounced literature as a profession and betook myself to teaching, I found that there was no escape from grammar, if I was to be honest in my calling. Every teacher must spend much time in the study of grammar if he is to do his duty, for no teacher finds any grammar satisfactory at all points. Each author has a grammar of his own, written or unwritten. Each student has a grammar of his own, has his ways of adjusting the phenomena to his range of vision or *vice versa*, less frequently *vice versa*. As soon as one begins to handle the language practically, to set exercises, to correct exercises, even in the elementary form of retroversion, problems are sure to arise. The rules will not work; the facts will not fit into the scheme; analysis will not yield synthesis; the prepositions and the cases are rebellious; and the moods and tenses will not reproduce themselves when the test of retranslation is applied. It is in the very beginnings that the troubles show themselves. In Greek verse composition, in Latin verse composition, the problems are not so obtrusive. They are veiled in phraseology, and hence in the mosaic of Greek and Latin verses there are much fewer errors in grammar than might be expected from the very slender knowledge that the artists display when they come to write on grammatical subjects. One is reminded of the way in which Aristophanes mimics epic syntax. True, in almost all modern productions of this kind the eye of the student of historical syntax will detect absurd lapses, absurd anachronisms, absurd violations of sphere; but if we are to lay righteousness to the line and judgment to the plummet, there will be no enjoyment of any artificial poetry, there will be no pleasure in the study of the Alexandrians or in the contemplation of the Greek anthology. There is such a thing as being too sensitive. One scholar tells us that Victor Hugo

lost somewhat of his French touch by his residence in Jersey. Another that Lysias had lived too long in the West to be considered a safe guide in the matter of Atticism. Let us not be too hard to please; let us not break the bruised 'Reeds of Cam' nor pluck to pieces the paper 'Garland of the Severn,' nor stop our ears to the 'Whispers of the Hesperides.' The advantage that comes to the individual from the close study of diction and versification is undeniable, and the cheap fun that has been made of Latin and Greek verse-wrights ought not to lead scholars who have not been brought up under English influences to sneer at exercises that have positive value. What English scholar would be guilty of such quantities as German *Gelchrte* inflict on a long-suffering public? What sterner demand for practice in verse-making could be made than has been made of late by Wilamowitz—one of the most brilliant scholars of our day? No translator 'is he that cannot translate both ways.' But the advantage is an individual advantage and belongs to a range of studies that the world rightly or wrongly has agreed to discard. *Versus et cetera ludicra pono*. The teacher's main business is to account for the phenomena of the authors read in class; and composition is tolerated chiefly for the exactness it gives in the command of the facts. It is just here, just in the daily explanation of the texts, just in the correction of exercises, that almost every thoughtful teacher finds difficulties more or less abundant, according to his vision, according to his temperament. And my first studies in Greek syntax were of this practical kind. Many of the formulæ reached during twenty years of teaching were deposited in the notes of my edition of 'Justin Martyr,' which I have elsewhere compared to a hunter's *cache*, and much that I have written since is little more than a justification of rules and principles established or verified in the course of my classwork. Established or verified, I say. To the eye of the specialist the novelties are few indeed; and what I have fancied was my own may have been nothing but reminiscence. Questions of originality and priority concern me little. He would be a poor teacher who should not hit upon a happy phrase, an apt formula now and then. What I am desirous of setting forth is the point of view which, apart from the moral obligations of the teacher,

has given grammatical research so large a place in my professional life. But of this point of view, this creed, this ideal, I have written at some length in my essay on "Grammar and Æsthetics"; and I will not repeat what I have set down there. Suffice to say, the study of Greek syntax would always have imposed itself on me as a duty; but take away its spiritual, its artistic content, and it would cease to be for me the meadow of asphodel it has been for years. It would lack the purple glow that lights up the arid plain of grammar until it becomes the Elysian fields of art. It is the moral, the æsthetic side of the study that has interested me from the beginning, and it is the glimpses of the moral and the æsthetic side that have made me less forlorn. The man in Bunyan was so busy with his muck-rake that he did not see the crown of glory that was over his head. The muck-rake is sometimes the only instrument by which the crown of glory can be reached.

CAROLINE HOWARD GILMAN

[1794—1888]

GEORGE ARMSTRONG WAUCHOPE

CAROLINE HOWARD GILMAN, the daughter of Samuel Howard, a shipwright of Boston, Massachusetts, was born in that city on October 8, 1794. After the death of her father in 1797 she went with her mother to reside in the country, where, restless, literary, and pious, she spent a precocious girlhood. After living in various towns in New England they finally settled in Cambridge, where her mother died. At ten she wrote verses and at sixteen began her literary career by publishing "Jephthah's Rash Vow," a poem of considerable promise. This was followed by "Jairus's Daughter," a poem which appeared in *The North American Review*. In 1819 she married the Reverend Samuel Gilman, D.D. (1791-1858), who shortly afterwards made his home in Charleston, South Carolina, where he resided as pastor of the Unitarian Church until his death. He was widely known as a public-spirited clergyman of scholarly tastes, who found in literature a congenial avocation. Numerous articles were contributed by him to the *North American Review*, the *Boston Christian Examiner*, and the *London Monthly Repository*, the best of which were reprinted in a volume entitled, 'Contributions to Literature, Descriptive, Critical and Humorous, Biographical, Philosophical, and Poetical,' (1856). He published, also, 'Memoirs of a New England Choir' (1829), and 'Pleasures and Pains of a Student's Life' (1852). Of his poetical compositions, "Fair Harvard" and "The History of a Ray of Light" are best known.

On August 11, 1832, Mrs. Gilman founded *The Rosebud, or Youth's Gazette*, the first weekly newspaper for children in this country. Her venture proved successful, and with several modifications of name was finally expanded into *The Southern Rose* (1836-1839), a popular magazine for older readers. Owing to the failing health of its editor, its publication was suspended in 1839. In these periodicals, of which Mrs. Gilman was editor and chief contributor, appeared most of her literary work, and it is evident from an examination of their contents that she was a writer of remarkable versatility and industry. We know that her talents were highly respected by the distinguished literary coterie in which William Gilmore Simms was the presiding spirit. In 1870 she removed to

Cambridge, Massachusetts, and later to Washington, where she died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Lippitt, on September 15, 1888.

Mrs. Gilman was the most eminent woman writer of South Carolina, and almost the only professional woman of letters in that State prior to the Civil War. Her writings, both in prose and verse, are so decidedly meritorious as to deserve honorable mention in the history of American literature. Her books for children especially enjoyed in the author's lifetime a well-earned popularity. Her prose stories and sketches constitute an interesting and important section of her writings. The two volumes of 'Recollections,' which contain many vivid sketches of Northern and Southern life, passed through several editions and are still readable for their sprightly humor, grace of expression, and original portraiture of character. Her 'Verses of a Lifetime' contain some fairly good poetry, particularly in the division entitled "Thoughts in Journeying." The ballads and dramatic sketches are of less value. Her most enduring contribution to the national anthology consists of a few lyric poems that have kept sweet and fresh and still seem the utterance of a living voice. Chief among these is "Annie in the Graveyard," a charming piece of poetic composition, not only in its Wordsworthian simplicity of imagery and phrase, but also in its fine portrayal of the mystery and innocence of childhood. The effect of the repetition in the third line of each stanza is peculiarly felicitous. Another piece of reflective verse, "To the Ursulines," is almost its peer in the delicacy of its etching, its subtle human interest, and its exquisite beauty of form. Mrs. Gilman's most popular poem is, perhaps, the boat-song "Trancadillo," though the two mentioned above, also "The American Boy" and "A Child's Wish in June," have been frequently reprinted in poetical collections.

George Armstrong Wauchope.

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Mrs. Gilman was either author or editor of the following publications: 'Recollections of a New England Housekeeper' (1835), 'Recollections of a Southern Matron' (1836), 'The Rosebud Wreath,' 'The Poetry of Traveling in the United States' (1838), 'The Ladies' Annual Register' (1838-1839), 'Letters of Eliza Wilkinson, during the Invasion of Charleston' (1839), 'Ruth Raymond; or, Love's Progress' (1840), 'Verses of a Lifetime' (1849), 'Oracles from the Poets' (1849), 'Sibyl; or, New Oracles from the Poets,' 'Oracles for Youth' (1852), 'Stories and Tales for Children,' 'Tales and Ballads,' 'The Humming-Bird,' 'The Little Wreath,' 'Mrs. Gilman's Gift-Book of Stories and Poems for Children' (1859), 'Memorial of Dr. Samuel Gilman' (1860), and 'Poems and Stories by a Mother and Daughter' (1872), the last volume written in collaboration with Mrs. Carolina Howard Jervey (1823-1877), author of two novels, 'Vernon Grove' (1859), and 'Helen Courtenay's Promise' (1866).

THE COLONEL'S CLOTHES

From 'Recollections of a Southern Matron,' 1867.

EVERY man has some peculiar taste or preference, and, I think, though papa dressed with great elegance, his was a decided love of his old clothes; his garments, like his friends, became dearer to him from their wear and tear in his service, and they were deposited successively in his dressing-room, though mamma thought them quite unfit for him. He averred that he required his old hunting-suits for accidents; his summer jackets and vests, though faded, were the coolest in the world; his worm-eaten but warm *roquelaure* was admirable for riding about the fields, etc. In vain mamma represented the economy of cutting up some for the boys and giving others to the servants; he would not consent, nor part with articles in which he said he felt at home. Often did mamma remonstrate against the dressing-room's looking like a haberdasher's shop; often did she take down a coat, hold it up to the light, and show him perforations that would have honored New Orleans or Waterloo; often, while Chloe was flogging the pantaloons, which ungallantly kicked in return, did she declare that it was a sin and a shame for her master to have

such things in the house; still the anti-cherubic shapes accumulated on the nails and hooks, and were even considered as of sufficient importance to be preserved from the fire at the burning of Roseland.

Our little circle about this time was animated by a visit from a peddler. As soon as he was perceived crossing the lawn, with a large basket on his arm and a bundle slung across a stick on his shoulder, a stir commenced in the house. Mamma assumed an air of importance and responsibility; I felt a pleasurable excitement; Chloe's and Flora's eyes twinkled with expectation; while, from different quarters, the house servants entered, standing with eyes and mouth silently open, as the peddler, after depositing his basket and deliberately untying his bundle, offered his goods to our inspection. He was a stout man, with a dark complexion, pitted with the small-pox, and spoke in a foreign accent. I confess that I yielded myself to the pleasure of purchasing some gewgaws, which I afterwards gave to Flora, while mamma looked at the glass and plated ware.

"Ver' sheap," said the peddler, following her eye, taking up a pair of glass pitchers; "only two dollars—sheap as dirt. If te lady hash any old clothes, it is petter as money." Mamma took the pitchers in her hand with an inquisitorial air, balanced them, knocked them with her small knuckles—they rang as clear as a bell—examined the glass—there was not a flaw in it. Chloe went through the same process; they looked significantly at each other, nodded, set the pitchers on the slab, and gave a little approbatory cough.

"They are certainly very cheap," said mamma.

"They is, for true, my mistress," said Chloe, with solemnity, "and more handsomer than Mrs. Whitney's that she gin six dollars for at Charleston."

"Chloe," said mamma, "were not those pantaloons you were shaking to-day quite shrunk and worn out?"

"Yes, ma'am," said she; "and they don't fit nohow. The last time the colonel wore them he seemed quite *onrestless*."

"Just step up," said her mistress, "and bring them down; but stay—what did you say was the price of these candlesticks, sir?"

"Tish only von dollars; but tish more cheaper for te old

closhes. If te lady will get te old closhes, I will put in te pellowes and te prush, and it ish more sheaper, too."

Chloe and mamma looked at each other, and raised their eyebrows.

"I will just step up and see those pantaloons," said mamma, in a consulting tone. "It will be a mercy to the colonel to clear out some of that rubbish. I am confident he can never wear the pantaloons again; they are rubbed in the knees, and require seating, and he never *will* wear seated pantaloons. These things are unusually cheap, and the colonel told me lately we were in want of a few little matters of this sort." Thus saying, with a significant whisper to me to watch the peddler, she disappeared with Chloe.

They soon returned, Chloe bearing a variety of garments, for mamma had taken the important *premier pas*. The pantaloons were the first produced. The peddler took them in his hand, which flew up like an empty scale, to show how light they were; he held them up to the sun, and a half contemptuous smile crossed his lips; then shaking his head, he threw them down beside his basket. A drab overcoat was next inspected, and was also thrown aside with a doubtful expression.

"Mr. Peddler," said mamma, in a very soft tone, "you must allow me a fair price; these are excellent articles."

"Oh, ver' fair," said he, "but te closhes is not very goot; te closhes-man is not going to give me noting for dish," and he laid a waistcoat on the other two articles.

Mamma and Chloe had by this time reached the depths of the basket, and, with sympathetic exclamations, arranged several articles on the slab.

"You will let me have these pitchers," said mamma, with a look of concentrated resolution, "for that very nice pair of pantaloons."

The peddler gave a short whistle expressive of contempt, shook his head, and said, "Tish not possibles. I will give two pisher and von prush for te pantaloons and waistcoat."

Mamma and Chloe glanced at each other and at me; I was absorbed in my own bargains, and said, carelessly, that the pitchers were perfect beauties. Chloe pushed one pitcher a little forward, mamma pushed the other on a parallel line, then poised a decanter, and again applied her delicate knuckles

for the test. That, too, rang out the musical, unbroken sound, so dear to the housewife's ear, and, with a pair of plated candlesticks, was deposited on the table. The peddler took up the drab overcoat.

"Te clothes-man's give noting for dish."

Mamma looked disconcerted. The expression of her face implied the fear that the peddler would not even accept it as a gift. Chloe and she held a whispering consultation. At this moment Binah came in with little Patsey, who, seeing the articles on the slab, pointed with her dimpled fingers, and said her only words,

"Pretty! pretty!"

At the same moment, Lafayette and Venus, the two little novices in furniture-rubbing, exclaimed,

"Ki! if dem ting an't shine too much!"

These opinions made the turning-point in mamma's mind, though coming from such insignificant sources.

"So they are pretty, my darling," said mamma to Patsey; and then, turning to the peddler, she asked him what he would give in exchange for the pantaloons, the waistcoat, and the coat.

The peddler set aside two decanters, one pitcher, the plated candlesticks, and a hearth-brush.

"Tish ver' goot pargains for te lady," said he.

Mamma gained courage.

"I cannot think of letting you have all these things without something more. You must at least throw in that little tray," and she looked at a small scarlet one, worth perhaps a quarter of a dollar.

The peddler hesitated, and held it up so that the morning sun shone on its bright hues.

"I shall not make a bargain without *that*," said mamma, resolutely.

The peddler sighed, and laying it with the selected articles, said:

"Tish ver' great pargains for te lady."

Mamma smiled triumphantly, and the peddler, tying up his bundle and slinging his stick, departed with an air of humility.

Papa's voice was soon heard, as usual, before he was seen.

"Rub down Beauty, Mark, and tell Diggory to call out the hounds."

There was a slight embarrassment in mamma's manner when he entered, mingled with the same quantity of bravado. He nodded to her, tapped me on the head with his riding-whip, gave Patsey a kiss as she stretched out her arms to him, tossed her in the air, and returning her to her nurse, was passing on.

"Do stop, colonel," said mamma, and admire my bargains. See this cut glass and plate that we have been wishing for, to save our best set."

"What, this trash?" said he, pausing a moment at the table—"blown glass and washed brass! Who has been fooling you?"

"Colonel," said mamma, coloring highly, "how can you—"

"I cannot stop a minute now, wife," said he. "Jones and Ferguson are for a hunt to-day! They are waiting at Drake's corner. It looks like falling weather, and my old drab will come in well to-day."

Mamma looked frightened, and he passed on upstairs. He was one of those gentlemen who keep a house alive, as the phrase is, whether in merriment or the contrary, and we were always prepared to search for his hat, or whip, or slippers, which he was confident he put in their places, but which, by some miracle, were often in opposite directions. Our greatest trial, however, was with mamma's and his spectacles, for they had four pairs between them—far-sighted and near-sighted. There were, indeed, *optical* delusions practised with them; for when papa wanted his they were hidden behind some pickle-jar; and when mamma had carefully placed hers in her key-basket they were generally found in one of papa's various pockets; when a distant object was to be seen, he was sure to mount the near-sighted, and cry "pshaw!" and if a splinter was to be taken out, nothing could be found but the far-sighted ones, and he said something worse: sometimes all four pairs were missing, and such a scampering ensued!

We now heard a great outcry upstairs. "Wife! Chloe! Cornelia! come and find my drab coat!" We looked at each other in dismay, but papa was not a man for delay, and we obeyed his summons.

"Wife," said he, beating aside the externals of man that hung about his dressing-room, "where is my drab coat?"

Mamma swallowed as if a dry artichoke was in her throat, as she said, slowly, "Why, colonel, you know you had not worn that coat for months, and as you have another one, as a *roquelaure*, and the coat was full of moth-holes, I exchanged it with the peddler for cut glass and plate."

"Cut devils!" said papa, who liked to soften an oath by combinations; "it was worth twenty dollars—yes, more, because I felt at home in it. I hate new coats as I do—"

"But, colonel," interrupted mamma, "you did not see the scarlet tray, and the—"

"Scarlet nonsense," shouted papa; "I believe, if they could, women would sell their husbands to those rascally peddlers!"

Beauty and the hounds were now pronounced ready. I followed papa to the piazza, and heard his wrath rolling off as he cantered away.

ANNIE IN THE GRAVEYARD

From 'Verses of a Life-Time.'

She bounded o'er the graves,
With a buoyant step of mirth;
She bounded o'er the graves,
Where the weeping willow waves,
Like a creature not of earth.

Her hair was blown aside,
And her eyes were glittering bright;
Her hair was blown aside,
And her little hands spread wide;
With an innocent delight.

She spelt the lettered word
That registers the dead;
She spelt the lettered word
And her busy thoughts were stirred
With pleasure as she read.

She stopped and culled a leaf
Left fluttering on a rose;
She stopped and culled a leaf
Sweet monument of grief.
That in our church-yard grows.

She culled it with a smile—
'Twas near her sister's mound:
She culled it with a smile—
And played with it awhile,
Then scattered it around.

I did not chill her heart,
Nor turn its gush to tears;
I did not chill her heart,
Oh, bitter drops will start
Full soon in coming years.

TO THE URSULINES

From 'The Poetry of Traveling in the United States.'

Oh pure and gentle ones, within your ark
Securely rest!
Blue be the sky above—your quiet bark
By soft winds blest!

Still toil in duty and commune with heaven,
World-weaned and free;
God to his humblest creatures room has given,
And space to be.

Space for the eagle in the vaulted sky
To plume his wing—
Space for the ring-dove by her young to lie,
And softly sing.

Space for the sunflower, bright with yellow glow,
To court the sky—

Space for the violet, where the wild woods grow,
To live and die.

Space for the ocean, in its giant might,
To swell and rave—
Space for the river, tinged with rosy light,
Where green banks wave.

Space for the sun, to tread his path in might
And golden pride—
Space for the glow-worm, calling, by her light,
Love to her side.

Then, pure and gentle ones, within *your* ark
Securely rest!
Blue be the skies above, and your still bark
By kind winds blest.

MY GARDEN

My garden, fresh and beautiful!—the spell of frost is o'er,
And earth sends out its varied leaves, a rich and lavish store;
Thy heart, too, breaks its wintry chain, with stem and leaf and
flower,
And glows in hope and happiness amid the spring-tide hour.

'Tis sunset in my garden—the flowers and buds have caught
Bright revelations from the skies in wondrous changes
wrought;
And as the twilight hastens on, a spiritual calm
Seems resting on the quiet leaves, which evening dews em-
balm.

'Tis moonlight in my garden; like some fair babe at rest,
The day-flower folds its silky wings upon its pulseless breast;
Nor is it vain philosophy to think that plants may keep
A holiday of airy dreams, beneath their graceful sleep.

'Tis morning in my garden; each leaf of crisped green,
Hangs tremulous in diamond gems with emerald rays be-
tween;
It is the birth of nature; baptized in early dew,
The plants look meekly up and smile, as if their god they knew.

My garden, fair and brilliant!—the butterfly outspread
Alights with gentle fluttering on the wallflower's golden head;
Then darting to the lily bed, floats o'er its sheeted white,
And settles on the violet cup with fanciful delight.

My quiet little garden!—I hear the rolling wheel
Of the city's busy multitude along the highway peal;
I tread thy paths more fondly, and inhale the circling air,
That glads and cools me on its way from that wide mart of
care.

My friendly little garden!—few worldly goods have I
To tender with o'erflowing heart in blessed charity:
But, like a cup of water by a pure disciple given,
A herb or flower may tell its tale of kindness in heaven.

My small herbescent garden!—what though I may not raise
High tribute to thy fruitfulness in these familiar lays—
Yet, when thy few shrunk radishes I pluck with eager haste,
They seem a daintier food to me than gods ambrosial taste.

And as for those *three* artichokes, the fruits of toilsome care,
And my angel-visit cucumbers that come so scarce and rare,
And the straggling ears of corn that shoot so meagre, thin and
small—
To me they still outweigh the hoards that crowd the market-
stall.

I own I have mistakenly oft trained a vulgar weed,
And rooted up with savage hand some choice and costly seed.
And boiled a precious bulbous-root, of lineage high and rare,
And planted onions in a jar with most superfluous care.

But truth springs out of error, and right succeeds to wrong,
Mistakes that wound, and weeds that vex, give morals to my
song,
That bid me clear my mental soil, and calmly look within,
To check the growth of earth's wild weeds, of passion and of
sin.

To nobler themes, and hopes, and joys, my garden culture
tends,
To that high world where only bloom, without the weed, as-
cends,
I lift my soul in reverie, enraptured and alone,
Still coining links of thought that wreathe my spirit to God's
throne.

Yet sadness sometimes fills my mind, as each unfolding sweet
Springs up in ready beauty beneath my household's feet,
For some young hand that gathers now the plants that gaily
wave,
May shortly lie in withered bloom within the dreary grave.

My faith-inspiring garden!—thy seeds so dark and cold,
Late slept in utter loneliness amid earth's senseless mould;
No sunbeams fell upon them, nor west wind's gentle breath—
But there they lay in nothingness, an image meet of death.

Now, lo! they rise in gorgeous ranks, and glad the eager eye,
And on the wooing summer breeze their odor passes by;
The flower-grave cannot chain them, the spirit-life upsprings,
And scatters beauty in its path, from thousand unseen wings.

My garden! may the morning dew rest lightly on thy bowers,
And summer clouds distil around their most refreshing show-
ers;
And when the daily sun withdraws his golden tent above,
May moon and stars look watchful down, and bless thee with
their love!

TO A MOCKING-BIRD IN A CAGE

Bird of the South! is this a scene to waken
Thy native notes in thrilling, gushing tone?
Thy woodland nest of love is all forsaken—
Thy mate alone!

While stranger-throngs roll by, thy song is lending
Joy to the happy, soothing to the sad;
O'er my full heart it flows with gentle blending,
And I am glad.

And I will sing, though dear ones, loved and loving,
Are left afar in my sweet nest of home,
Though from that nest, with backward yearnings moving,
Onward I roam!

And with heart-music shall my feeble aiding,
Still swell the note of human joy aloud;
Nor, with untrusting soul, kind heaven upbraiding,
Sigh mid the crowd.

MOTHER, WHAT IS DEATH?

"Mother, how still the baby lies—
I cannot hear his breath;
I cannot see his laughing eyes—
They tell me this is death.

• "My little work I thought to bring,
And sat down by his bed,
And pleasantly I tried to sing—
They hushed me—he is dead.

"They say that he again will rise,
More beautiful than now—
That God will bless him in the skies—
Oh, mother, tell me how!"

"Daughter, do you remember, dear,
The cold, dark thing you brought,
And laid upon the casement here—
A wither'd worm you thought?

"I told you that Almighty power
Could break that withered shell,
And show you, in a future hour,
Something would please you well.

"Look at the chrysalis, my love—
An empty shell it lies;
Now raise your wandering thoughts above
To where your insect flies!"

"Oh, yes, mamma! how very gay
Its wings of starry gold—
And see! it lightly flies away
Beyond my gentle hold!

"Oh, mother, now I know full well,
If God that worm can change,
And draw it from this broken cell,
On golden wings to range:

"How beautiful will brother be
When God shall give *him* wings,
Above this dying world to flee,
And live with heavenly things."

SONG OF THE WANDERER

There are sweet plants springing around my house,
But I cannot cull their flowers!
There are green walks asking the feet to roam,
Where the sun has kissed off the showers!

The wild birds are singing familiar lays,
But I cannot hear their trilling;
The waterfall still on the river plays,
But it wakes not my bosom's thrilling.

The moonlight sleeps upon rocking leaves,
But I cannot watch their motion!
The night air freshly the light cloud weaves,
But I am far over the ocean!

Sunny smiles rest on the lips of friends,
But I am not there to greet them;
And many a hand in welcome extends,
But my hand is not there to meet them!

Yet in Him who rules over that fairy home,
My lone heart is still confiding,
Since wherever on earth my footsteps roam,
I feel the Eternal presiding.

ELLEN ANDERSEN GHOLSON GLASGOW

[1874—]

ROSEWELL PAGE

ELLEN GLASGOW, the novelist, was born in Richmond, Virginia, on April 22, 1874. On her father's side she comes of that Scotch-Irish stock which, settling in the Valley of Virginia, made that section famous and sent forth its children to render the whole South illustrious. On her mother's side she belongs to that stock which in peace and war have been notable in the annals of the State for thought and action. This is a good setting for the picture of this Virginia girl who stands in the opinion of some by the side of Mrs. Wharton and Mrs. Ward.

How and where she got the information upon the questions of which she writes, are the same questions asked about Fanny Burney and those other precocious women who have surprised the world with their work and made it feel the strength that has come forth at the mouth of babes. For at an age when George Eliot had just begun her work, this woman has published half a dozen notable books.

An old garden, an old library, and association with people of ideas and ideals are potent influences in the formative period of any life. Add to these the intimate knowledge of the most revolutionary and emotional period in the life of a brave people who have suffered and been strong, and see the effect upon a child of clear perception, strong will, and tireless energy. A successful future might be predicated thereupon in almost any field of endeavor. But with this, there may be that wanting which no critic can define—the one thing needful, and without which such incidents and environments may be but the marks of a high and charming, but unproductive culture.

The child taken by its mother to see the cook make the wonderful cake asked how it was done. When told the ingredients, he asked "What else?" "Then you put in the stuff." "And what is that?" asked the boy. "That's what makes the cake; but that's a *secret*!" So with Letters. Some call it genius; some, the divine afflatus. But by whatever term described, it is the secret which cannot be defined. It is the essential, the vision of the transfiguration, the gift of God.

In 1897, when she was twenty-three years old, Miss Glasgow's first novel, 'The Descendant,' appeared. It was a notable book, but

was thought crude. Its tragic ending with Michael dead after Rachel had proclaimed that she would fight *God* for him was thought ultra, and the book was characterized as "disagreeable." The next year there appeared her book, 'The Phases of an Inferior Planet.' There is much in this book that grates upon those who like to read only of what is bright and cheerful. The scene of the book is laid in New York. It tells of the struggle, the heartache, and the suffering, of the street, the stage and the Church. It is in many respects real; but the keynote is one of pessimism.

In 1900 'The Voice of the People' was published. A story of political life in Virginia after the war between the States. It tells of conventions, elections, and their incidents. The hero finally gives his life to the mob for the criminal. The story is well told, and gives a picture of an unsettled period in the life of the people. In 1902 'The Battle-Ground' was published. It is a picture of the South or of Virginia just before and during the war. The negroes, the children, the schools, the University, the war, the surrender, with the picture of General Lee at Appomattox, make a highly interesting book.

Two years later, in 1904, she published 'The Deliverance.' It is probably her best book. It is the country life of the South after the war. The story turns on the false admission of an act of murder and the service in the penitentiary by the hero to protect the boy who has committed murder, under the influence if not at the instigation of the hero, who thus makes the expiation and allows the boy who actually committed the crime to escape.

In 'The Wheel of Life,' which appeared in 1906, Miss Glasgow changes the scene from her own native country to New York. It is a "novel of manners." The smart set, the club life, the exclusive circle all figure in it. It is very interesting, but perhaps the best drawn characters in it are the Southerners, from which one may infer that her familiarity with these characters is greater than with the others, and may account for their more accurate portrayal. To quote what reviewers across the water think of this book, I cite the *Spectator's* observation that it is "extremely clever, very subtle and slightly disagreeable," and that of the *Athenæum* that "the average level of the tale is extraordinarily high; but it does not rise to anything that matters very much anywhere." The *Spectator's* criticism is the more just; for to picture the life of a great city or even a part of it accurately does matter.

In 1908, this year, her latest book, 'The Ancient Law,' appears. The hero is a Wall Street dealer who has served a sentence in the State prison for having violated the law in relation to honest business dealing, and spends his life making atonement therefor

The heartlessness of the business world, its selfishness and narrowness, and the effect on morals and manners are well shown, as is the shiftlessness and thriftlessness of those gentle Virginia people who, dwelling under new conditions, maintain a semblance of a past life which was to some an incentive to action, and to others the goadings of despair.

In 1902 Miss Glasgow published a small volume of poems, 'The Freeman and Other Poems,' characterized by strength and feeling rather than by imagination. Since that time she has published some promising fugitive pieces in the magazines.

To sum up the work that this writer has done, one may say that it is characterized by painstaking effort, by strength, and sincerity of purpose. If her work does not appeal to certain readers, in spite of the fact that her books have been among the great sellers on their first appearance, it is due to the choice of subjects and the somber coloring with which they are clad.

That her books lack humor her greatest admirers cannot deny; but even in this criticism it must be remembered that humor is generally wanting in the tragedies of life. She has dealt with many of the hidden mysteries of life, and has dealt with them with a master's hand. Psychology is not generally a popular subject, and when it is put into a novel none but the hand of a master can make it endurable. Such subjects do not appeal to novel-readers generally, but this woman before she is thirty-five years old has laid hold on the great questions of human endeavor and handled them with a power that might only be expected of maturer age. In the choice and treatment of her subjects she is nearer to Ibsen than to George Eliot.

Howell Page

IN THE HOUR OF DEFEAT

From 'The Battle-Ground.' Copyright by Doubleday, Page and Company. By permission of the publishers.

As the dark fell Dan found himself on the road with a little company of stragglers, flying from the pursuing cavalry that drew off slowly as the darkness gathered. He had lost his regiment, and, as he went on, he began calling out familiar names, listening with strained ears for an answer that would tell of a friend's escape. At last he caught the outlines of a gigantic figure relieved on a hillock against the pale green west, and, with a shout, he hurried through the swarm of fugitives and overtook Pinetop, who had stooped to tie his shoe on with a leather strap.

"Thank God, old man!" he cried. "Where are the others?"

Pinetop, panting yet imperturbable, held out a steady hand.

"The Lord knows," he replied. "Some of 'em air here an' some ain't. I was goin' back agin to git the flag, when I saw you chased like a fox across the creek with it hangin' on yo' back. Then I kinder thought it wouldn't do for none of the regiment to answer when Marse Robert called, so I came along right fast and kep' hopin' you would follow."

"Here I am," responded Dan, "and here are the colors." He twined the silk more closely about his arm, gloating over his treasure in the twilight.

Pinetop stretched out his great rough hand and touched the flag as gently as if he were a woman.

"I've fought under this here thing goin' on four years now," he said, "and I reckon when they take it prisoner, they take me along with it."

"And me," added Dan; "poor Granger went down, you know, just as I took it from him. He fell fighting with the pole."

"Wal, it's a better way than most," Pinetop replied, "an' when the angel begins to foot up my account on Judgment Day, I shouldn't mind his cappin' the whole list with 'he lost his life, but he didn't lose his flag.' To make a blamed

good fight is what the Lord wants of us, I reckon, or He wouldn't have made our hands itch so when they touch a musket."

Then they trudged on silently, weak from hunger, sickened by defeat. When at last the disorganized column halted, and the men fell to the ground upon their rifles, Dan kindled a fire and parched his corn above the coals. After it was eaten they lay down side by side and slept peacefully on the edge of an old field.

For three days they marched steadily onward, securing meager rations in a little town where they rested for awhile, and pausing from time to time to beat off a feigned attack. Pinetop, cheerful, strong, undaunted by any hardship, set his face unflinchingly toward the battle that must clear a road for them through Grant's lines. Had he met alone a squadron of cavalry in the field, he would probably have taken his stand against a pine and aimed his musket as coolly as if a squirrel were the mark. With his even temper, and his gloomy gospel of predestination, his heart could swell with hope even while he fought single-handed in the face of battalions. What concerned him, after all, was not so much the chance of an ultimate victory for the cause, as the determination in his own mind to fight it out as long as he had a cartridge remaining in his box. As his fathers had kept the frontier, so he meant, on his own account, to keep Virginia.

On the afternoon of the third day, as the little company drew near to Appomattox Court House, it found the road blocked with abandoned guns and lined by exhausted stragglers, who had gone down at the last halting-place. As it filed into an open field beyond a wooded level, where a few campfires glimmered, a group of Federal horsemen clattered across the front, and, as if by instinct, the column formed into battle line, and the hand of every man was on the trigger of his musket.

"Don't fire, you fools!" called an officer behind them in a voice sharp with irritation. "The army has surrendered!"

"What! Grant surrendered?" thundered the line, with muskets at a trail as it rushed into the open.

"No, you blasted fools—we've surrendered," shouted the voice, rising hoarsely in a gasping indignation

"Surrendered, the deuce!" scoffed the men, as they fell back into ranks. "I'd like to know what General Lee will think of your surrender?"

A little colonel, with his hand at his sword-hilt, strutted up and down before a tangle of dead thistles.

"I don't know what he thinks of it, he did it," he shrieked, without pausing in his walk.

"It's a damn lie!" cried Dan, in white heat. Then he threw his musket on the ground, and fell to sobbing the dry, tearless sobs of a man who feels his heart crushed by a sudden blow.

There were tears on all the faces round him, and Pinetop was digging his great fists into his eyes, as a child does who has been punished before his playmates. Beside him a man with an untrimmed, shaggy beard hid his distorted features in shaking hands.

"I ain't blubberin' fur myself," he said defiantly, "but—O Lord, boys—I'm cryin' fur Marse Robert."

Over the field the beaten soldiers, in ragged gray uniforms, were lying beneath little bushes of sassafras and sumach and to the right a few campfires were burning in a shady thicket. The struggle was over, and each man had fallen where he stood, hopeless for the first time in four long years. Up and down the road groups of Federal horsemen trotted with cheerful unconcern, and now and then a private paused to make a remark in friendly tones; but the men beneath the bushes only stared with hollow eyes in answer—the blank stare of the defeated who have put their strength into the fight.

Taking out his jack-knife, Dan unfastened the flag from the hickory pole on which he had placed it, and began cutting it into little pieces, which he passed to each man who had fought beneath its folds. The last bit he put into his own pocket, and trembling like one gone suddenly palsied, passed from the midst of his silent comrades to a pine stump on the border of the woods. Here he sat down and looked hopelessly upon the scene before him—upon the littered roads and the great blue lines encircling the horizon.

So this was the end, he told himself, with a bitterness that choked him like a grip upon the throat; this the end of

his boyish ardor, his dream of fame upon the battle-field, his four years of daily sacrifice and suffering. This was the end of the flag for which he was ready to give his life three days ago. With his youth, his strength, his very bread thrown into the scale, he sat now with wrecked body and blighted mind, and saw his future turn to decay before his manhood was well begun. Where was the old buoyant spirit he had brought with him into the fight? Gone forever; and in its place he found his maimed and trembling hands and limbs weakened by starvation as by long fever. His virile youth was wasted in the slow struggle, his energy was sapped drop by drop; and at the last he saw himself burned out like the battle-fields, where the armies had closed and opened, leaving an impoverished and ruined soil. He had given himself for four years, and yet when the end came he had not earned so much as an empty title to take home for his reward. The consciousness of a hard-fought fight was but the common portion of them all, from the greatest to the humblest on either side. As for him, he had but done his duty like his comrades in the ranks, and by what right of merit should he have raised himself above their heads? Yes, this was the end, and he meant to face it standing with his back against the wall.

Down the road a line of Federal privates came driving an ox before them, and he eyed them gravely, wondering in a dazed way if the taste of victory had gone to their heads. Then he turned slowly, for a voice was speaking at his side, and a long blue coat was building a little fire hard by.

"Your stomach's pretty empty, ain't it, Jimmy?" he inquired, as he laid the sticks crosswise with precise movements, as if he had measured the length of each separate piece of wood. He was lean and rawboned, with a shaggy red mustache and a wart on his left cheek. When he spoke he showed an even row of strong white teeth.

Dan looked at him with a kind of exhausted indignation.

"Well, it's been emptier," he returned shortly.

The man in blue struck a match and held it carefully to a dried pine branch, watching, with a serious face, as the flame licked the rosin from the crossed sticks. Then he placed a quart pot full of water on the coals, and turned to

meet Dan's eyes, which had grown ravenous as he caught the scent of beef.

"You see we somehow thought you Johnnies would be hard up," he said in an offhand manner, "so we made up our minds we'd ask you to dinner and cut our rations square. Some of us are driving over an ox from the camp, but as I was hanging round and saw you all by yourself on this old stump, I had a feeling that you were in need of a cup of coffee. You haven't tasted real coffee for some time, I guess."

The water was bubbling over and he measured out the coffee and poured it slowly into the quart cup. As the aroma filled the air, he opened his haversack and drew out a generous supply of raw beef, which he broiled on little sticks and laid on a spread of army biscuits. The larger share he offered to Dan with the steaming pot of coffee.

"I declare it'll do me downright good to see you eat," he said, with a hospitable gesture.

Dan sat down beside the bread and beef, and, for the next ten minutes ate like a famished wolf, while the man in blue placidly regarded him. When he had finished he took out a little bag of Virginian tobacco and they smoked together beside the waning fire. A natural light returned gradually to Dan's eyes, and while the clouds of smoke rose high above the bushes, they talked of the last great battles as quietly as of the Punic Wars. It was all dead now, as dead as history, and the men who fought had left the bitterness of the camp followers to the ones who stayed at home.

"You have fine tobacco down this way," observed the Union soldier, as he refilled his pipe and lighted it with an ember. Then his gaze followed Dan's, which was resting on the long blue lines that stretched across the landscape.

"You're feeling right bad about us now," he pursued, as he crossed his legs and leaned back against a pine, "and I guess it's natural; but the time will come when you'll know that we weren't the worst you had to face."

Dan held out his hand with something of a smile.

"It was a fair fight and I can shake hands," he responded.

"Well, I don't mean that," said the other thoughtfully. "What I mean is just this, you mark my words—after the battle comes the vultures. After the army of fighters comes

the army of those who haven't smelled the powder. And in time you'll learn that it isn't the man with the rifle that does the most of the mischief. The damned coffee boilers will get their hands in now—I know 'em."

"Well, there's nothing left, I suppose, but to swallow it down without any fuss," said Dan wearily, looking over the field where the slaughtered ox was roasting on a hundred bayonets at a hundred fires.

"You're right, that's the only thing," agreed the man in blue; then his keen eyes were on Dan's face.

"Have you got a wife?" he asked bluntly.

Dan shook his head as he stared gravely at the embers.

"A sweetheart, I guess? I never met a Johnnie who didn't have a sweetheart."

"Yes, I've a sweetheart—God bless her!"

"Well, you take my advice and go home and tell her to cure you, now she's got the chance. I like your face, young man, but if I ever saw a half-starved and sickly one, it is you. Why, I shouldn't have thought you had strength to raise your rifle."

"Oh, it doesn't take much strength for that; and besides the coffee did me good, I was only hungry."

"Hungry, hump!" grunted the Union soldier. "It takes more than hunger to give a man that blue look about the lips; it takes downright starvation." He dived into his haversack and drew out a quinine pill and a little bottle of whiskey.

"If you'll just chuck this down it won't do you any harm," he went on, "and if I were you, I'd find shelter before I went to sleep to-night; you can't trust April weather. Get into that cow shed over there or under a wagon."

Dan swallowed the quinine and the whiskey, and as the strong spirit fired his veins, the utter hopelessness of his outlook muffled him into silence. Dropping his head into his open palms, he sat dully staring at the whitening ashes.

After a moment the man in blue rose to his feet and fastened his haversack.

"I live up by Bethlehem, New Hampshire," he remarked, "and if you ever come that way, I hope you'll look me up; my name's Moriarty."

"Your name's Moriarty, I shall remember," repeated Dan, trying with a terrible effort to steady his quivering limbs.

"Jim Moriarty, don't you forget it. Anybody at Bethlehem can tell you about me; I keep the biggest store around there." He went off a few steps and then came back to hold out an awkward hand in which there was a little heap of silver.

"You'd just better take this to start you on your way," he said; "it ain't but ninety-five cents—I couldn't make out the dollar—and when you get it in again you can send it to Jim Moriarty at Bethlehem, New Hampshire. Good-by, and good luck to you this time."

He strode off across the field, and Dan, with the silver held close in his palm, flung himself back upon the ground and slept until Pinetop woke him with a grasp upon his shoulder.

"Marse Robert's passin' along the road," he said. "You'd better hurry."

Struggling to his feet Dan rushed from the woods across the deserted field, to the lines of conquered soldiers standing in battle rank upon the roadside. Between them the Commander had passed slowly on his dapple gray horse, and when Dan joined the ranks it was only in time to see him ride onward at a walk, with the bearded soldiers clinging like children to his stirrups. A group of Federal cavalymen, drawn up beneath a persimmon tree, uncovered as he went by, and he returned the salute with a simple gesture. Lonely, patient, confirmed in courtesy, he passed on his way, and his little army returned to camp in the strip of pines.

"'I've done my best for you,' that's what he said," sobbed Pinetop. "'I've done my best for you,'—and kissed old Traveller's mane."

Without replying, Dan went back into the woods and flung himself down on the spread of tags. Now that the fight was over all the exhaustion of the four years, the weakness after many battles, the weariness after the long marches, had gathered with accumulated strength for the final overthrow.

For three days he remained in camp in the pine woods, and on the third, after waiting six hours in a hard rain outside his general's tent, he secured the little printed slip which signified to all whom it might concern that he had become a prisoner on his parole. Then, after a sympathetic word to

the rest of the division, shivering beneath the sassafras bushes before the tent, he shook hands with his comrades under arms and started with Pinetop down the muddy road. The war was over, and foot-sore, in rags and with aching limbs, he was returning to the little valley where he had hoped to trail his glory.

Down the long road the gray rain fell straight as a curtain, and on either side tramped the lines of beaten soldiers who were marching, on their word of honor, to their distant homes. The abandoned guns sunk deep in the mud, the shivering men lying in rags beneath the bushes, and the charred remains of campfires among the trees were the last memories Dan carried from the four years' war.

Some miles farther on, when the pickets had been passed, a man on a black horse rode suddenly from a little thicket and stepped across their path.

"You fellows haven't been such darn fools as to give your parole, have you?" he asked in an angry voice, his hand on his horse's neck. "The fight isn't over yet and we want your muskets on our side. I belong to the partisan rangers, and we'll cut through to Johnston's army before daylight. If not, we'll take to the mountains and keep up the war forever. The country is ours, what's to hinder us?"

He spoke passionately, and at each sharp exclamation the black horse rose on his haunches and pawed the air.

Dan shook his head.

"I'm out on parole," he replied, "but as soon as I'm exchanged, I'll fight if Virginia wants me. How about you, Pinetop?"

The mountaineer shuffled his feet in the mud and stood solemnly surveying the landscape.

"Wal, I don't understand much about this here parole business," he replied. "It seems to me that a slip of paper with printed words on it that I have to spell out as I go, is a mighty poor way to keep a man from fightin' if he can find a musket. I ain't steddying about this parole, but Marse Robert told me to go home to plant my crop, and I'm goin' home to plant it."

"It is all over, I think," said Dan with a quivering lip, as he stared at the ruined meadows. The smart was still

fresh, and it was too soon for him to add, with knowledge that would come to him from years—"it is better so." Despite the grim struggle and the wasted strength, despite the impoverished land and the nameless graves that filled it, despite even his own wrecked youth and the hard-fought fields where he had laid it down—despite all these a shadow was lifted from his people, and it was worth the price.

They passed on, while the black horse pawed the dust, and the rider hurled oaths at their retreating figures. At a little house a few yards down the road they stopped to ask for food, and found a woman weeping at the kitchen table, with three small children clinging to her skirts. Her husband had fallen at Five Forks, she said, the safe was empty, and the children were crying for bread. Then Dan slipped into her hand the silver he had borrowed from the Union soldier, and the two returned penniless to the road.

"At least we are men," he said almost apologetically to Pinetop, and the next instant turned squarely in the mud, for a voice from the other side had called out shrilly:

"Hi, Marse Dan, whar you gwine now?"

"Bless my soul, it's Big Abel," he exclaimed.

Black as a spade and beaming with delight, the negro emerged from the swarm upon the roadside and grasped Dan's outstretched hands.

"Whar you gwine dis a-way, Marse Dan?" he inquired again.

"I'm going home, Big Abel," responded Dan, as they walked on in a row of three. "No, don't shout, you scamp; I'd rather lie down and die upon the roadside than go home like this."

"Well, you ain' much to look at, dat's sho'," replied Big Abel, his face shining like polished ebony, "en I ain' much to look at needer; but dey'll have ter recollect de way we-all wuz befo' we runned away; dey'll have ter recollect you in yo' fine shuts en fancy waistcoats, en dey'll have ter recollect me in yo' ole uns. Sakes alive! I kin see dat one er yourn wid de little bit er flowers all over hit des' es plain es ef 'twuz yestiddy."

"The waistcoats are all gone now," said Dan gravely, "and so are the shirts. The war is over and you are your own

master, Big Abel. You don't belong to me from this time on."

Big Abel shook his head, grinning.

"I reckon hit's all de same," he remarked cheerfully, "en I reckon we'd es well be gwine on home, Marse Dan."

"I reckon we would," said Dan, and they pushed on in silence.

MARIA STANDS ON CHRISTOPHER'S GROUND

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A BROAD yellow beam sliding under the door brought Maria into sudden consciousness, and rising hastily from the straw, where her figure had shaped an almost perfect outline, she crossed the dusky floor smelling of trodden grain and went out into the early sunshine, which slanted over the gray fields. A man trundling a wheelbarrow from the market garden, and a milkmaid crossing the lawn with a bucket of fresh milk, were the only moving figures in the landscape, and after a single hurried glance about her she followed the straight road to the house and entered the door, which Malindy had unlocked.

Meeting Fletcher a little later at breakfast, she found, to her surprise, that he accepted her presence without question and made absolutely no allusion to the heated conversation of the evening before. He looked sullen and dirty, as if he had slept all night in his clothes, and he responded to Maria's few good-humored remarks with a single abrupt nod over his coffee-cup. As she watched him a feeling of pity for his loneliness moved her heart, and when he rose hastily at last and strode out into the hall she followed him and spoke gently, while he paused to take down his hat from one of the antlers near the door.

"If I could only be of some use to you, grandfather," she said; "are you sure there is nothing I can do?"

With his hand still outstretched, he hesitated an instant and stood looking down upon her, his heavy features wrinkling into a grin.

"I've nothing against you as a woman," he responded,

"but when you set up and begin to charge like a judge, I'll be hanged if I can stand you."

"Then I won't charge any more. I only want to help you and to do what is best. If you would but let me make myself of some account."

He laughed not unkindly, and flecked with his stubby forefinger at some crumbs which had lodged in the folds of his cravat.

"Then I reckon you'd better mix a batch of dough and feed the turkeys," he replied, and touching her shoulder with his hat-brim, he went hurriedly out of doors.

When he had disappeared beyond the last clump of shrubbery bordering the drive, she remembered the lantern she had left hanging in the barn, and, going to look for it, carried it upstairs to her room. In the afternoon, however, it occurred to her that Christopher would probably need the light by evening, and swinging the handle over her arm, she set out across the newly ploughed fields toward the Blake cottage. The stubborn rustic pride which would keep him from returning to the Hall aroused in her a frank, almost tender amusement. She had long ago wearied of the trivial worldliness of life; in the last few years the shallowness of passion had seemed its crowning insult, and over the absolute sincerity of her own nature the primal emotion she had heard in Christopher's voice exerted compelling charm. The makeshift of a conventional marriage had failed her utterly; her soul had rejected the woman's usual cheap compromise with externals; and in her almost puritan scorn of the vanities by which she was surrounded she had attained the moral elevation which comes to those who live by an inner standard of purity rather than by outward forms. In the largeness of her nature there had been small room for regret or for wasted passion, and until her meeting with Christopher on the day of her home-coming he had existed in her imagination only as a bright and impossible memory. Now, as she went rapidly forward along the little path that edged the field, she found herself wondering if, after all, she had worn unconsciously his ideal as an armor against the petty temptations and the sudden melancholies of the last six years.

As she neared the fence that divided the two farms she

saw him walking slowly along a newly turned furrow, and when he looked up she lifted the lantern and waved it in the air. Quickening his steps, he swung himself over the rail with a single bound, and came to where she stood amid a dried fringe of last summer's yarrow.

"So you are none the worse for the night in the barn?" he asked anxiously.

"Why, I dreamed the most beautiful dreams," she replied, "and I had the most perfect sleep in the world."

"Then the mice kept away?"

"At least they didn't wake me."

"I stayed within call until sunrise," he said quietly. "You were not afraid?"

Her rare smile shone suddenly upon him, illumining the delicate pallor of her face. "I knew that you were there," she answered.

For a moment he gazed steadily into her eyes, then with a decisive movement he took the lantern from her hand and turned as though about to go back to his work.

"It was very kind of you to bring this over," he said, pausing beside the fence.

"Kind? Why, what did you expect? I knew it might hang there forever, but you would not come for it."

"No, I should not have come for it," he replied, swinging the lantern against the rails with such force that the glass shattered and fell in pieces to the ground.

"Why, what a shame!" said Maria; "and it is all my fault."

A smile was on her face as he looked at her.

"You are right—it is all your fault," he repeated, while his gaze dropped to the level of her lips and hung there for a breathless instant.

With an effort she broke the spell which had fallen over her, and, turning from him, pointed to the old Blake graveyard on the little hill.

"Those black cedars have tempted me for days," she said. "Will you tell me what dust they guard so faithfully?"

He followed her gesture with a frown.

"I will show you, if you like," he answered. "It is the only spot on earth where I may offer you hospitality."

"Your people are buried there?"

"For two hundred years. Will you come?"

While she hesitated, he tossed the lantern over into his field and came closer to her side. "Come," he repeated gently, and at his voice a faint flush spread slowly from her throat to the loosened hair upon her forehead. The steady glow gave her face a light, a radiance, that he had never seen there until to-day.

"Yes, I will come if you wish it," she responded quietly.

Together they went slowly up the low, brown incline over the clods of upturned earth. When they reached the bricked-up wall, which had crumbled away in places, he climbed over into the bed of periwinkle and then held out his hands to assist her in descending. "Here, step into that hollow," he said, "and don't jump till I tell you. Ah, that's it; now, I'm ready."

At his words she made a sudden spring forward, her dress caught on the wall, and she slipped lightly into his outstretched arms. For the half of a second he held her against his breast; then, as she released herself, he drew back and lifted his eyes to meet the serene composure of her expression. He was conscious that his own face flamed red hot, but to all outward seeming she had not noticed the incident which had so moved him. The calm distinction of her bearing struck him as forcibly as it had done at their first meeting.

"What a solemn place," she said, lowering her voice as she looked about her.

For answer he drew aside the screening boughs of a cedar and motioned to the discolored marble slabs strewn thickly under the trees.

"Here are my people," he returned gravely. "And here is my ground."

Pausing, she glanced down on his father's grave, reading with difficulty the inscription beneath the dry dust from the cedars.

"He lived to be very old," she said after a moment.

"Seventy years. He lived exactly ten years too long."

"Too long?"

"Those last ten years wrecked him. Had he died at sixty he would have died happy."

He turned from her, throwing himself upon the carpet of

periwinkle, and coming to where he lay, she sat down on a granite slab at his side.

"One must believe that there is a purpose in it," she responded, raising a handful of fine dust and sifting it through her fingers, "or one would go mad over the mystery of things."

"Well, I dare say the purpose was to make me a tobacco-grower," he replied grimly, "and if so, it has fulfilled itself in a precious way. Why, there's never been a time since I was ten years old when I wouldn't have changed places, and said 'thank you,' too, with any one of those old fellows over there. They were jolly chaps, I tell you, and led jolly lives. It used to be said of them that they never won a penny nor missed a kiss."

"Nor learned a lesson, evidently. Well, may they rest in peace; but I'm not sure that their wisdom would carry far. There are better things than gaming and kissing, when all is said."

"Better things? Perhaps."

"Have you not found them?"

"Not yet; but then, I can't judge except tobacco, you know."

For a long pause she looked down into his upturned face.

"After all, it isn't the way we live nor the work we do that matters," she said slowly, "but the ideal we put into it. Is there any work too sordid, too prosaic, to yield a return of beauty?"

"Do you think so?" he asked, and glanced down the hill to his ploughshare lying in the ripped-up field. "But it is not beauty that some of us want, you see—it's success, action, happiness, call it what you will."

"Surely they are not the same. I have known many successful people, and the only three perfectly happy ones I ever met were what the world calls failures."

"Failures?" he echoed, and remembered Tucker. Her face softened, and she looked beyond him to the blue sky, shining through the interlacing branches of bared trees.

"Two were women," she pursued, clasping and unclasping the quiet hands in her lap, "and one was a Catholic priest who had been reared in a foundling asylum and educated by charity. When I knew him he was on his way to a leper island

in the South Seas, where he would be buried alive for the remainder of his life. All he had was an ideal, but it flooded his soul with light. Another was a Russian Nihilist, a girl in years and yet an atheist and a revolutionist in thought, and her unbelief was in its way as beautiful as the religion of my priest. To return to Russia meant death; she knew, and yet she went back, devoted and exalted, to lay down her life for an illusion. So it seems, when one looks about the world, that faith and doubt are dry and inanimate forms until we pour forth our heart's blood, which vivifies them."

She fell silent, and he started and touched softly the hem of her black skirt.

"And the other?" he asked.

"The other had a stranger and a longer story, but if you will listen I'll tell it to you. She was an Italian, of a very old and proud family, and as she possessed rare loveliness and charm, a marriage was arranged for her with a wealthy nobleman, who had fallen in love with her before she left her convent. She was a rebellious soul, it seems, for the day before her wedding, just after she had patiently tried on her veil and orange blossoms, she slipped into the dress of her waiting-maid and ran off with a music teacher—a beggarly fanatic, they told me—a man of red republican views, who put dangerous ideas into the heads of the peasantry. From that moment, they said, her life was over; her family shut their doors upon her, and she fell finally so low as to be seen one evening singing in the public streets. Her story touched me when I heard it; it seemed a pitiable thing that a woman should be wrecked so hopelessly by a single moment of mistaken courage; and after months of searching I at last found the place she lived in, and went one May evening up the long winding staircase to her apartment—two clean, plain rooms, which looked on a little balcony where there were pots of sweet basil and many pigeons. At my knock the door opened and I knew her at once in the beautiful white face and hands of the woman who stood a little back in the shadow. Her forty years had not coarsened her as they do most Italian women, and her eyes still held the unshaken confidence of extreme youth. Her husband was sleeping in the next room, she said; he had but a few days more to live, and he had been

steadily dying for a year. Then, at my gesture of sympathy, she shook her head and smiled.

"‘I have had twenty years,’ she said, ‘and I have been perfectly happy. Think of that when so many women die without having even a single day of life. Why, but for the one act of courage that saved me, I myself might have known the world only as a vegetable knows the garden in which it fattens. My soul has lived, and though I have been hungry and cold and poorly clad, I have never sunk to the level of what they would have made of me. He is a dreamer,’ she finished gently, ‘and though his dreams were nourished upon air, and never came true except in our thoughts, still they have touched even the most common things with beauty.’ While she talked, he awoke and called her, and we went to see him. He complained a little fretfully that his feet were cold, and she knelt down and warmed them in the shawl upon her bosom. The mark of death was on him, and I doubt if even in the fulness of his strength he were worthy of the passion he inspired—but that, after all, makes little difference. It was a great love, which is the next best thing to a great faith.”

As she ended, he raised his eyes slowly, catching the fervor of her glance.

"It was more than that—it was a great deliverance," he said.

Then, as she rose, he followed her from the graveyard, and they descended the low brown hill together.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS

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FROM that night there was a new element in Lydia's relation to him, an increased consideration, almost a deference, as if, for the first time, he had shown himself capable of commanding her respect. This change, which would have pleased him, doubtless, twenty years before, had only the effect now of adding to his depression, for he saw in it a tribute from his wife not to his higher, but to his lower nature. All his patient ideals, all his daily self-sacrifice, had not touched her

as had that one instant's violence; and it occurred to him, with a growing recognition of the hopeless inconsistency of life, that if he had treated her with less delicacy, less generosity, if he had walked roughshod over her feminine scruples, instead of yielding to them, she might have entertained for him by this time quite a wholesome wifely regard. Then the mere possibility disgusted him, and he saw that to have compromised with her upon any lower plane would have been always morally repugnant to him. After all, the dominion of the brute was not what he was seeking.

On the morning after his scene with Geoffrey, Alice came to him and begged for the minutest particulars of the quarrel. She wanted to know how it had begun? If Geoffrey had been really horrible? And if he had noticed the new bronze dragon she had bought for the hall? Upon his replying that he had not, she seemed disappointed, he thought, for a minute.

"It's very fine," she said, "I bought it from what's-his-name, that famous man in Paris? If I ever have money enough I shall get the match to it, so there'll be the pair of them." Then seeing his look of astonishment, she hastened to correct the impression she had made. "Of course, I mean that I'd like to have done it, if I had been going to live there."

"It would take more than a bronze dragon, or a pair of them, to make that house a home, dear," was his only comment.

"But it's very handsome," she remarked after a moment, "everything in it is so much more costly than the things here." He made no rejoinder, and she added with vehemence, "but of course, I wouldn't go back, not even if it were a palace!"

Then a charming merriment seized her and she clung to him and kissed him and called him a dozen silly pet names. "No, she won't ever, ever play in that horrid old house again," she sang gaily between her kisses.

For several days these exuberant spirits lasted, and then he prepared himself to meet the inevitable reaction. Her looks drooped, she lost her colour and grew obviously bored, and in the end she complained openly that there was nothing for her to do in the house, and that she couldn't go out of doors because she hadn't the proper clothes. To his reminder that it was she herself who had prevented his sending for her trunks

she replied that there was plenty of time, and that "besides, nobody could pack them unless she was there to overlook it."

"If anybody is obliged to go back there, for heaven's sake, let me be the one," he urged desperately at last.

"To knock out more of poor Geoffrey's teeth? Oh, you naughty, naughty, papa!"—she cried, lifting a reproving finger. The next instant her laughter bubbled out at the delightful picture of "papa in the midst of her Paris gowns. I'd be so afraid you'd roll up Geoffrey in my precious laces," she protested, half seriously.

For a week nothing more was said on the subject, and then she remarked irritably that her room was cold and she hadn't her quilted silk dressing-gown. When he asked her to ride with him, she declared that her old habit was too tight for her and her new one was at the other house. When he suggested driving instead, she replied that she hadn't her fur coat and she would certainly freeze without it. At last one bright, cold day, when he came up to luncheon, Lydia told him, with her strange calmness, that Alice had gone back to her husband.

"I knew it would come in time," she said, and he bowed again before her unerring prescience.

"Do you mean to tell me that she's willing to put up with Heath for the sake of a little extra luxury?" he demanded.

"Oh, that's a part of it. She likes the newness of the house and the air of costliness about it, but most of all, she feels that she could never settle down to our monotonous way of living. Geoffrey promised to take her to Europe again in the summer and I think she began to grow restless when it appeared that she might have to give it up."

"But one of us could have taken her to Europe, if that's all she wanted. You could have gone with her."

"Not in Alice's way, we could never have afforded it. She told me this when I offered to go with her if she would definitely separate from Geoffrey."

"Then you didn't want her to go back? You didn't encourage it?"

"I encouraged her to behave with decency—and this isn't decent."

"No, I admit that. It decidedly is not."

"Yet we have no assurance that she won't fly in upon us

at dinner to-night, with all the servants about," she reflected mournfully.

His awful levity broke out as it always did whenever she invoked the sanctity of convention.

"In that case hadn't we better serve ourselves until she has made up her mind?" he inquired.

But the submission of the martyr is proof even against caustic wit, and she looked at him, after a minute, with a smile of infinite patience.

"For myself I can bear anything," she answered, "but I feel that for her it is shocking to make things so public."

It was shocking. In spite of his flippancy he felt the vulgarity of it as acutely as she felt it; and he was conscious of something closely akin to relief, when Richard Ordway dropped in after dinner to tell them that Alice and Geoffrey had come to a complete reconciliation.

"But will it last?" Lydia questioned, in an uneasy voice.

"We'll hope so at all events," replied the old man, "they appeared certainly to be very friendly when I came away. Whatever happens it is surely to Alice's interest that she should be kept out of a public scandal."

They were still discussing the matter, after Richard had gone, when the girl herself ran in, bringing Geoffrey, and fairly brilliant with life and spirits.

"We've decided to forget everything disagreeable," she said, "we're going to begin over again and be nice and jolly, and if I don't spend too much money, we are going to Egypt in April."

"If you're happy, then I'm satisfied," returned Ordway, and he held out his hand to Geoffrey by way of apology.

To do the young man justice, he appeared to cherish no resentment for the blow, though he still bore a scar on his upper lip. He looked heavy and handsome, and rather amiable in a dull way, and the one discovery Daniel made about him was that he entertained a profound admiration for Richard Ordway. Still, when everybody in Botetourt shared his sentiment, this was hardly deserving of notice.

As the weeks went on it looked as if peace were really restored, and even Lydia's face lost its anxious foreboding, when she gazed on the assembled family at Thanksgiving. Dick had grown into a quiet, distinguished looking young

fellow, more than ever like his Uncle Richard, and it was touching to watch his devotion to his delicate mother. At least Lydia possessed one enduring consolation in life. Ordway reflected, with a rush of gratitude.

In the afternoon Alice drove with him out into the country, along the pale brown November roads, and he felt, while he sat beside her, with her hand clasped tightly in his under the fur robe, that she was again the daughter of his dreams, who had flown to his arms in the terrible day of his homecoming. She was in one of her rare moods of seriousness, and when she lifted her eyes to his, it seemed to him that they held a new softness, a deeper blueness. Something in her face brought back to him the memory of Emily as she had looked down at him when he knelt before her: and again he was aware of some subtle link which bound together in his thoughts the two women whom he loved.

"There's something I've wanted to tell you, papa, first of all," said Alice, pressing his hand, "I want you to know it before anybody else because you've always loved me and stood by me from the beginning. Now shut your eyes while I tell you, and hold fast to my hand. O papa, there's to be really and truly a baby in the spring, and even if it's a boy—I hope it will be a girl—you'll promise to love it and be good to it, won't you?"

"Love your child? Alice, my darling!" he cried, and his voice broke.

She raised her hand to his cheek with a little caressing gesture, which had always been characteristic of her, and as he opened his eyes upon her, her beauty shone, he thought, with a light that blinded him.

"I hope it will be a little girl with blue eyes and fair hair like mamma's," she resumed softly. "It will be better than playing with dolls, won't it? I always loved dolls, you know. Do you remember the big wax doll you gave me when I was six years old, and how her voice got out of order and she used to crow instead of talking? Well, I kept her for years and years, and even after I was a big girl, and wore long dresses, and did up my hair, I used to take her out sometimes and put on her clothes. Only I was ashamed of it and used to lock the door so no one could see me. But

this little girl will be real, you know, and that's **ever** so much more fun, isn't it? And you shall help teach her to walk, and to ride when she's big enough; and I'll dress her in the loveliest dresses, with French embroidered ruffles, and a blue bonnet with bunches of feathers, like one in Paris. Only she can't wear that until she's five years old, can she?"

"And now you will have something to think of, Alice, **you** will be bored no longer?"

"I shall enjoy buying the little things so much, but it's too soon yet to plan about them. Papa, do you think Geoffrey will fuss about money when he hears this?"

"I hope not, dear, but you must be careful. The baby won't need to be extravagant, just at first."

"But she must have pretty clothes, of course, papa. It wouldn't be kind to the little thing to make her look ugly, would it?"

"Are simple things always ugly?"

"Oh, but they cost just as much if they're fine—and I had beautiful clothes when I came. Mamma has told me about them."

She ran on breathlessly, radiant with the promise of motherhood, dwelling in fancy upon the small blond ideal her imagination had conjured into life.

It was dark when they returned to town, and when Daniel entered his door, after leaving Alice in Henry Street, he found that the lamps were already lit in the library. As he passed up the staircase, he glanced into the room, and saw that Lydia and Dick were sitting together before the fire, the boy resting his head on her knees, while her fragile hand played caressingly with his hair. They did not look up at his footsteps, and his heart was so warm with happiness that even the picture of mother and son in the firelit room appeared dim beside it.

When he opened his door he found a bright fire in his grate, and throwing off his coat, he sat down in an easy chair with his eyes on the glowing coals. The beneficent vision that he had brought home with him was reflected now in the red heart of the fire, and while he gazed on it, he told himself that the years of his loneliness, and his inner impoverishment, were ended forever. The path of age showed

to him no longer as hard and destitute, but as a peaceful road along which he might travel hopefully with young feet to keep him company. With a longing, which no excess of the imagination could exhaust, he saw Alice's child as she had seen it in her maternal rapture—as something immortally young and fair and innocent. He thought of the moment so long ago, when they had first placed Alice in his arms, and it seemed to him that this unborn child was only a renewal of the one he had held that day—that he would reach out his arms to it with that same half human, half mystic passion. Even to-day he could almost feel the soft pressure of her little body, and he hardly knew whether it was the body of Alice or of her child. Then suddenly it seemed to him that the reality faded from his consciousness and the dream began, for while he sat there he heard the patter of the little feet across his floor, and he felt the little hands creep softly over his lips and brow. Oh, the little hands that would bring healing and love in their touch!

And he understood as he looked forward now into the dreaded future, that the age to which he was travelling was only an immortal youth.

THE FREEMAN

"Hope is a slave, despair is a Freeman."

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A vagabond between the East and West,
Careless I greet the scourging and the rod;
I fear no terror any man may bring,
Nor any god.

The clankless chains that bound me I have rent,
No more a slave to hope I cringe or cry;
Captives to Fate, men rear their prison walls,
But free am I.

I tread where arrows press upon my path,
I smile to see the danger and the dart;
My breast is bared to meet the slings of hate,
But not my heart.

I face the thunder and I face the rain,
I lift my head, defiance far I fling—
My feet are set, I face the autumn as
I face the spring.

Around me, on the battle-field of life,
I see men fight and fail and crouch in prayer;
Aloft I stand unfettered, for I know
The freedom of despair.

A CREED

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In fellowship of living things,
In kindred claims of Man and Beast,
In common courtesy that brings
Help from the greater to the least,
In love that all life shall receive,
Lord, I believe.

In peace, earth's passion far above,
In pity, measured not nor priced,
In all souls luminous with love,
Alike in Buddha and in Christ,
In any rights that wrongs retrieve,
Lord, I believe.

In truth that falsehood cannot span,
In the majestic march of Laws,
That weed and flower and worm and man
Result from One Supernal Cause,
In doubts that dare and faiths that cleave,
Lord, I believe.

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